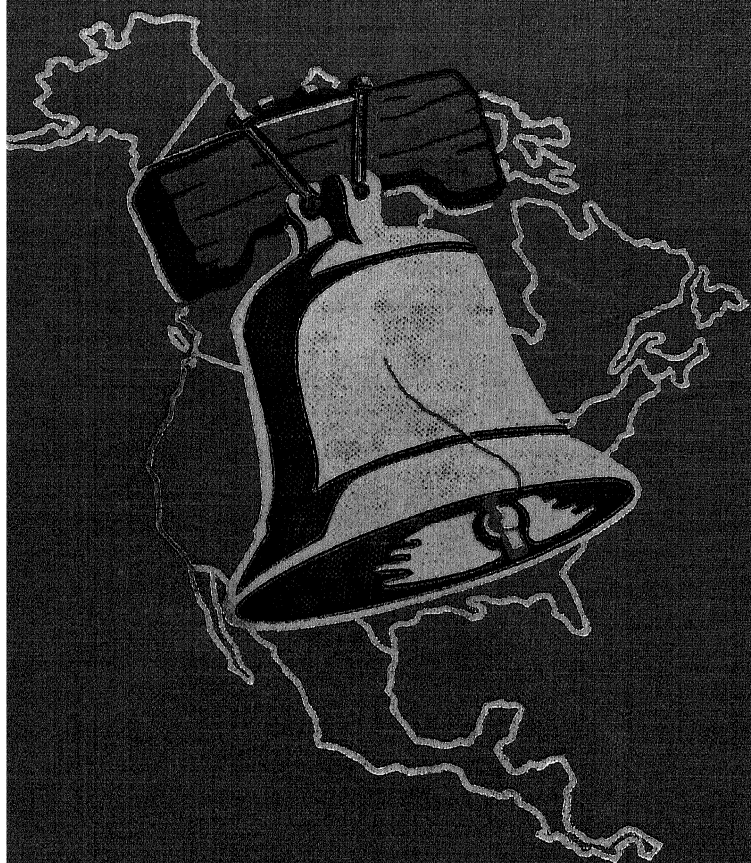


HISTORY SINGS



HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCHELLA

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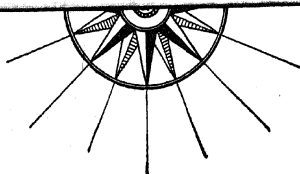
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HISTORY SINGS

By

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

Backgrounds of American Music



Lincoln · Kansas City · New York · Dallas
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K.F.

PREFACE

THE story of music in America is almost the story of America itself. The first explorers and settlers had sung in the Old World. Now, making history in America, they still sang. Whether paddling a fur-laden canoe down "rivers of song" in Canada or the North West; worshiping in a New England Meeting House; setting up colonial homes and therein carrying forward social customs of the Old World or establishing Missions they sang. Digging for gold; riding in covered wagons; building roads through a wilderness or teaching or Christianizing the Indian they sang. Engaged in manufacturing; in military, political, or artistic pursuits, the American has always been inspired, or has inspired others, by his music.

This story of American music, as it has followed the making of American history and been a part of it, is organized into six main sections: Atlantic Coast Beginnings, Along Southern Borders, Pacific Coast Tales, Facing the North, The Middle States, and Music in Later Years.

At the close of each Section, suggestions are made for correlated studies, as in American History, Literature, Art, or Industry. There is a list of musical titles of folk or composed music which may be sung, played, or heard. Many of these pieces of music are of an almost universal character, and may well be used in connection with several Sections of the book.

It is hoped that these representative incidents, and stories founded upon true happenings, will bring to the reader a warm and close acquaintance with those brave and romantic people, and with the proud and stirring events which have helped make America what it truly is—one of the most musical places in the world—a place where *History Sings*.

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HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCILLA

FOREWORD

MUSIC! What magic in the word! It suggests so many things, so many ideas, thoughts, and emotions which nothing save music can so well express.

To you, the glorious youth of America, she brings the story of *Music in America*—an epic of the service of music in the settlement, nationalization, and cultural flowering of every part of our own great Republic. Here each of you—America's future citizens—has the advantage of hearing and performing much music, of understanding it, and even of helping to create it in some not far distant future.

The music of America, arising out of so many divergent roots because of the residence here of people from all lands and civilizations, has, because of that very fact, the greatest possibilities of any national music in the world. It will doubtless rise to heights of excellence and beauty of which few have dreamed. Because of our nationwide study of music and individual participation in it, we are being led into composition in all phases of music now existent in the world.

It is, therefore, most timely and eminently fitting that Miss Kinscella should bring to you these stories of the service and growth of music in this "sweet land of liberty"; among its "rocks and rills"; its fields and forests; towns and cities; and upon its rivers, lakes, and inland seas.

Invention had brought mechanized ease and speed to whirling wheels of industry and to travel. All this is reflected in the music of the world, nowhere more than in America.

. . . So, at long last, "American Music" comes into its own.

In the early years of our settlement, life was too primitive to

permit any but the simplest music, fitting to the immediate needs of the people—whether in the seabound thirteen colonies, the cotton fields of the Sunny South, the settlements of the West Coast, or in the far-flung forests and prairies of the Middle States.

Three hundred years of growth, which saw the strain and struggle of the gaining of independence, the early warfares and toil of the pioneers, and the immigration of thousands of people from other lands, all brought a realization of the need for music. So arose our first composers. Hopkinson, Lyon, Billings, and Mason served their times well. Root, Foster, Nevin, Parker, Paine, and MacDowell each answered the demands of his decade. Present day productions are a reflection of the demands of our hectic, fast moving, carefree, and sometimes hilarious second quarter of a century.

But the deeper and greater real music which is to reflect ALL AMERICA as it comes to display its greatest poise, courage, faith, and devotion to home and country, now appears, and will be the feature of the next quarter of a century.

To you, then, my dear young friends of music, may this fine contribution of Miss Kinscella toward your Americanism, through music, be to you like “apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK
*Doctor of Music, Temple University,
Philadelphia*

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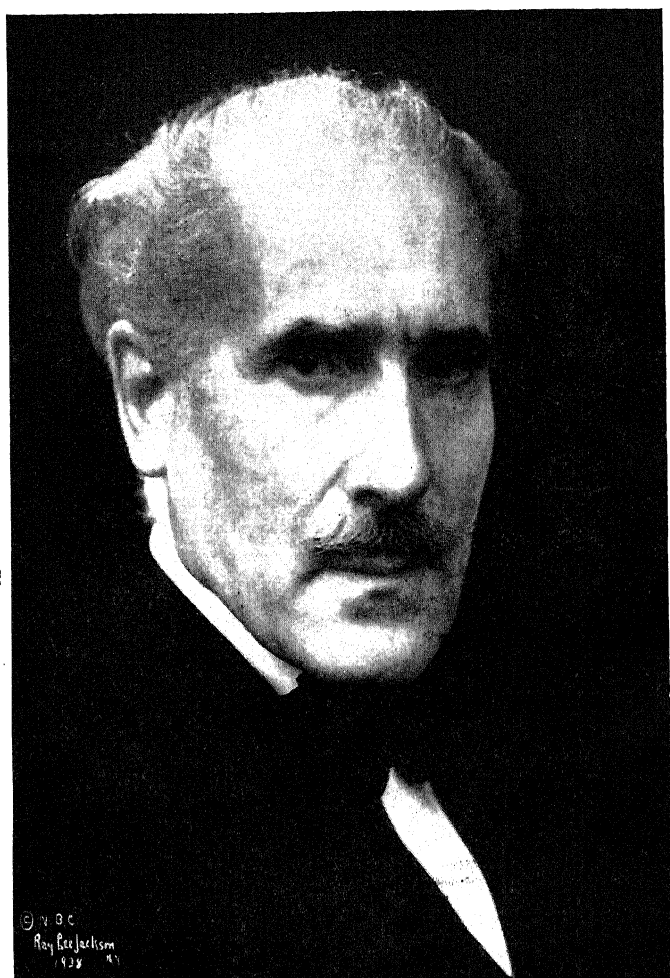
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Courtesy N.B.C.

ARTURO TOSCANINI, WORLD FAMOUS CONDUCTOR

SECTION I

ATLANTIC COAST BEGINNINGS

IT BEGAN WITH A SONG

SUPPOSE you had been alive, and in Europe, during the stirring and romantic years which elapsed between the twelfth of October, 1492, and that September day in 1620 when the *Mayflower* sailed away from Plymouth, England, on its way to the New World. You would, no doubt, have been as curious as the people of that day were about the strange new lands that had been discovered across the Sea of Darkness. Had you lived near a seaport, as did young Walter Raleigh, your first question to any sailor you met would probably have been the same as his: "Hast thou been to America?"

Since the day Columbus returned to Spain there had been throughout Europe, an intense interest in the New World. Anything that could be learned about this strange new country was eagerly read. Columbus brought with him his private *Journal*. In this *Journal* he had written an account of everything that had taken place each day of his long voyage. He had noted carefully the exact distance and direction of each day's travel, although he had not always dared to tell it to his homesick crew.

Just before the dawn, on October twelfth, Columbus sighted an island to which he gave the name *San Salvador* (now Watling Island, in the Bahamas). When morning came, the ships lifted anchor and pressed forward to take possession of the land for the King and Queen of Spain. It was then that



Painting by Piloty, Courtesy Bettmann Archive

COLUMBUS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Columbus set down, in his precious *Journal*, the first story ever written about music in the New World:

“The *Pinta* leads the procession and her crew is singing the *Te Deum*.¹ The crews of the *Santa Maria* and the *Nina* now join in the solemn chant and many of the rough sailors must brush tears from their eyes.”

How the natives must have wondered as they heard this age old Christian hymn being sung by these white faced strangers.

It is very possible that the lofty dignity of the music did more to impress the natives than any words the newcomers might have spoken.

* * *

Columbus commanded the *Santa Maria*. The *Pinta* and the *Nina* were commanded by two brothers named Martin and Vincente Pinzon. The account books of these brothers still exist, and show that, although Queen Isabella of Spain gave financial aid to Columbus, these men not only supplied their own ships, but also gave funds to the *Santa Maria*. Columbus received 1500 pesetas (about \$300) for each year of his service. The whole of the first voyage to the New World (August, 1492, to March, 1493) cost a sum equal to about \$7,000.

¹ The *Te Deum* is an ancient Christian hymn which begins with the words, “We Praise Thee, O God.”

THE INDIANS WHO MET COLUMBUS

(A RADIO SKIT)

MUSIC (*theme*). *Mi querer tanto* (*Old Spanish Ballad*),¹ (which may be hummed in unison by any number of voices, gradually fading.)

ANNOUNCER. Here is related, in dramatic form, a true story of the Indians who met Columbus upon his arrival on the shores of San Salvador (now known as Watling Island). It is the story of the environment, neighbors, habits, and customs of these Indians as learned by skilled scientists through research and by excavation in the islands upon which they lived.

This true tale also explains some of the reasons for the unusual welcome given to Columbus and his sailors by the Indians. It adds to the lore concerning the important part played by superstition and native religious beliefs, in the opening of the New World to commerce and colonization.

(*Over theme softly*). Men have searched the earth, the air, even the sun and stars in their never-ending quest for knowledge. Here we bring you the story of the Indians who met Columbus. On the morning of October 12, 1492, Columbus and his little band of seamen set foot on a tiny island in the West Indies. He named this island San Salvador. Today it is known as Watling Island. Here he was met by a tribe of Indians whom he described as "simple, honest, and exceedingly liberal." Who were these Indians? From where did they come? What

¹ This is an authentic Spanish ballad melody, composed by Enrique, about 1480 A.D., and popularly known in Spain at the time of the Columbus departure from Spanish port for the voyage into the Sea of Darkness.

language did they speak? What gods did they worship? What food did they eat? Today, of course, we know the answers to all these questions. We know them, not because the Indians left us detailed accounts of their history, nor because the Spaniards who first saw them were inquisitive enough to wonder about the mystery of these people who were "so simple, so honest, and so exceedingly liberal." We know the answers because a tiny group of men, men of foresight, vision and knowledge have devoted their lives and their efforts to uncovering the truth. These men of science, men of research, have gone to remote corners of the earth in their never-ending quest for knowledge.

Men of research have unearthed, by their diggings, often as deep as seven feet, on Watling Island, odd stones. These stones, called thunderstones by the present superstitious natives, are thought to have a miraculous power to protect the wearer from hurricanes. They are a greenstone known to the scientist as a celt.¹ They are not native to the Bahama Islands, but are found plentifully in Cuba and Haiti, where the Indians of those islands used them for ax-heads and tomahawks. This is proof that the ancient Indians, the Lucayans, brought these stones to the Bahamas from the South, from Haiti or Cuba. Silent stones—but they tell a wonderful story that fits into the jig-saw puzzle which science is slowly reconstructing, the living story of history.

MUSIC (*theme up*). (*Knock on the door.*)

ANNOUNCER (*off microphone*). Come in! (*Door opens and closes.*) Why, good afternoon, Mr. Scientist. I've just been talking about you, and about celts and their relation to the ancient inhabitants of the Bahamas.

¹ A chisel or ax-shaped stone.

SCIENTIST. The Indians who met Columbus?

ANNOUNCER. That's right, the simple honest, and exceedingly generous Indians about whom Columbus tells. You've done a good bit of research in that field, haven't you, Doctor?

SCIENTIST. Some. I've hunted artifacts in the Bahamas, Haiti, Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands—

ANNOUNCER. Artifacts?

SCIENTIST. Yes. That's the scientific term used to describe fragments of pottery or arrowheads, the little things we excavate that help us reconstruct a larger story. The story of the Lucayans is a wonderful example of such a story. Here is a people who have disappeared from the face of the earth. They left no written history, no poetic *saga* or quaint folklore on which we could base the story of their background. From where did they come? How did they cross the rushing water that sweeps between the mainland and the tiny islands of the Bahamas?

ANNOUNCER. Well, do you know their story?

SCIENTIST. Not all of it. After years of constant research, we can put together a little of their history. We know, for instance, that they were called the Lucayans, and they spoke Arawak, the language still spoken by some Indian tribes along the northern shore of South America.

ANNOUNCER. How about their daily life, what they ate, how they lived? Do we know enough about them to reconstruct a little of their civilization?

SCIENTIST. Yes, I think we do. Most accounts of the Lucayans start on October 12, 1492, the day Columbus first set foot on San Salvador. Let's go back just one day before that, one single day. The island is still Guanahani,¹ the Arawak name, and dawn is just creeping above the eastern horizon. Picture a group

¹ Pronounced *Gwah-na-ha-nee*.

of small, gabled houses constructed of upright poles covered with thatch of the palm tree. As the grey of the morning fades into green and blue, another day starts (*voice fading*) on Guanahani (*close fading*).

MUSIC (*simple native melody, as heard from one male voice afar—slowly fades—birds chirping, distant roar of surf*).

CAOXIO (*calling*). Popo! Popo! Get up! Xaroto—Chibi—get up! Dawn has come, get up, you lazy ones!

POPO (*sleepily*). Eh? What?

CAOXIO. Look, lazy one, the sun is full above the ocean.

POPO (*sighs*). Oh, it's you, Caoxio. I was dreaming—

CAOXIO. Dreaming? So you are a night dreamer as well as a day dreamer.

POPO (*ominously*). I dreamed that Caribs¹ came to Guanahani during the night. They came in a long canoe, with spears and bows. I saw them come from the East, and I tried to run. But my feet were stone. Then the Caribs saw me! They laughed! They caught me by the arms and pinched me to see if I were fat. . . . Oh, it was terrible!

CAOXIO. Yes. It is so. The Caribs like a plump catch.

POPO. Then the chief sharpened his spear-point. He looked at me again, and smacked his lips. *Oh!*

CAOXIO. What happened then?

POPO. You woke me up.

CAOXIO. And that is a good thing. Well, it is a new day, and no Caribs have come, so now there is no reason to quake. Come, get up. Here comes Xaroto and Chibi—

POPO. I think I will eat less. It does not pay to be plump and soft.

¹ The Caribs were cannibalistic Indians of a group now confined to Brazil and Guiana, but formerly occupying also the Lesser Antilles. The Caribbean Sea is named for them.

CAOXIO. No, you must look lean and underfed, so that when the Caribs come they will look at you and say, "There is one just bones."

XAROTO. You called us.

CAOXIO. Yes, I called. It is a fine morning.

XAROTO. Yes, fine.

CAOXIO. And now all mornings shall be fine. The season of the hurricanes has passed us and we have not been harmed.

CHIBI. We should give thanks to our Sun Zemi. He has protected us.

CAOXIO. That is true, Chibi. Last night our chief spoke to me. "Caoxio," he said, "it is time we gave thanks to the Sun Zemi for protecting us, and to the Hurricane Zemi for not visiting us." Yes, it is a good time. So tomorrow eve we must have a feast, a great feast. There must be pigeons, and pompano, and cassava bread.

POPO. Pigeons, and pompano?

CAOXIO. Yes, pigeons and pompano, and poor Popo cannot even touch them. A little cassava bread, perhaps—

POPO. (*miserably*). Poor Popo. I must grow thin. . . . But I shall not stop eating until the day after tomorrow!

(*All laugh.*)

CAOXIO. Our chief has given each of us work to do. Popo, you and Xaroto go to the fish corral. Make sure you bring back enough pompano and yellow-fin, and snapper, to make this a *real* feast. Chibi, you gather brush and palm thatch for the fire. Already some of the women are grinding cassava for bread. Some of the men have gone in canoes to the outer islands to spear fish and sponges.

POPO. And what about you?

CAOXIO. I have a mission, too. I shall take Li-Li, the decoying

parrot, and the grass coat, and go out into the jungle parrot-hunting. We must have a sacrifice, the finest parrot on the island, the very finest! It must be as red and green and gold as the earrings of the chief.

MUSIC (*theme song, bridging into jungle noises, birds chirping, swishing of grass and hay as Caoxio climbs a tree*).

CAOXIO (*breathing heavily*). Just a bit higher, Li-Li, a bit higher. There, now, Li-Li, you must cry very loud and very sweetly. You must attract the best parrot in the forest. Come, now, when I tap you on the head, let me hear you cry. Now—(*squawk of parrot*). (*Far off an answering bird-call.*) Just once more, come Li-Li, I have the noose ready. (*Squawks and flutter of wings.*) So! (*Triumphantly.*) Fine work, Li-Li. And you (*to the other bird*), why do you call so loudly? You are a lucky bird, to be a present to our gods!

MUSIC (*theme song, as bridge, then fade*). (*Sound of stones grinding together and women singing grinding song.*)

WOMEN. Round, round, round,
Until the meal is ground.
The earth is good,
The earth is good,
Pound, pound, pound.
Round, round, round,
Until the meal is ground!
Round, round, round—

(*Hubbub of voices in distance, and approaching.*)

GIRL'S VOICE. The people are running to the Chief's house—

ANOTHER VOICE. Something has happened. Come—

CAOXIO. Quick, perhaps the Caribs have been sighted! Come quickly!

(*Hubbub increases, sound of men running.*)

FIRST VOICE. What is it? Can you see?

SECOND VOICE. It is the fishermen, they have returned!

THIRD VOICE. They have returned?

FOURTH VOICE. Quiet! Let us hear what they have to say!

(Hubbub dies down quickly.)

CHIEF. My sons, Xaxi, Cooba, you have been gone long. It is good to have you back!

XAXI. Oh, Father, our canoe was slow upon the water—

COOBA. —and the water is very wide.

CHIEF. It is so. Many times have I made the journey.

XAXI. Oh, Father, we went far, the things we have seen, it is impossible to describe. Great lands, so wide that even the sea is lost from sight.

CHIEF. Where did you go?

COOBA. To Cuba, and Haiti, and many other islands.

CHIEF. Were you received in peace by our people in the distant land?

COOBA. Everywhere in peace. We were welcomed and given food, and trade was good. We have brought many fine things home, and here are presents for you from the chief at Marien—presents of rolled tobacco and fish-hooks made of conch-shell!

XAXI. And here are greenstone axheads, and cotton cloth. All the great chiefs send you signs of friendship. They wish to be as brothers.

CHIEF. That is well. We are all brothers. We came from the same land long ago. We have common gods and a common enemy—the Caribs. What of the Caribs?

COOBA. They are growing more daring each year, moving farther west, plundering and eating.

CHIEF. Will this never stop? Shall we never know peace? Must we always roam the earth seeking a haven from these can-

nibals? Soon we will have no other place to go, we will have to hide in caves, not men, but hunted animals!

XAXI. We shall fight the Caribs if they come to Guanahani!

(Voices in approval.)

CHIEF. Fight the Carib? You are young, son, and foolish. The man without eyes does not fear the blinding sun! You have never seen the Carib, he is like the hurricane; he comes like a tidal wave! We cannot fight the Carib!

XAXI. What can we do, Father?

CHIEF. We can pray. That is our only hope. Tonight we shall have more than just a feast, we shall have a prayer! Now, each of you to your work. This must be a great feast. We must welcome our gods and rally them to our fight. Prepare the feast!

MUSIC (*theme melody, softly up and fade*).

ANNOUNCER (*over theme*). So the Indians fell to their labors. While the feast was being prepared, important men of the village recited the tribal ritual, in which the story was told of the older times. The women chanted the prayers for bread. Then, as darkness fell upon the labors of the day, the Chief was heard telling his followers of their history:

CHIEF. I will speak! (*Almost chanting.*)
My father's father's father
Lived in a land where a great river
Flowed into the sea.
It was a good land—with great trees
And great mountains. It was our land!
We lived in peace with our land,
Growing cassava, and maize,
And calabash.¹

¹ The calabash is a gourd; the root-stocks of the cassava were cultivated for their yield of a nutritious starchy flour.

And then, from the river,
The great river that flowed into the sea,
The wide river where the tall trees stood,
Came strange men,
With strange weapons,
Who lived to kill,
To kill men and peace.
Then we left our homes, our good land,
And in canoes dug out of trees,
In tiny canoes we left our land
Seeking peace, seeking peace and home.

WOMEN (*chanting*). Bread is Life,
Bread is Life,
Give us Bread,
Give us Life!

CHIEF. In canoes made of trees—
Trees from our land, which we had planted,
And loved,
We sailed into the North.
The sea was strong,
And we were weak—
The tide was strong
And swept us North.
And our last canoe was followed,
Followed by the first canoe of Caribs.
So it was—
Our people, our canoes,
The sea, the tides,
The night, the Caribs!
There came a great land,
The mainland, now it is called Haiti.
And here our people

The Arawak
Stayed.

CHORUS (*chanting*). Bread is Life,
Bread is Life,
Give us Bread,
Give us Life.

CHIEF. And some sailed farther North.
My father came to Guanahani
And stayed.
Here we grew cassava, and cotton and maize
And learned to irrigate the fields.
And we had peace—peace and cassava.
And here in Guanahani
The cassava is good,
The fish is good,
We have peace and bread.
Thanks to our Zemís.
We have cassava which is bread
And bread which is Life.
But hear!
Hear!

Now the Carib roams the sea again
Bringing death and horror and war and hunger.
Now we call,
Call to our Zemís, for peace.

CHORUS (*chanting*). Bread is Life. . . . Bread is Life. . . .

CHIEF. Build the flame higher,
The fire must spread to the sky
So that our gods may hear our prayer.
Build the fire!

*(Background of voices in chant again, sound of logs being
thrown on fire, crackling of flames, voices in hubbub.)*

CHIEF. (*suddenly*). Quiet! Quiet! (*All sound out.*) What is that? There on the horizon—there on the sea?

(*Low murmur of voices.*)

FIRST VOICE. We see nothing!

CHIEF. On the sea! There is something there!

VOICE. It is but a star!

CHIEF. A star? No! It is a light, a light on the sea. It moves up and down with the waves!

FIRST VOICE. It is so! It is so!

ANOTHER VOICE. It is a torch—a canoe carrying a torch!

MANY VOICES. (*In hushed tones*) Caribs!

(*Wild hubbub in excitement.*)

CHIEF. It cannot be Caribs, they would not show a light. It is a canoe, a canoe from our gods! They are answering our prayer!

VOICE. Can it be that?

CHIEF. It must be that, a light on the sea. It *must* be that! Quickly, gather food and presents. We must go to the shore to welcome the gods. We must have gifts, good gifts for them, to please them, to make them know that the Lucayans are thankful for their help. Quick! Everyone! Gather all the good things in the village and bring them to the shore. We must welcome the gods!

(*Excited hubbub, theme melody up and fade, sounds of surf.*)

WOMAN. Do you think it is the gods come to help us?

SECOND WOMAN. If the Chief says so, then it is so. Listen, the birds are chirping. Soon it will be dawn—

FIRST WOMAN. And we will see them.

SECOND WOMAN. Yes. Look, it is getting grey in the East. In whence the gods come.

FIRST WOMAN. I can see the white tops on the waves—

SECOND WOMAN. The water is turning from black to grey—soon we will see!

CHIEF. (*away from microphone, and calling*). The gifts are all on the beach. Now we must go into the forests to watch. It is not good to meet the gods until we are called. Everyone into the forest!

FIRST WOMAN. (*suddenly*). Look! Look! Look—there on the sea!

SECOND WOMAN. It—oh, Caotio, what is it?

CAOTIO. It is a Thunderbird!¹ A thunderbird with great wings! Popo! Popo! Can you see it?

POPO. It is the gods, just as the Chief has said!

CHIEF. (*calling*). Look—everyone, look! It is a giant canoe.

POPO. It is a bird. No, no, the Chief is right, it is a canoe, the largest canoe I have ever seen.

CAOTIO. Naturally, the gods would only come in a giant canoe! It has wings—

POPO. There are three canoes! Can't you see? And look, between the giant canoes and the shore there is another canoe, a smaller one. See! It is coming nearer.

CAOTIO. Yes, and in it are the gods! I can see them plainly now. They are clothed in shining gold! See it sparkle in the new sun! They are great gods!

CHIEF (*calling softly*). Listen! The voices of the gods! Listen! (*Silence save for sounds of the ocean—then scrape of boat on land, and voices.*)

DEEP VOICE (*in Spanish*). A levantar los remos! Desembarquen!²

¹ Thunderbird—legendary bird of great size. Common in the folklore of primitive peoples.

² Raise the oars. Disembark.

(*Splashing of water, oars bumping in boat, men walking through water, then slowly on land.*)

SECOND VOICE. Gracias a Dios!¹

(*Pause*)

COLUMBUS. Tomo ante todos vuestros posesion de la Isla por el Rey y por la Reina, mis senores.²

MEN'S CHORUS (*melody of old Te Deum—"We Praise Thee, O God"*).

SCIENTIST (*coming in over fading music*). And so it was, the visitors were not gods, but just ordinary men, white men! And the Indians discovered Columbus, just as he discovered them. And the reason he was received in such fine fashion is because they thought that he and his men were the gods come to help in the struggle with the Caribs.

ANNOUNCER. Did Columbus help them?

SCIENTIST. Yes, he did. The Caribs were dispersed and killed wherever found. But the Arawaks fared little better. With slavery and revolution, the Lucayans and the remainder of the West Indian Arawaks were extinct by the middle of the sixteenth century, only one hundred years or so after Columbus first set foot on Guanahani.

ANNOUNCER. I wonder if they would have received Columbus so peacefully had they known he was not a god.

SCIENTIST. I think they would have. Because, you see, as Columbus himself described them, they were "simple, honest, and exceedingly generous" people!

MUSIC (*theme song melody—softly*).

ANNOUNCER (*over song*). Should you wish to know more of this true story of the Indians who met Columbus, as he and

¹ The Grace of God be with you.

² I take possession of this Island for the King and the Queen, my Patrons.

his men came ashore that morning of October 12, 1492, go sometime to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. See there the fine exhibit of artifacts that the Smithsonian men of research have unearthed, and brought back with them from the Bahamas, from Cuba, and from Haiti. These were the possessions of the Lucayan Arawak Indians—the Indians who met Columbus!

Music (swells, chanting is repeated, then fades).

—*Adapted by permission from Educational Radio
Script Exchange, U. S. Office of Education.*

* * *

Columbus came in 1492, but news traveled slowly in those days. While exploration went on, few attempts at settlement were made until 1541. Coronado, a Spaniard, explored the Southwest, and the Catholic priests who were with Coronado began to establish Missions among the Indians.

In 1565, St. Augustine, Florida, was founded by the Spanish.

In 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh attempted to plant a colony on Roanoke Island, Virginia. When Raleigh returned from England in 1588 the entire group had disappeared and were never found.

In 1607, the London Company founded the first permanent English colony in America at Jamestown, Virginia. The French were settling in what is now Canada, and in 1620 the Pilgrims came to settle at Plymouth. England, Spain, and France now had a foothold in America.

SONGS IN A STRANGE LAND

ELEVEN years after John Smith first sailed up the James River, in Virginia, the famous *Mayflower* made its first trip to the New World, bringing with it 102 passengers. Although when John Smith died, he left more than one carefully written record of his first months in the new land, he did not mention whether or not his people sang. One of his stories tells of the first church service in Virginia. This story tells that they all read from the Bible, and from the Prayer Book of the Church of England. One cannot doubt but that the men sometimes sang.

In later years there may also have been another kind of religious song heard on the shores of the James. In 1619, the first "slave ship" ever to reach America entered that harbor, bringing with it the first of many Negroes from Africa to be sold into the New World.

Then, in 1620, the first of the Pilgrims to leave the Old World sailed from Holland. Many of them had already spent several years in Holland since differences in ideas concerning manner of worship had made it necessary for them to leave their homes in England. Many of these brave people kept diaries. In the diary of Edward Winslow, one of the passengers, is found a description of their parting with those who stayed behind:

"They that stayed at Leyden feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, being large; where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of Psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of our congregation being expert in music. After this they accompanied us to Delph's Haven, where we were to embark, and there feasted us again."



Courtesy Bettmann Archive

PRISCILLA MULLENS AND JOHN ALDEN

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, congregational singing in England meant the singing of the Psalms, and all books made to be used in worship were known as Psalter, or Psalm-books. There were no Hymn-books, until well into the next century. It was the custom to sing the Psalms in rotation, one after the other in the order in which they appear in the Bible, two each week-day and eight on Sunday, and thus sing the entire 150 Psalms through several times each year.

Once arrived at Plymouth, the Pilgrims met their full share of trouble and sorrow. Among the little group were Miles Standish, the warrior, and his wife, Rose; John Alden; and Priscilla Mullen. Many died because of the hardships of that first winter, and among these was lovely Rose Standish. Months passed, and then lonely Miles Standish—brave in war, but timid in courtship—sent his friend and companion, John Alden, to ask Priscilla to marry him.

The story of John Alden's arrival at the home of Priscilla, as written, many years later, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,¹ is also a story of song:

"So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and
shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
'Puritan flowers,' he said, 'and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla, the Mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'

¹ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla. Another descendant is John Alden Carpenter, celebrated American composer of the twentieth century.

"So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-
wind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm,¹ the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its
motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,²
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan
anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!"

¹The tune, *Old Hundred*, better known as the Doxology, originated in France, early in the sixteenth century, when it was sung to the words of a simple love song, and is credited to Guillaume Franck, 1545.

²The Psalm-book of Ainsworth was prepared for the Pilgrims by Henry Ainsworth, an English minister living in Amsterdam, where he was employed in a book-shop. The music in it has no measure bars. Double bars indicate the close of a melody, and a sort of "check mark," the end of a phrase. Old fashioned "square" notes of three differing appearances (◊, ◇, □) and value were used. Naturals and flats appeared in the music as needed but sharps, though sometimes sung, did not appear in the printed score. Several copies of this Ainsworth Psalm-book appear in the carefully cherished "bills of lading" of the *Mayflower*. It is known, from old diary records, that they were used in the church services held on the boat on its journey to America, and at all the meetings which followed the settlement at Plymouth.

MILES STANDISH AND HIS BUGLE

WHEN Miles Standish came to Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, he brought with him a queer wooden bugle that had been made for him many years before by a friend in England. This bugle was about three feet long, and was made of two sections of cedar wood that had been hollowed out and glued together. It was about three inches in diameter at its base, and at the other end tapered almost to a point. Around it, and holding the two parts together, were ten crude rings made from sections of animal horn.

When Miles Standish went out to fight with the Indians in the New World, he is said to have carried the bugle with him, perhaps to frighten the savages.

An old diary tells other stories of the Standish bugle. One story tells that it was carried more than a century later at the Boston Tea-Party, where its owner stood ready to use it to signal the "Indians" should they be discovered.

It is said to have followed the Colonial troops into the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. At Bunker Hill a musket ball from a British gun struck it and a portion of its end was torn away.

Years later in 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington at Yorktown, the old bugle was again present. Its still clear call was a symbol to the American troops of the liberty which would soon be theirs.

—*A True Story.*

A PLAY-PARTY

ALTHOUGH dancing was forbidden by the stern Pilgrim Fathers, the young people of Plymouth were not without their entertainment. Quilting-parties, corn-huskings, apple-paring bees, barn-raisings, and the play-parties, all made use of old songs and old games known and enjoyed in earlier days in England. Among these, a favorite was "King William was King George's Son."

In this game, it was the custom for each young man to carry a hat, and, at the singing of certain words of the song, he would "crown" his partner by placing the hat upon her head. After this, the two would march arm-in-arm in a circle, she in turn crowning "the king" by placing the hat upon his head. So the play continued until all had been "crowned," all marching in couples and singing the words over and over:

"King William was King George's Son
And from the royal blood he sprung;
Upon his breast he wore a star
And it was called the sign of war.

Say, young lady, will you 'list and go?
Say, young lady, will you 'list and go?
The broad-brimmed hat you must put on,
And follow to the fife and drum.

Now look to the east,
Now look to the west,
And choose the one you love the best,
The one who loves you."

—*Old Game.*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

WE USUALLY think of the first American Thanksgiving as the one which was celebrated with so much feasting in 1621, in the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth. This was less than a year after the Pilgrims had come to America.

However, this was not the first Thanksgiving to be held on American soil. For many years the tribes of Indians who lived in what is now New York, celebrated, each year, a Festival of the Harvest. These Indians, and many of their neighbors, not only hunted and fished, but also knew how to plant and to care for what we now call "farm crops." It was the friendly Squanto (Tisquamtum), the only survivor of a small tribe that had been wiped out by a plague, who gave the Pilgrims their first seed-corn. He also showed them how to fertilize the soil by putting a fish into each hill.

When a time was set for an Indian Festival of Harvest, an Indian runner would start from the tents of the Mohawks and visit each tribe of the Five Nations. Later when a tribe from south of the Ohio joined them these were known as Six Nations. This runner carried with him strings and weavings of white wampum, as an invitation to the gathering. Wampum, the shell money of North American Indians, consisted of beads made from shells. A hole was drilled in each round bead. Wampum was usually one of two colors, white or purple. It was used as personal jewelry, legal coin of exchange, a symbol of authority or privilege, as a record when events were pictured in woven strands or belts, or as communication from chief to chief.

The Iroquois Confederacy (the Nations) which was formed

about the year 1570 was the first union in America. This Union has been considered one of the greatest social movements of the world. Its constitution may be seen in the New York State Archives.

The clans which made up the Confederacy of the Iroquois were the Cayugas, Oneidas, Onadagas, Senecas, and the Mohawks. All these Indian names appear today in names of towns, rivers, and lakes in New York. These Indians were noted for their skill in the making of wampum and utensils, in the cutting of stone, and in the erecting of large buildings. The real home of these Indians extended from the watershed of Lake Champlain to the watershed of the Genesee River; and from the Adirondacks on the north, to the territory of the Conestoga in Pennsylvania.

When the day of the feast dawned, the Indian clans gathered. Some came by canoe, some afoot. For several nights before the gathering, fires burned on the tops of all the high hills as a sign of gratitude for the good crops.

The meeting was in the big council-house, or "long-house." This was a building made of bark and used only for important ceremonies. First "the talk of the thankful hearts" was sent up to the Great Spirit by means of smoke made by putting dried husks and stalks of corn on a huge fire. After the long speeches by the older men, games and dancing began.

The growing season of the year had started with a Festival of Planting in which a blessing had been asked, through dancing, upon the fields of maize. Now thanks were again given by dancing, and by songs chanted by Indian singers. Many of the dancers wore beautiful feather headdresses and leather garments, decorated with fine quill embroidery. One of the most beautiful dances, still known among descendants of the tribes, was the Feather Dance. This Dance expressed thanksgiving

and worship. For musical instruments there were drums and rattles. Rattles were made by tying turtle shells and dry bones about the dancers' knees.

And what was the Thanksgiving feast? Corn, of course, cooked in as many different ways as the Indians knew. Sometimes corn was made sweet by covering it with maple sugar from the wilderness trees.

* * *

The Puritans and Pilgrims had many special days of thanksgiving. The first celebration, in 1621, was followed by another, during the summer of 1623, in which the colonists gave thanks for a welcome rain which followed a prolonged drought. A quaint diary record of this event says that they were "very thankfull" and that they thought they would "show great ingratitude if they smothered up the same."

The first public Thanksgiving in Boston was on February 22, 1630, following a safe arrival in that port of ships bearing "food and friends."

The founder of a national day for Thanksgiving was Sarah Josepha Hale, Editor of the celebrated *Godey's Lady's Book*.

MERRYMOUNT

SHORTLY after the Pilgrims had come to Plymouth, another settlement was started, just a few miles distant from that village. This settlement was known as Merrymount. The citizens of this colony were in great contrast to the stern and sombre men and women of Plymouth Colony. Here were gathered together a group of gay, dance-loving, carefree merry-makers. Many were wild and reckless younger sons who had been sent from England by parents who could no longer keep them in order. At Merrymount they drank liquor freely and gave it to the Indians in spite of warnings from the Pilgrims. Apparently the Merrymount leader, Thomas Morton, had small regard for the stern and sombre rules of the Plymouth Colony.

To add to this disorderliness, came the celebration, in 1627, of "The May." The idea of celebrating the entrance of Spring was one dear to all English hearts. In fact, it had been a custom since the days of Robin Hood, who is said to have emerged from his hiding place in the Sherwood Forest to dance with the boys and girls about the May Pole set up on the village Green. In England there had always been observed the ceremony of "bringing in the green" or "bringing in the May." This meant the cutting of branches and flowers to be used on May Day in home decoration. Sometimes an entire village was made into a bower of green, and the May Pole¹ or "Tree" was set up

¹ The use of May Poles was not limited to the New England colonies. Years later, in Pennsylvania, it was considered as both a pleasure and a duty for sturdy blacksmiths to erect small May Poles in front of their shops; and for fishermen who brought their catch into the public market to set up a pole in the market place each May Day.



After an engraving by Darley. Courtesy Bettmann Archive

MAY POLE DANCE

with great festivity. The young people would then do a series of gay dances around the May Pole.

The May Day celebration at Merrymount became a carousal. This so angered the Pilgrims that a group of men, under the leadership of Captain Miles Standish marched upon the settlement, cut down the 80-foot pole, and captured Morton, who was later sent back to England.

Almost three hundred years later, two of America's leading composers used the stories of the Merrymount May Day celebration as the theme for their operas.

One opera, *Merrymount*,¹ was written by Howard Hanson. It was given its first production at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City on February 10, 1934. Its main character is *Wrestling Bradford*, a pastor from the Plymouth colony. He comes to scorn the careless cavaliers but remains a cap-

¹ The libretto of *Merrymount* is by Richard Stokes.

tive to the spell of their music and dancing, and at last gives up his life in repentance.

During the same year, and unknown the one to the other, another American composer of great reputation, Rosseter Gleason Cole wrote an opera on the same subject. Mr. Cole is a direct descendant of a *Mayflower* family. That the two operas should not be confused, Mr. Cole renamed his work *The Maypole Lovers*.¹ Although based upon the same historic facts, the plots of the two operas differ greatly. In *The Maypole Lovers*, Roger, the young son of a deacon of the Plymouth congregation meets *Elsbeth* in the forest glade. Elsbeth was the lovely daughter of *Thomas Morton*, leader of the Merrymount group. In this work, as in that of Mr. Hanson, the most picturesque of the many romantic scenes is the Maypole Dance staged on the Merrymount meadows. Both composers have made use of familiar English folk songs appropriate to the occasion.

* * *

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear;

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year,—

Of all the glad New Year, Mother, the maddest, merriest day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

—*The May Queen*
Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

¹ The libretto of *The Maypole Lovers* is by Carty Ranck. Mr. Cole has also arranged a brilliant orchestral suite from musical materials of the opera.

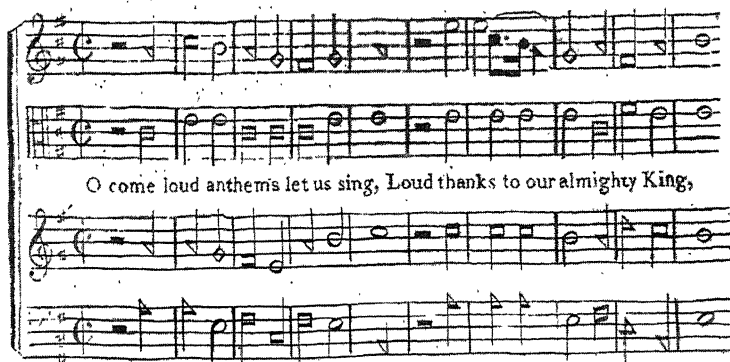
MORE PURITAN SONGS

IN 1623 a fishing settlement was started on the site of what is now the town of Gloucester, Mass. In 1628, John Endicott and a group of fifty people settled Salem. These Puritans, for so they were called, rather than Pilgrims, came directly from England. They called their colony the Massachusetts Bay, from the Indian name for the blue hills which faced the bay. By 1629, the Colony had its Charter from Charles the First. In 1630, Governor Winthrop and a party of fifteen hundred women and children landed at a spot which they called Charlestown in honor of their king. What a thrilling sight it must have been as this large party came to land, for the voyage was made in a fleet of seventeen sailing vessels! Within a year the village of Cambridge was begun four miles away, and soon another town sprang up across the bay where Boston now stands.

The Puritans, too, brought songs to the strange land. As with the Pilgrims, their only religious songs were the Psalms. Their book, *The Whole Book of Psalmes* prepared for them in 1562 by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, was a good sized book of words with some tunes. Many of the Psalms had no tunes at all, but only a direction as to which tune should be used. The authors had also put the Psalms into verse. The hundredth Psalm, for instance, read in part:

“All people that on earth doe dwell, sing
to the Lord with cheareful voyce, him
Serve with feare, his praise forthtell, come
yee before him and rejoyce.”

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Sharp Key on E.



For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise



"OLD HUNDRED" FAMOUS OLD HYMN

Shaped notes were used, as in the Ainsworth book, and simple "check" marks showed the end of the musical phrases. These did not always correspond to the limits of the word-phrases and often caused confusion in the meaning.

—History Tale

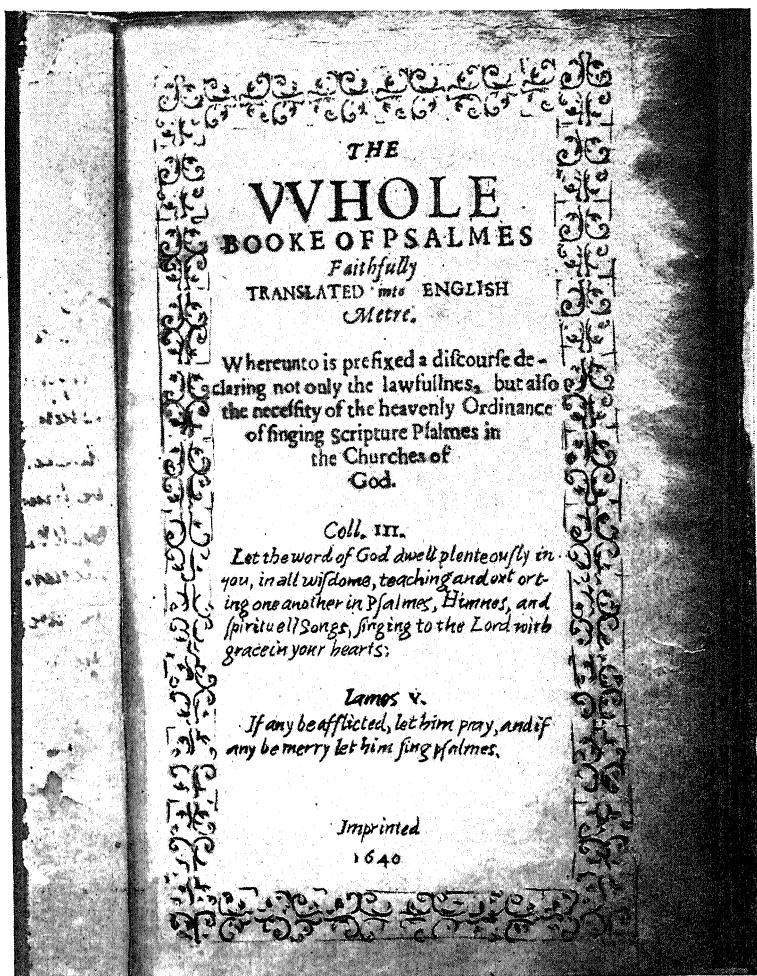
THE BAY PSALM BOOK

IT IS a proud record in the history of printing in America that the first book¹ set in type in the United States was a hymnal. This was the *Bay Psalm Book*, so called because it was published by members of the Massachusetts Bay colony. This was in 1640. The editors were Preachers Weld and John Eliot of Roxbury, and Richard Mather of Dorchester. The Puritans had wished for a long time for a Psalm book in which the words should have a translation closer to the meaning of its original text, than the translation of *Sternhold and Hopkins*. As there were nearly thirty ministers among the new settlers, it was not difficult to select an able committee to take charge of the new publication.

The title of the new book read: *The Psalms in Metre: Faithfully translated for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints in publick and private, especially in New England*. On the title page, the "saints are exhorted to make use of 'Psalmes, Himnes, and Spirituall Songs.'" Also, "If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be merry, let him sing psalmes."

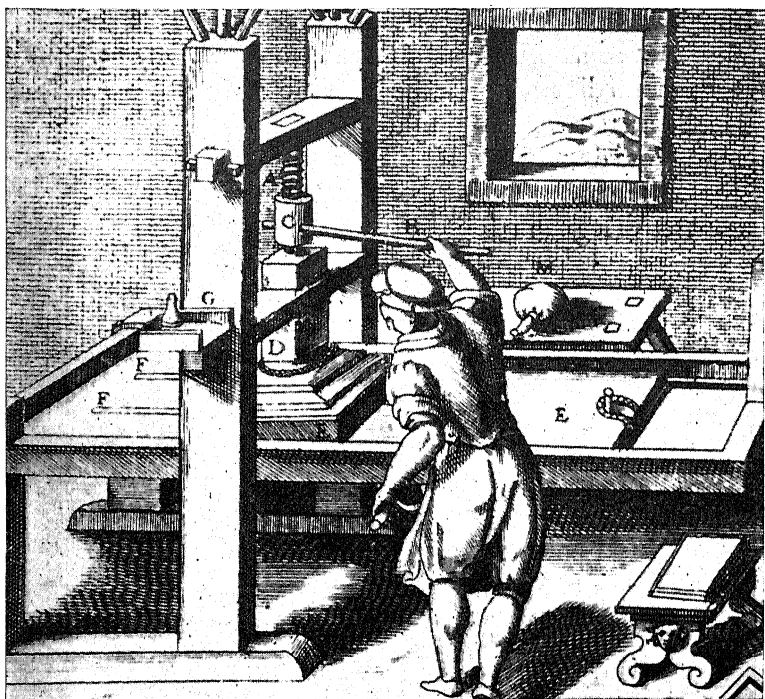
When the committee of three had finally completed their new translations of the Psalms, they looked about for a printer. For this, they were indebted to a Reverend Jesse (or Josse) Glover, a wealthy English minister who had decided to come over to Massachusetts to settle among his friends who had emigrated there. While still in England, in 1638, Mr. Glover purchased a good printing press and engaged a printer named Stephen Daye. That year with three other men to help him, Reverend Glover set out "in a ship bound for Newengland."

¹ A pamphlet almanac was printed before the *Bay Psalm Book*.



TITLE PAGE OF THE BAY PSALM BOOK, 1640. THE FIRST BOOK
PRINTED IN NORTH AMERICA

The ship arrived in the New World in the autumn of 1638 with the printing press and printers on board. However, the Reverend Mr. Glover did not live until that day, for while at



Courtesy Bettmann Archive

PRINTING SHOP DURING THE 17TH CENTURY

sea he "fell sick of a feaver and dyed." His widow¹ and her five children settled in Cambridge, and Stephen Daye took over the affairs of the press.

By January, 1639, the press was set up and ready for work. Daye set and printed as a trial sheet a copy of "The Freeman's Oath." Then he printed the *Almanac* which had been prepared by William Pierce Mariner. The remainder of the year was spent in preparation of the *Bay Psalm Book*. Seventeen hundred copies were printed in the first edition. It sold for twenty pence a copy. The total cost of publishing was thirty-three

¹ Mrs. Glover later married Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard College.

pounds, the receipts were about one hundred and forty-one pounds—a profit of over seventy-nine pounds.

There was no music printed in the first eight editions. The ninth edition, printed in 1690, added the music for thirteen tunes and in two-part harmony. The new rhythms of the Psalm translations were such that “short tunes” became the rule, one of the first indications in the New World of the typical American manner of abbreviation.

As there was no music in these first copies of the book, worshippers sang from memory, and as time went on, fewer and fewer tunes were used. All singing was in unison. Since some of the memories were faulty and some persons did not know the tunes at all, there arose the custom of “deaconing,” “lining out,” or “setting the tune.” The deacon, or some other person especially appointed for the task, would give out the pitch, then read the text of the chosen psalm, line by line. He would find his pitch by striking with his ring or some other hard object upon a candlestick, for there were no tuning forks in America until 1711. As he “lined out” the Psalm, he would pause at the end of each phrase and wait until the congregation had sung it back to him. He followed this procedure, line by line, until the Psalm was completed.

Some of the longer Psalms required a half hour to sing. Even so, the resulting music was often far from pleasant. A noted minister once said of it: “Almost everyone has a tune by himself. One will sing upon a high, another upon a low pitch. Some will be too fast, others too slow, so that jars and confusions pervade the whole assembly. No one should sing audibly, unless he can sing in unison with the clerk.” “Deaconing” or “lining out” continued for over a century and the lack of musical development by this method was one of the main causes for the beginning of singing schools.

THE FIRST SINGING SCHOOLS

THE first singing schools grew out of a desire to be able to sing the Psalms properly. The use of new melodies and of the two-part harmonies which appeared in the ninth edition of the *Bay Psalm Book* soon led to a real need for instruction. People needed to be able to sing "by note" rather than "by rote." "Tune books" from which to impart the instruction were also needed.

Though the need was apparent, the controversy for and against singing schools waged for a decade. Some ministers pleaded for them. In certain New England parishes, it was voted that "those who have learned the art of singing may have the liberty to sit in the front gallery of the meeting house" and "may be allowed to sing once each Lord's Day without reading by the Deacon."

Other ministers opposed the new teaching vigorously, saying that to "make lessons" of the Divine Word was to treat it lightly. They argued that "if we learn to sing by rule, we will soon be obliged to pray by rule, and preach by rule." In one meeting-house, on the first Sunday in which the "new singing" had been admitted, the Deacon rose and proceeded to line the Psalm in the old manner. The new choir, rising from the "singing seats" in the gallery, insisted on singing without pauses the new way. Both persisted until the old deacon was overpowered and retired from the meeting in tears. Others rose and left the church.

John Tufts (1689-1750), pastor of the Second Church at Newbury, Massachusetts, was a leader in the movement for the singing schools. In 1714, he wrote the first of a long line of

510. SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

3p	1	1-	2	3-	3-	2	1-	s5	6	6-	s5	6-	3	s5
A	6	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
2s	She died in beauty, like a rose, Blown from its parent stem; She													
3p									1	1-		1-		
0	3	6	6-	5	6-	5-	4	3-	7	"	"	7	"	6
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
3p	6	6-	s5	6-	5	4	3	6	3	3	1			
A	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	7	6	
2s	died in beau - ty, like a pearl, Dropp'd from some da - a - dem													
3p	1	1-	2	3-	1									
C	"	"	"	"	"	7	6	"	6	6	3	s5	6	
2s														

2 She died in beauty ! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty ! like the song
Of birds, amid the brake.

3 She died in beauty ! like the snow,
On flowers dissolv'd away ;

She died in beauty ! like a star,
Lost on the brow of day.

5 She lives in glory ! like night's gems
Set round the silver moon ;
She lives in glory ! like the sun.
Amid the blue of June.

AN OLD SINGING-SCHOOL BOOK. MUSIC WRITTEN BY
NUMBER RATHER THAN NOTE

instruction books. The date of publication of this little book has been given, by various writers, to years as widely separated as 1712 and 1720. On December 25, 1714, Judge Samuel Sewall wrote, in his famous diary: "In this year, the reverend John Tufts of the west parish, published a small work on music, entitled 'a very plain and easy introduction to the art of singing psalm tunes.'" It contained twenty-eight tunes, and sold for sixpence, or for five shillings for a dozen books—"a very good price," said Judge Sewall, "for a tiny, slender book which measures about three by five inches."

The great feature of the Tufts "Method" was the use of letters (four syllables) instead of notes. Throughout the book no measure bars are used. Double bars divide the phrases.

The singing-school movement, as well as the writing of the

new "tune-books," centered in New England. Announcements of one of the earliest of these schools gave the meeting-place as the school house, on "Monday eve at seven." The leader received his pay of about two dollars a night, with food for himself and his horse. As the singing-school brought together the young people of an entire town, it was a real social event. Some came in sleighs, some on horseback, on snowshoes, or afoot. The earliest comers built a hot fire. The leader brought his lantern and book and placed them on the teacher's desk. Each singer brought his own tallow candle, many of these being provided with holders made of small blocks of hand-whittled wood. A few brought potatoes and cut sockets in them to hold the candles.

At the beginning of the lesson, rudiments of music were explained. The singers were to use the syllables. Then there was a lesson in time-beating. By the final meeting of the winter's singing-school, the scholars had learned to read accurately by note, to be accurate in keeping time, knew all the usual hymn tunes, and in some cases, had also learned a few other songs.

About 1725 the better singers began to sit together in a group in the meeting house on Sunday. Out of this grew the choir, which was finally seated in "singing seats" in the gallery at the rear. From there, the choir led the musical portion of the Sabbath's worship, accompanying their singing with visible beatings of the hand or swaying of the body. Meeting houses were now crowded, and the "agreeable new mode of singing" became so generally popular that it was often secured for a parish by town-meeting.

In early days, the town-meeting performed many of the functions now given over to the parish. It raised the salary of the minister, built the meeting house, even voted the money for bass-voles or "Lord's fiddle" as the double-bass was called, and

for singing-schools. It might even choose what tunes were to be sung by members of the parish. Town records of Wilbraham, Massachusetts, of an early date, mentions "beating of time with hands by the congregation," and says that a committee of ten had been appointed to consider "the broken state of this town with regard to singing." A short time later the committee reported that "as the Beating with the hands in the congregation is offensive to some, it is to be laid aside as quick as may be, and confine the same to the school only."

* * *

The first schools organized by law, in Massachusetts, were opened in 1647, when each town of fifty or more householders was ordered to "appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read." People owned few books, and the *Bible*, *Catechism*, and *Psalter* (poetic versions of the *Psalms*, arranged for singing) were the first school texts. Very young children studied from "horn-books," a few examples of which still exist. This was a single sheet of paper on which were printed the letters of the alphabet, large and small, the vowels and their combinations with the consonants, and the *Lord's Prayer*. The paper was pasted onto a piece of wood whittled into the shape of a butter paddle, then covered with a piece of transparent horn.

WILLIAM BILLINGS, TANNER

IN 1746 there was born in Boston, William Billings, who, by the time he was twenty-four years old, in 1770—the year in which Beethoven was born—had written and produced a new book of songs. To this, he gave the title, *The New England Psalm Singer* and in it included many “fast” or “fuguing pieces . . . more than twenty times as powerful as the old slow tunes.”

William Billings was a picturesque character. He was blind in one eye, had a withered arm, legs of different lengths, and a voice which is said to have carried “a far distance.” He trained as a tanner. However, those who knew him best said he spent more time chalking tunes on the wall of his shop or on the hides he was supposed to be tanning, than in his actual profession. In music, he was self-taught, and was one of the first of the New England singing-school teachers to spend time upon songs that were not intended for church worship.

There were those who did not approve of the Billings methods of instruction and the kind of music they produced. One morning Billings arrived at his tannery to find two snarling cats hung by their tails to the sign, *Billings Methods*, which appeared outside his door.

In spite of such crude criticism and the sometimes crude results of Billings' efforts at composition, he wrote many charming airs. That he was well acquainted with the greatest music of his time is shown by the fact that his singing society sang the *Hallelujah Chorus* from the *Messiah*, from memory, in 1790, thereby winning a contest against the Dorchester Singing Society. His most important singing school was the one at

Stoughton, Massachusetts, which he began in 1744. In 1786, it was formally organized as the Stoughton Musical Society. This is the oldest singing society still existent in America.

During the Revolutionary War, he added greatly to the rather limited store of military music in America. By the use of parody, he wrote *Lamentation Over Boston* (in the manner of Psalm 137) during the months when that city was occupied by the troops of Great Britain:

“By the rivers of Watertown, we sat down;
Yea, we wept, as we remembered Boston.”

His greatest contribution was the new set of verses which he wrote for his own tune *Chester*, which had previously been associated with sacred words. As most of the colonial soldiers of New England were well acquainted with *Chester*, they found the new words easy to sing, and inspiring in many a troubled situation:

“Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And Slav’ry clank her galling chains,
We fear them not, we trust in God,
New England’s God forever reigns.”

THOSE BUCKWHEAT NOTES

THROUGHOUT the stories of the first Psalm books or singing school collections of early New England, there was a constant mention of the use of shaped notes. Sometimes these were called buckwheat notes, and along in the nineteenth century they were even known as patent notes. Until the early part of the nineteenth century, when Lowell Mason began his studies in "music for every man," it was usual to use but four syllables in connection with the names of notes. Four characters were also in common use. In the little textbook which each singing school teacher usually wrote, he arranged the order of syllables and characters to suit himself. Some of these earliest singing school authors were Andrew Law, Doctor Samuel Wakefield of Pittsburgh (great grandfather of Charles Wakefield Cadman), and Jesse Aiken of Philadelphia. It was Aiken's application for a patent on his own private system of using the shaped notes which gave them the sometimes used title of "patent" notes.

* * *

The word Music comes from a Greek word meaning all the Arts. At first singing and the kindred arts were only a small part of a musical education which included reading, mathematics and astronomy. The early philosophers valued music chiefly as a educational feature in the formation of character.

SUNDAY IN THE COLONIES

ALL THE Colonists were strict in the observance of worship. Sunday was a severe day, and everybody had to be on his best behavior. The first building used for church purposes was the fort, to which everyone marched in a body. The men came fully armed to protect the congregation from the Indians. Before the fort was finished, the people worshipped under trees, or in tents. Many of the earliest meeting houses were log huts, with mud between the cracks, and with thatched roofs.

These early churches had oiled paper in the windows. When glass was brought to America, it was set in by nails, for there was no putty. Neither was there any paint, so the outside of the house turned gray with the weather, or became moss-covered from the dampness of the grove.

Rewards were paid for the killing of wolves. Anyone who killed a wolf, nailed the head to the outside wall of the church, and wrote his name under it. You can imagine what a grim sight the bloody trophies made. All sorts of notices were posted on the church doors, so that everybody might see them—announcements of town meetings, of proposed marriages, of cattle sales, of rules against trading with the Indians. In fact, the church door took the place of the newspaper of today for spreading the news.

In front of the church stood a row of hitching-posts and stepping stones, for, in later years, nearly everybody rode to meeting. On the Green, in front or to one side, were often placed the pillory, stock, and whipping-post.

There were many ways of calling the people to church, such



Augustus St. Gaudens. Courtesy Chamber of Commerce, Springfield, Mass.

"THE PURITAN" STATUE AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

as beating a drum, ringing a bell, or blowing a shell. Many of the churches had a drummer, who went up and down the streets, or stood in the belfry, and drummed. After the signal was given, a man went the rounds of the village, and looked in all the houses, to see that everybody who was able had gone to church. Woe betide the man who was late, or the boy who had skipped away to the woods!

The inside of a Colonial church was simple. Overhead, the rafters usually opened to the thatch or clapboard roof. The floors were of earth, or rough boards, and the pews or benches had straight backs and were hard. The pulpit was usually a high desk, with a sounding board over it. It was reached by a staircase or ladder. As there were no heating stoves there was no heat in these early churches. The chill of the building—dark and closed all the week, and damp from the shadowed grove, made church attendance an ordeal.

To keep from suffering during the long service, the women put their feet in bags, made of fur and filled with wool. Dogs were allowed so that their masters might put their feet under them. In fact, churches appointed dog whippers to control the dogs or to drive them out if they became noisy and unbearable. Some of the women and children had foot stoves. These were little metal boxes on legs, with small holes in the top and sides, and with hot coals inside.

No matter how cold it was, the services were very long. The snow might be falling and the wind blowing, but the people had to wrap up in their furs, snuggle down in the benches, and listen to a sermon for two or three hours. Sometimes a single prayer lasted an hour, while the people knelt on the bare floor. When a church was dedicated, the sermon generally lasted three or four hours.

There was a tithing-man, whose duty it was to maintain order, and also to keep everybody awake. The men sat on one side of the church and the women sat on the other. The boys and girls were made to sit near the pulpit. In the loft were places for the Negroes and the Indians. The tithing-man kept close watch for sleepers. He had a long stick, with a rabbit's foot on one end and a rabbit's tail on the other. If a man nodded, or a boy made a noise, the tithing-man struck him a

sharp blow on the head with the rabbit's foot. If an old lady closed her eyes, the tithing-man gently tickled her nose with the rabbit's tail. He was generally kept pretty busy toward the end of a long sermon!

In the wintertime, during the noon intermission, the half frozen congregation went to the nearest house or tavern to get



Courtesy Bettmann Archive

PILGRIMS AT CHURCH

warm, and to eat a simple Sunday meal. In summertime, they sat on the green and talked in low, solemn tones. After two hours' intermission, the congregation assembled again, and the dreary service was resumed. The singing was very doleful. There were few books, so the deacon or leader gave out the hymn, a line or two at a time. Often, the singing of these psalms or hymns lasted a half-hour, during which the people stood. A Sunday service, morning and afternoon, would sometimes last seven hours.

In all the Colonies, Sunday was strictly observed. Any unseemly conduct was punished by whipping or by fine. It was forbidden to fish, shoot, sail, row a boat, or do any kind of work on that day. Horses were used only to drive or ride to church. There was little or no cooking, for everyone ate cold food on the Lord's Day. No one was allowed to use tobacco near any meetinghouse. The Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday and lasted until sunset on Sunday.

As the years went by, the Colonists built larger and better churches, sometimes of stone or brick, and often beautiful in their stately architecture. Many of these churches are preserved to the present day, with their high pulpits, and their big stiff-back benches, or box pews, for the whole family. In all churches the same severity of worship was observed, for it was thought thereby to make a God-fearing and God-serving people.

—*Lawton B. Evans.*

* * *

The laws concerning the observance of Sunday were very strict in England.

As long ago as 700 A.D. a law was made in England forbidding a servant to work on Sunday.

All shops were closed on Sunday by a law passed in 1677 and only since 1871 have English laws relaxed concerning Sunday observance.

OLD JAMESTOWN SONGS AND DANCES

MUSIC played an important part in the life at Jamestown. It became the royal capital of Virginia and the home of the "court," as the center of rule in America was called.

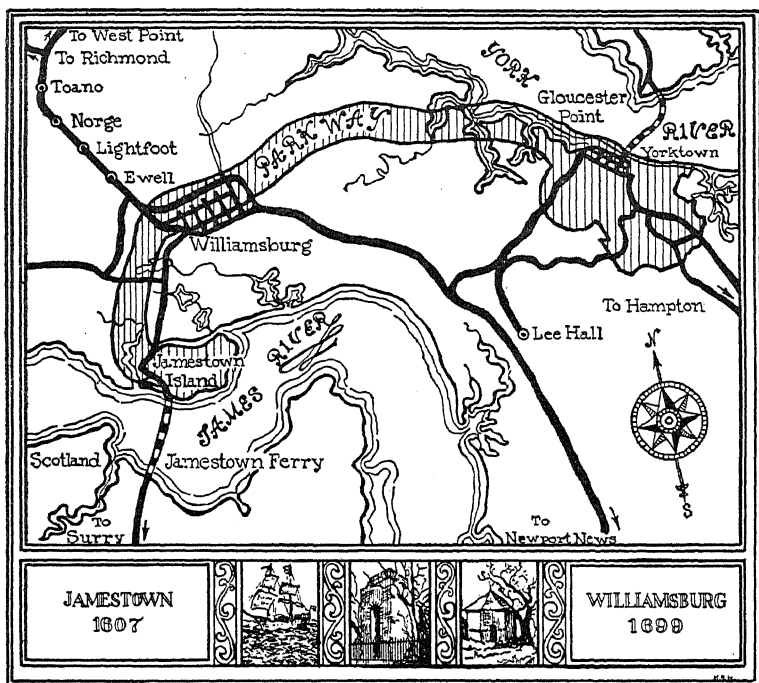
Jamestown was built upon an island in the river. After fighting Indians, fires, mosquitoes, and malaria for more than twenty years, survivors of the gallant group that had started Jamestown began a movement to move the colony somewhere further onto the land where there would be purer air and better water.

In 1630, Middle Plantation was "laid off and paled in," about six miles away on the mainland. It was called Middle Plantation because of its position between the James and York Rivers on the Peninsula of Virginia. Many of the Jamestown colonists moved to the new settlement. The seat of government remained at Jamestown until 1699. It was then moved to Middle Plantation, which had been renamed Williamsburg in honor of William, the reigning King of England.

The Jamestown colonists celebrated the holidays of the year as they had been celebrated in England. One of the most charming of these festivals was May Day. It was not always celebrated on the first day of May, but on one of the first warm sunny days of spring.

Old diaries and letters have preserved many of the choicest facts of history. From a cherished letter written by a descendant of an early Jamestown settler, is taken the following description of a May Day celebration held there in 1727.

"The May," according to the letter, was kept on a warm and balmy day and all morning, both young and older people were arriving, coming across the river from the plantations up the river and from Williamsburg, by sloop and rowboat. A few



From a drawing by Katherine Neumann

A TRUE MAP OF JAMESTOWN AND WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

of the houses built in Jamestown before Bacon's Uprising still stood, and charred ruins of others were still to be seen. Not far from the remains of the old church (America's first brick church, built of material brought from England in sailing boats) lay a small meadow. In this there had been set up a May

Pole, which was gay with the colored streamers that floated from it.

At about ten o'clock a trumpet sounded, a signal that the celebration was about to begin. This was immediately followed by the entrance of the Queen of May, attended by the ladies of her court. She was at once formally received, and crowned. A second trumpet announced the opening of the games.

Then, two wrestlers, traders from the colony, competed.

With the third blowing of the trumpet, the musicians entered the royal presence, four old fiddlers who each, in turn, played for the Queen and the judges, his very best tune. Each played in his own way, a lively rollicking dance air, popular in the Old World, and now in the New. There was *Greensleeves*, *Sellinger's Round*, *Strathspey Reel*, and *Cock o' the North*. After all had played, the fiddlers bowed profoundly, and, turning, marched away. Each repeated his favorite air as he departed and the mingled melodies blended sweetly in the open air.

Races for boys and for girls, as well as for friendly Indians, followed, while over at one side of the meadow the judges deliberated on who was the best musician. Returning to the throne they presented their report to the Queen. She recalled the musicians and presented the winner with the prize, a flower-trimmed violin.

The Queen and her maids then descended from the dais, gathered up the colored "ribands" and began the May Pole Dance. The tune for this was not recorded in the old letter, but it may have been *Bluff King Hal*, a gay and popular air said to have been composed by King Henry the Eighth of England. In and out, and round about they went, weaving and unweaving the bright colors to the accompaniment of sprightly music played by the four fiddlers.

This completed the morning festival, which, says the old

letter, was followed by an outdoor lunch in the meadow. In the afternoon, there was more music on the green. This time it was furnished by volunteer musicians from the various plantations, and by the dancers themselves, who sang, as they moved about, old "fa-la" songs, and folk tunes of England.

* * *

Old Jamestown was founded in 1607, but the population was never over 500 and the mortality was high.

In 1893 the site was deeded to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities and since that time, the church and some of the houses have been restored.

In 1907, Jamestown's Tercentennial Exposition was held on the shore of Hampton Roads.

“COURT” OF VIRGINIA MUSIC

WHEN Williamsburg became the capital of Virginia, construction of a building was started which was called by the pretentious title of “The Capitol.” The royal colony of Virginia then included what is now known as Virginia, Kentucky, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana.

The *College of William and Mary*, named in honor of King William and Queen Mary of England, had already been built in 1693. Famous students of *William and Mary* included Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and James Tyler. John Marshall, who became the first Chief Justice of the United States was also a student. Acting as Chancellor to the College was the Honorable George Washington.

Midway between the college building and the Capitol, and perpendicular to the famous “Duke of Gloucester” Street, there was laid out a beautiful green which terminated at the Palace of the Governor. Virginia was a royal colony. The King chose the Governor, but the people were allowed to choose their Assembly. The Assembly was called the House of Burgesses.

Soon inns, a theater, and homes sprang up about the Capitol. The most famous of these inns was the Raleigh Tavern, in which was a spacious room known as the Apollo Room. For seventy-five years, during the eighteenth century, all the brilliant social affairs in Virginia society were held in this room. There were many exciting political happenings there, too. Patrick Henry was frequently there. George Washington and Lafayette are known to have spent three weeks there together at one time, and Martha Washington was also a guest.

Here the Virginia gallants danced the minuet and the Virginia reel. Here the first meeting of the *Phi Beta Kappa* society was held, and here the celebrated *Virginia Bill of Rights* and the first draft of the *Declaration of Independence* were written.

Nearly all these historic buildings vanished as years passed. One which did not vanish was the old Bruton Parish Church, an Episcopal or "Court" Church of colonial Virginia, erected in 1710. Its pastor in recent years, Doctor W. A. R. Goodwin, was greatly interested in all the historic events which had taken place in old Williamsburg. To Goodwin came the idea to accurately restore the entire colonial village.

About this time Doctor Goodwin made a trip to New York. Once there, a daring plan came into his mind. In accordance with it, he called upon John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and explained to him in glowing terms the value of so great a memorial. Mr. Rockefeller was interested, and to the surprise of many who had not heard of Doctor Goodwin's ideas, excavations and other research began in the little Southern city. It was several years before the plans for the restoration were completed. One of the greatest helps to the whole project was the finding of the "Frenchman's map" in a European city. This was an early drawing made by an unidentified French visitor. It told the restorers many interesting things about the early village.

Now the old colonial city is restored. Furnishings, pictures, even transportation and costumes of those in attendance have been copied, so far as possible, after those of the colonial times. The flowers which grow in the gardens are the same as those planted by the earliest gardeners. Music heard at various social events is that which was played and sung in the days of Thomas Jefferson and George Washington.

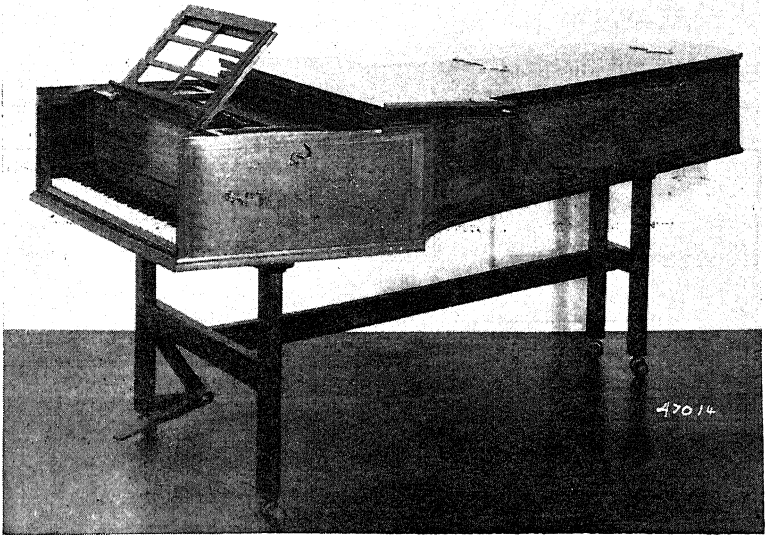
During the restoration, careful search was made through old documents of York County. There, a record was found of the

building of the first theater in Williamsburg, in 1716. The building was constructed for the special purpose of "acting such plays as shall be thought fit to be acted there."

This theater (*or Play House*), so important in the story of music in America, faced the Palace Green. The county records show that on November 21, 1716, William L. Levingston, who had been managing a dancing school in a nearby county, bought three half-acre lots upon which he built "a house, kitchen, bolling-alley, stable, and theater." Mr. Levingston, therefore, appears to have been the first regular "backer" of a theatrical venture in America. Royal cities in those days were well planned and before he could buy his lots he had to sign a contract to "provide actors, scenery, and music out of England for the enacting of comedies and tragedies in said city."

In a village separated by less than a hundred years from a primitive wilderness in which no one lived save Indians, the colonists were now living like Lords of the Old World. Many families had tutors and music and dancing teachers sent from England to instruct their sons and daughters. Mr. Levingston was one of these dancing teachers. After he built his theater, he mortgaged it for a period of five hundred years. Later he defaulted, and old deed books at Yorktown say that in 1745 the theater "had not been put to any use for several years," and so was "legally surrendered to the city" for use as a town hall.

However, for almost thirty years, plays, which included Shakespeare, "pantomime entertainment," and ballad-operas, such as *Flora, or Hob in the Well* and the *Beggar's Opera*, were heard there during a two-months' season each year. Music was featured during the intermissions, between acts, or between short plays, when colonial artists or artists brought from England danced, sang, or played solos on harpsichord, or hautboy (an ancient form of an oboe).



Courtesy of The Edison Institute

HARPSICHORD

(The harpsichord was the popular musical instrument of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries.)

It had a stringed keyboard and the tones were obtained by plucking the strings with a quill or a leather point which was operated from the keyboard.

There was organ playing in old Williamsburg, too. The record of Doctor Goodwin's Bruton Church for November 18, 1765, showed that the members had a meeting that night, and that they "do agree with a person to build a loft for an Organ in the Church in the City of Williamsburg, and to set up the same." A youth named Peter Pelham was the first organist. His father was an engraver in Boston, and worked for Paul Revere. His foster-brother was John Copley, a celebrated Colonial printer.

There were few newspapers in which to record social happenings. So, it is through simple letters which may fortunately have been kept by some fond relative of the writer, that we have the truest pictures of home life and entertainment of that day. There is, for instance, a letter which was written the week before Christmas in 1773 by a young man named Philip Fifthian. He had just graduated from Princetown College and had gone to a plantation near Williamsburg to tutor the children of the wealthy Carter family. In a letter to his home folks, he says:

“Mr. Carter is practicing this evening on the guitar. He has here at home a harpsichord, forte-piano, harmonica, guitar, violin, and German flutes; and at Williamsburg, he has a good pipe organ. Mr. Christian, in the dancing-room, teaches the children country-dances and minuets. There a number of young persons are moving easily about to the sound of well-performed music, and with perfect regularity. Again in the evening, when candles are lighted, they repair to the drawing room. First, each couple dances a minuet, then all join, as before, in the country dances. The eldest daughter plays well on keyed instruments.”

* * *

FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF WILLIAMSBURG

Famous buildings of restored Williamsburg include:

The Powder Magazine, built in 1714 as an arsenal for the Colony of Virginia.

The Capitol, of 1699–1705, which has been rebuilt upon the original foundations. It was described in 1724 by Rev. Hugh Jones as “The Capitol as noble, beautiful, and commodious Pile as any of its Kind.”

The Raleigh Tavern, completed about 1742, a colonial tavern much frequented by such men as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and Peyton Randolph. George and Martha Washington spent their honeymoon there.

THE GOVERNOR GIVES A PARTY

IT WAS May 27, 1774, a warm spring evening in Williamsburg, in Old Virginia. The windows of the Capitol were alight. Hundreds of candles were burning in the stately rooms. Lanterns were hanging from limbs of the trees in the beautiful park which surrounded the building. All during the evening the carriages of planters from outlying plantations arrived at the portico and discharged gentlemen and ladies dressed in the full court dress of the time.

The occasion was a grand ball which was being given by the Burgesses of Virginia to Lord Dunmore, the English Governor, as a formal welcome to him, his wife, and their daughters. Lord Dunmore had come to Williamsburg from England in 1772. His family followed some time later. Because of various political conditions, the governor was very unpopular, and the three days previous to the ball were days of great action. The *Boston Tea Party* had taken place but a short time before, and it and the hated *Stamp Act* were main topics of conversation.

When, on May 26, the Burgesses met in the capitol to discuss these happenings, Governor Dunmore arose, and, as an old newspaper relates, "like a monarch he dissolved the House of Burgesses." The statesmen of Virginia thus found the capitol closed to them as a place of meeting.

Lingering in town to talk, they finally gathered in the Apollo Room at the famous Raleigh Tavern. Here, after much discussion, they declared themselves a "convention" and drew up a paper which recommended a General Congress in which to consult how they might oppose George III, King of England.

However, the statesmen who disagreed with Governor Dun-

more were men of true Southern courtesy. They might disagree bitterly in affairs of business or of state, but those hours of conflict over, their native gallantry was displayed.

"How," said one to a leader, "can we go and meet Lord Dunmore as we had planned?"

"Sir," was the reply, "we are Southern gentlemen. It would be personal dishonor to him and his Lady were we not to greet them."

So, on May 27, 1774, the Hall of Burgesses was set apart for the night as a ballroom, and there, amid the lights from flickering candles, the Lord and Lady Dunmore received their guests.

Later in the evening there was music and dancing. A group of trained musicians supplied the music which, the old account says, "included minuets and other court dances of the finest European masters."

* * *

The restoration of Williamsburg is one of the ways in which History lives in our country.

Each year many thousands of people from all over the world travel to Williamsburg and Jamestown to see an authentic record of our American Beginnings.

The Williamsburg area is really a historical museum, one mile square.

PENN STARTS A CITY

WILLIAM PENN came to America in the Fall of 1682, after having been given a grant to a vast section of land by the King of England. Penn arrived on the sailing ship, *Welcome*, by way of the Chesapeake, on October 27, and passed up the Delaware River and cast anchor before the old fort at Newcastle.

Newcastle was to be a part of his province, and so, while on his own ship, Penn received the magistrates of New Castle, and presented them with his legal papers of authority. A quaint old diary tells of the event, and of the ceremony of the following day:

“... we did give and surrender unto him actual and peaceable possession of the fort of New Castle by giving him the key thereof to lock upon himself alone the door which being opened by him again, we did deliver also unto him one turf with a twig upon it, a porringer with River water and soyle.”

From Newcastle,* Penn journeyed on to Chester (then called Upland), and along the river, coming at last to a fair shore upon which he determined to build his city. He called the city Philadelphia. Although the Quakers did not further the art of music there, they established a scene of peace and plenty. Philadelphia became, and still remains, one of the most musical cities in the world.

—*History Facts.*

* Formerly known as New Castle.

BEN FRANKLIN'S MUSICAL GLASSES

MANY people think of Benjamin Franklin as a great statesman, and as a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Others think of his long service to his native land through his work as American agent in Europe. Still others know him best through his *Autobiography*, or his quaint sayings printed in *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Not to be overlooked are his remarkable findings in the field of science, for Benjamin Franklin was really the forerunner of Thomas Edison and his great works. He was a mathematician of note and delighted in working out a problem which his friends were unable to solve. Few know that he was a very good musician, or that he did much toward the perfection of the armonica, a musical instrument which was very popular for many years before the Revolution.

An armonica was an instrument made up of a set of glasses which were set into a wooden frame. To make music, the player moistened his fingers and played his tunes by rubbing his fingers along the edges of the glass.

In his Philadelphia home Franklin had a music room, called "the blue room." In the room, papier mache musical figures were tacked to the middle of the ceiling. Franklin took a vivid and encouraging interest in the beginnings of musical life in Philadelphia, as well as in all Colonial America.

The musical glasses became so popular in Europe about 1746 that such artists as Gluck, teacher of Marie Antoinette and reformer of opera, played a concert on them at the Haymarket Theatre in London. Later, Mozart and Beethoven wrote music especially for them.

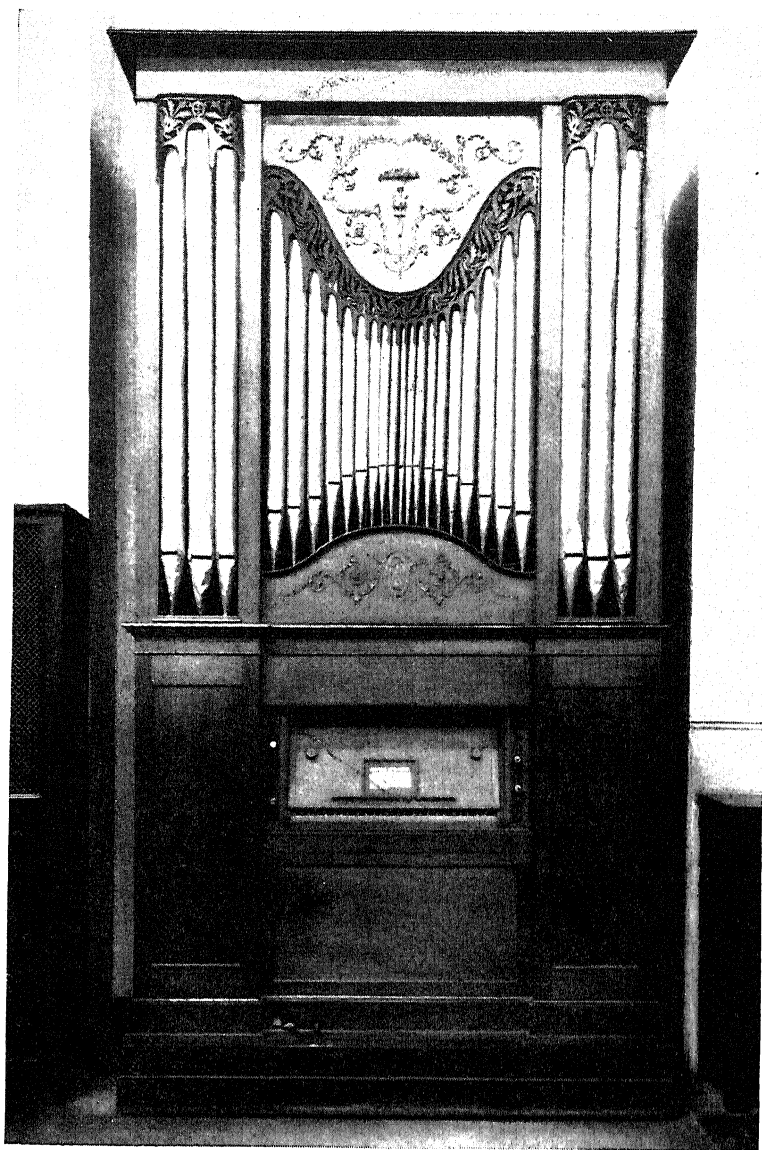


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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PLAYING THE ARMONICA

Throughout his long life, Benjamin Franklin was keenly interested in music. Frequently in his own home he gave concerts, playing the armonica which he did so much to perfect, or the harmonium, a very popular instrument of that day.

In fact as we review the life of this great American it is amazing to note how wide his interests, how great his vision.



ONE OF AMERICA'S EARLIEST PIPE-ORGANS

THE OLD SWEDES' CHURCH

IF YOU were to go to Philadelphia today, you could see Old Swedes' Church, one of the most interesting and celebrated of the historic buildings in America.

The Swedes were early settlers along the Delaware River. During the years when the Pilgrims were making history in Massachusetts, they, too, built churches. One of their oldest ones was at Wicaco, a spot only a short way from the site of the future city of Philadelphia. There they had their block house church, and even then it had a bell.

Later, in 1700, they had a new church, which they called Gloria Dei (to the Glory of God). They moved the bell which had hung in the steeple of the old log building to the new church. When the congregation had sold the old church and the land on which it stood, they forgot to make an exception of the bell. The thrifty old woman who had bought it, made them pay her for it extra by helping her harvest her crops.

When the new church was dedicated, it already owned an organ—for the first organ to be installed in a Protestant Church on the Atlantic Coast was placed in Old Swedes', in the early years of the 18th century. At the dedication services, an orchestra of religious hermits who lived on the banks of the Wissahickon, out toward Germantown played.

People came to worship at Gloria Dei on horseback. Many a horse carried a double load, the mistress of the house riding on a pillion behind her husband. When the service was about to start, the royal Governor (then appointed by the ruler of Sweden) would arrive in a sleigh of state. The body of this sleigh was gilded and carved with the royal coat of arms.

Old Swedes' is still active as a church and is now served by an Episcopal minister. It stands facing the nearby Delaware, 2.1 miles from the Philadelphia City Hall.

In his story of *Evangeline*, Longfellow mentions Old Swedes. As Longfellow tells the story it was near the close of Evangeline's sad life, spent in searching for the sweetheart who was lost to her because of the exile from Acadia. Many times they were near each other, but circumstances prevented their meeting. Evangeline had gone to Louisiana, where many Acadians lived. Gabriel was not there. Then she went north until she came to the city of Philadelphia. There she cared for the wretched and lonely folk who were sick at the almshouse. It was there she at last was reunited to Gabriel. The poet says:

"Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them.
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and
beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east
wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ
Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sound of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at
Wicaco."

MY LITTLE OLD BOOK

IN MY safety deposit box lies a queer little package tied up in a three-cornered piece of that silk which we once called oil boiled silk. In the package is a small well-worn Bible. The cover was once a brown leather but over it has been carefully adjusted a new cover of handspun, handwoven, brown wool cloth. An examination of the text reveals the peculiar old type in which *ff* and *ss* look much alike. One knows at once that this book is at least two hundred years old, and one senses also, immediately, that there hangs about it a story of living, of children, of love, and family. Something sinister seems also to hover over its pages.

In the long ago time, when our great country was still a wilderness, a pioneer family of sturdy Scotch had pushed out into a small settlement in what is now Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, across the still wilder hills along the Susquehanna River. The father of the family was one of the well known Boyds. The mother was a sister of Thomas Urey, a famous Indian fighter and settler in that vicinity. They came to where a few hardy souls had started a settlement named Shippensburg. Here was only a trading post and a few scattered brave ones who thought they could mollify the often angry savages. There were six older children in the family and a new born babe which had arrived just a week before.

On this fine April morning in 1756, the rumors of many attacks by marauding small bands of Indians had been hopefully discounted. True, trouble there was and had been, for some time. Braddock had pushed his little army across the mountains to the south. Washington and his Virginia forces had

hacked out the Forbes road just over the mountain. But surely there were no Indians there now, they thought.

A neighbor, a mile and a half away, had set up a loom to weave cloth for the small needs of these pioneers. The father, with the eldest boy, William, set out to the neighbors to secure the needed material to make jackets and dresses for the boys and girls.

David, age twelve, was manfully splitting up wood and kindling for an outdoor fire where the girls, Sally, about ten, and Rhoda, seven, were trying to do the family washing. John, aged five, was picking up chips and helping with the fire. Two-year-old Thomas was playing near by.

As David lifted his ax for another blow, he was startled to find at his shoulder a tall savage. The Indian snatched the ax from David's hand and warned him in unmistakable guttural tones, to make no sound or his scalp would pay the forfeit. Another two or three of the small band of eight or ten Indians had entered the Cabin. A look at the wee baby and at the little Thomas made it clear that they could not travel. The mother was seized and made to start at once on a path to the glade. The four older children were seized and started running with an Indian pushing them along.

The mother was able to go but a short way. The children missed her, but no time to stop. Miles and miles were put behind them by nightfall. Then, around the fire, the scalps of the morning raid were hung to dry. The children recognized the lovely, long red hair of their mother, but were threatened with instant death if they cried. After a two hours' rest, the children were again prodded upon the long journey, by hidden paths and trails, to near Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh). Shortly after that they moved into the country which later became Ohio.

The big chief who had taken the boy David, adopted him into his family as his son, in the place of one of his own children whom he had lost. Sarah, or Sally, as she was called, was large enough to be of considerable help to the squaws in their daily work, especially in the fields of corn. Rhoda took special care of little John, taught him daily to say his name, that of his father and mother, and the town in which they had lived.

When the father had returned with his precious bolts of cloth, he found the kettle still boiling, but his family gone. He roused the neighbors, and a posse was formed. The body of his wife was soon found, the tracks of the others had been well covered, and the followers too few to venture, without soldier aid, more than a few miles into that trackless wilderness. General Armstrong was forming an army of provincials to meet Washington farther over the mountains. Life for John Boyd had but one meaning—to try and find his children. So he joined and went with the army to Kitanning.

Several long and bloody years followed. The French abandoned Fort Duquesne, the war finally ended, and Colonel Bouquet undertook to compel the Indians to return their prisoners. A hundred or more were brought into Fort Pitt, still there were others left behind. Colonel Bouquet demanded hostage, and twenty-one Indian braves were kept by him until the other whites should be brought from the Ohio villages. Denials on the part of the Indians were of no effect. Colonel Bouquet was adamant.

David had been returned by the old chief some two years before, but the girls were still held. Little John was never heard from.

Colonel Bouquet finally moved his soldiers into the Ohio country, built a lodge of boughs and received the chiefs and a few more prisoners. A group was still missing and it was finally

confessed by the Indians that these prisoners had been sent to another tribe in or near Detroit.

"Bring them!" said Colonel Bouquet, and he waited at Fort Pitt.

Months passed.

Of the long journey which may have taken place we have no account, but on a day in 1764 the little group of young people who had been captured seven years before, were brought to Carlisle, for recognition, and restoration to their parents. In this group were Sarah and Rhoda Boyd.

It was a great day in Carlisle. Mothers bereft years before came, some hopefully, others doubting whether their children would be among the wanderers. Heart-breaking scenes were enacted. Some who had been small children when captured had forgotten their names and seemed unable to recall a single incident about their early home life. One mother looked in vain up and down the line for a girl who might be her own. But she was unable to recognize her. Weeping and in despair, she turned to Colonel Bouquet, who asked her if there were not some verse or hymn the child might recall and recognize.

The mother, with tearful, faltering voice, began a familiar hymn, when a little girl darted out of the line calling, "Mother, Mother!"

The Boyd girls were recognized. In fact, it is believed that the father was in the rescue party.

Some of the church people in Carlisle arranged a special welcome for the captive children. Each returning exile was given a *Testament*, then the only school book in this back country of Pennsylvania.

Not long after this, Rhoda Boyd was married to one of the young soldiers, Robert Smiley. They moved westward into the beautiful hills in what is now Somerset and there reared a family

of eight children. Robert Junior, my grandfather, later went over into Ohio to the old Indian camp, took his mother, Rhoda, back to the scene of her captivity, where his older brother, George, had settled some years before.

There she lived to tell the story of her capture many times, to my mother, a wondering little girl. She handed on to me this little *Testament*, which on that long ago day, was given at Carlisle to Rhoda Boyd.

—*Frances Elliott Clark.*

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Come my tan-faced children
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the
foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

—*Walt Whitman.*

BETHLEHEM (PENNSYLVANIA) MUSIC

THE story of the settlement of the village, Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and the part which music played in the lives of the pioneer settlers, is one of the most charming stories of early life on the frontier.

Bethlehem was settled through an early missionary movement by a band of Moravians. They came to America from the Old World in 1735 to evangelize Indians and Negroes in the Colony founded by James Oglethorpe in Georgia. Oglethorpe had been an English soldier and Member of Parliament. Filled with pity for the poor debtors in the jails of England, he set out to do something to give these thousands of men a chance for a new start in life. He formed a plan to pay off the debts of those who were most deserving, and to send these to America. With the aid of other Englishmen interested in the enterprise, he formed an association and was given a charter for a colony in the New World. The new colony was named Georgia, after George II, who was then King of England.

It was to this colony that the Moravians came. Their enterprise of evangelization was successful at first, but it was short-lived. A school was started on an island in the river about five miles above Savannah, and there Indian children were taught to read, write, and sing hymns. Later, the school was abandoned and the Moravians, hearing of land which had been taken up by William Penn in Pennsylvania, came to Philadelphia. Land on the site of what is now Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was soon bought, and there the little group built a single log cabin and settled in March, 1741.

From the beginning of the Bethlehem settlement, music

played a large part in the lives of its people. The story is told that its name was suggested by a Christmas song. On Christmas Eve, 1741, all the company were gathered about the fireplace in the cabin which still furnished their only shelter in the wilderness. A service had just been held by the Pastor.

Thinking of the Bethlehem manger of Judea, he is said to have suddenly risen and led the way into that part of the building which housed the cattle, singing meanwhile, a hymn dear to the hearts of his followers. The words of the second verse of the hymn—

“Not Jerusalem,
Rather Bethlehem
Gave us that which
Maketh life rich.
Not Jerusalem.”

It is claimed that these words suggested the name of the new settlement.

Despite the hardships of the voyage to America, and the fifty-two-mile overland journey from New York to Bethlehem along Indian trails and over unbridged streams, other Moravians came. They came to the settlement from Europe the following year, and brought their baggage, food, clothing, farm tools, and the musical instruments which they had used in the Old World.

A Church Diary, or Journal, kept from the beginnings of Bethlehem, tells of the quaint musical customs which prevailed. Their constant influence, brought about, logically, the possibility of the famous Bach Festivals of Bethlehem of the present day. An entry for January 25, 1744, says that “the choir sang for a time tonight . . . This evening a wagon arrived from Brunswick, with the spinet that Brother Knowlton¹ has sent the

¹ William Peter Knowlton, known affectionately as “Brother” Knowlton, was a fan-maker of London, England, who later lived in Philadelphia.

congregation from London. We made rejoicings over it and put it in order so that next day we could use it in the Sabbath service."

Two years later, a small portable organ built by Gustavus Hesselius, a Swedish spinet and organ-maker of Philadelphia, took its place in the little church.

Prominent in the music of Bethlehem then, as now, were the trombones, considered by the Moravians as a symbol of "the last trumpet" of the Bible. An anecdote of early days tells of the saving of the town and its inhabitants from Indian capture and massacre by the playing of a dirge on the trombones. The Indians thought the weird music an alarm and fled to the forest.

Music also played a part in the actual toil of the settlers. Such musical instruments as might be easily carried—flutes (which they called *dauces*), horns, drums, and cymbals—were always carried during the annual processions to the harvest fields of nearby settlements, as Nazareth, and Guadenthal. Such real joy was had in this outdoor "cereal" music, as it was called, that young men employed in shops in town were eager to leave and go to the country for the harvest season.

The "songs of the hours" were sung at Bethlehem for years by the village watchman who, as in many Old World towns, called out the hours as they passed. The watchman went on duty at eight in the evening and named each hour as it passed by singing a bit of music set to appropriate verse. At dawn, when he ended his vigil, he sang:

"The clock is six and now I leave my station.

My brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation."

Beginning in 1744 and continuing for many years, it was the custom of the younger men to serenade the village each Saturday evening. At first this was accomplished by the singing of

hymns out-of-doors from different places in the town. Later, outdoor instrumental hymn serenades were also performed. Serenades were sometimes sung to distinguished guests, or to members of the parish having birthday anniversaries. George Washington, on the occasion of an unexpected visit to Bethlehem in 1782, received such a serenade, as he mentioned in his Diary.

In about 1780 an orchestra, employing all the instruments then in common use in European orchestras, was organized in Bethlehem. From this group were selected the four best players of stringed instruments to form a string quartette. The Bethlehem musicians were constantly in touch with musical conditions in Europe. One of the pastors, Rev. Emanuel Nitschman, on his arrival from Europe, brought with him the first copies of Josef Haydn's "new" quartettes, that the Bethlehem group might play them.

From that time on the Bethlehem players kept in constant touch, in one way or another, with Haydn.¹ It is recorded that the first performances of Haydn's *Seasons*, and *The Creation*,—both musical works of the very greatest importance then and now—were given in America. Also first performances of "new" choral and symphonic works by Mozart and other living composers of the time were given in America. *The Creation*, received in Bethlehem in 1809, was sung a year later, with a good orchestral accompaniment. Mail service across the Atlantic Ocean was then so irregular that it was necessary for the young men of the village to make enough copies by hand for the performances.

Much of the equipment of the Bethlehem orchestra, including the kettle drums, fiddles, and fiddle strings, was made by the players themselves. Men of the orchestra manufactured the

¹ Haydn and Washington were born in the same year, 1732.

solid wooden music stands. As those were the days of candle lighting, each stand was provided with a folding wooden arm reaching out to the left. Into this was sunk a socket for the candle, an appropriate setting for the performance of the Haydn *Farewell* Symphony.

Direct acquaintance with Haydn was made by John Antes who was born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where the Moravians had a preaching station. He was by trade a wheelwright. He displayed a rare talent for music and was allowed to spend much time in the study of violin and harmony. He soon adapted his mechanical training to the making of musical instruments. A viola inscribed with his name still exists in Nazareth, Pa., and a 'cello in Bethlehem. Presently, Antes went to Europe. Here he met Haydn, who, with the assistance of some friends, played some of the young man's compositions.

Many small compositions remain which were the work of Bethlehem youths. One of somewhat greater proportions is a symphonic *Journey by Water* by David Moritz Michael. This work recalls the celebrated *Water Music*, by which the composer Handel, in an earlier time, tried to regain the favor of a monarch who had once befriended him.¹

Written in about 1809, the *Journey by Water* was performed in Bethlehem each year, for a long time, at the Whit-Monday celebrations. The orchestra was arranged for the event upon a flat boat afloat on the Lehigh River. The boat, propelled by several young men armed with poles, would start from Bethlehem at the beginning of the playing of the music. It was accompanied on its journey to Keiper's Deep Hole, a mile distant, by all the members of the congregation and their guests. The music was timed so as to reach its climax at the precise moment

¹ This was George I of England, formerly ruler of Hanover, Handel's home in Germany.

when the boats reached the Deep Hole. Here the poles could no longer guide the skiff which, accordingly, swung around as though in danger. The music was accordingly made to suggest a fear for the safety of the voyageurs. Then as the boat righted itself and swung into the quiet current of the further stream, the music came to a joyful close. This is one of the earliest examples of the composition of what is known as "program" or "story-telling" music in America.

From 1768 to 1795 trained choirs of men and women sang separately in the Bethlehem church. The women sang from the north end, and the men from a gallery near the organ. Psalms were sung, some of them so arranged that each choir sang alone. Some were arranged for antiphonal (responsive) singing, while in others, the two choirs sang together, though separated by over seventy feet.

The girls of the parish had their own musical organizations, much as do the girls in many schools today. Among these was always a string quartette. Music was also featured in the education of the children. Public concerts were given at stated intervals, and "practicings" (rehearsals) were frequently held, with every possible attention given to the finest detail of artistic musical performance.

The church at Bethlehem had at least six skilled organists, each of whom played, in turn, once in six weeks. Each was required to know from memory about four hundred hymn tunes, and know them so thoroughly that he could play any one, in any key, as the minister might start it.

It was the custom for the minister in charge of the church service to start all the congregational singing. He did so without any preliminary announcement of the words or melody. The organist and the congregation would join in as soon as the hymn had been recognized. The organists were not considered

"Professionals," for they played without pay. All were skilled in other trades, such as tinning, blacksmithing, watchmaking, and book-binding, which they practiced during the week.

"Singing meetings" were frequently held at the church on week-day evenings. At these times the minister did not preach. He and the congregation, men and women, boys and girls, even the smaller children, sang hymns, alternately.

Special musical services featured all the church holidays, especially Christmas and Easter. Bethlehem has long been known as the "Easter City." To this day, its citizens follow the well-known Easter custom of having chorals (hymn) played by the trombone quartet from the church belfry. This is followed by the annual Easter morning pilgrimage to the cemetery, a custom which has been observed by Moravians since 1744.

The death of a member of the community is still announced to the public in many Moravian congregations by the playing of the melody of the *Passion Chorale*¹ by one or more trombonists, and by the singing of the funeral hymn, *From Our Band a Pilgrim Gone*, from the church towers. This is followed by what is called "an identifying air," a song of the group to which the member belonged in life. Thus there are songs for married women, married men, single men and women, and for younger boys and girls.

Bethlehem is now known, far and wide, as a "steel city," in which, each year, millions of dollars worth of steel is manufactured. It is equally celebrated as the home of the famous "Bach Choir of Bethlehem," a group of singers whose annual festiyals of Bach music are a natural outcome of two centuries of love for, and daily association with, well-performed music.

¹ The hymn, *O Sacred Head*, the tune of which is descended from that of an ancient folk air, is called the *Passion Chorale* because of its continuous use by Bach in his *Passion* oratorios and cantatas.

Music lovers from all over the world, gather to hear this famous group especially at the holiday season. This choir was established in 1884, and during the many years of its existence, has been famous for the excellence of its music, and for the devotion of its members.

CAROLS

It is the custom, throughout the world, to sing carols at the Christmas season.

The original *carole* was a dance song in far-off Provence, the land of the Troubadours. There, in the earliest times, it was particularly popular as a spring, or "May Song." Carried through Europe by traveling minstrels who recognized its simple charm, the carol came to be sung and danced the whole year through at the important Fairs for which Europe was noted in the Middle Ages. Presently, its use came to be more limited, and the carol was heard most frequently on Saint's Days only, and at such periods of the year as Easter and Christmas.

By this time the carol, sung at first only in the Latin, was being sung in the language of the singers themselves, and most of its words spoke of some event connected with Bible days.

—*True History.*

BALLADS: FOLK SONG TALES

A BALLAD is a story told in song, much as a ballet (ballay) is a story told in action, or pantomime. In fact, many of the mountaineers of the Southern and Southeastern highlands of the United States speak of their old folk ballads as *ballets*. The source of both words is the same. A difference between certain types of folk song and a ballad is that while the folk song may not tell a complete story the true ballad always does.

No genuine folk ballad has a single author, and it seldom has a date which can be set as that of its actual beginning. Some social or political event is usually the cause of the composition of a ballad, and words and music usually come into existence at the same time.

Like any other story, once started, the ballad is apt to keep on going. There is, for example, "the traveller's ballad" which has been sung for years by restless cowboys or miners of the Southwestern states:

"I've seen a lot of places where I'd like to stay,
But I get to feeling restless, and so I'm on my way.
I was surely never meant to stay
Upon my own doorsill,
And now I've got the habit,
I just can't keep still."

It is probable that each person who has sung this ballad has added to it one or more verses which tell of his own experiences while wandering.

Ballads in the Old World were often sung by wandering minstrels, and to the accompaniment of the harp. It was in

this way that many accounts of important events were told from one end of the land to the other, and became human documents.

Some ballads, on the other hand, were meant merely to be entertaining, and so, like modern fiction, related possible happenings of a sentimental nature. Such a song is *Barbara Allan*, which has been retold, with countless variations, in both the Old World and the New. *Pretty Polly* is another ballad of this type.

With the invention of printing and the printing press, it was possible to put these old tales into permanent form. Some men and women became experts in collecting these story songs. They collected them from the singing of older men and women to whom they had been passed by their fathers and grandfathers through word of mouth.

However, by the time the idea of collecting ballads had become a special occupation, many of the old songs were entirely forgotten and had vanished in England. Then it was that such musicians as Cecil Sharpe of London, and Howard Rockway of New York City, visited the mountains of Southeastern America to find in certain isolated settlements, the songs which had disappeared from the Old World.

PRETTY POLLY

O where is Pretty Polly?
O yonder she stands,
Gold rings upon her fingers
Her lily-white hands.

“O Polly, O Polly,
O Polly,” said he,

"Let's take a little walk
Before married we be."

"O William, O William,
I don't want to go;
Your people are against me
And this you well know."

He led her o'er high hills,
And hollows so steep,
At length Pretty Polly
Began for to weep.

"O William, O William,
O William," said she.
"I fear your intention
Is for murdering me."

"Polly, O Polly,
You've guessed about right;
I was digging your grave
The best part of last night."

They went a bit farther,
At length she did spy
The grave ready dug
And the spade standing by.

She threw her arms 'round him,
Saying, "I have no fear,
But how can you murder
One who loves you so dear?"

“O Polly, O Polly,
No time for to stand.”
He drew his sharp knife
All in his right hand:

He pierced through her heart,
Polly’s blood it did flow.
And into the grave
Her body did go.

—*Old English Ballad.*

A PAPER OF PINS

I will give you a paper of pins,
And that’s the way our love begins,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

No, I’ll not take your paper of pins,
If that’s the way your love begins,
I will not marry you, you, you,
I will not marry you.

Then I shall give you the key to my chest,
That you may have gold at your request,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

Yes, I will take the key to your chest,
That I may have gold at my request,
And I will marry you, you, you,
And I will marry you.

—*Old Ballad.*

“THE BEGGAR’S OPERA”

THE failure of the early colonists in America to use more music as it was then known is easily accounted for when we recall that the “first opera” was presented in 1600. The first opera house opened to the public in 1637. The little “French fiddle” which the Italians used as late as 1624 for accompanying an opera had not yet given away entirely to the violin. The first violin school was founded in Rome in 1653, and the first piano was not developed until 1718.

To understand the music of George Washington’s time, one must recall that the frequent concerts given in such larger cities as Charlestown, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia in the early 1700’s were discontinued during the Revolution by order of Congress. By 1750 the music of Handel and Bach (both were born in 1685) were just beginning to be familiar in America and Haydn was but a lad of eighteen.

In January, 1728, a new kind of opera had been written in London by John Gay. In it the composer created a new style in opera writing. Instead of writing long and elaborate arias, as had the earlier composers, especially in Italy, he assembled in his opera a great many of the simple and popular ballads of the English people.

The opera got its name from the fact that it told of the adventures and tribulations of Jack Sheppard, a notorious highwayman, who, as soon as caught, had been thrown into prison and sentenced to death. There was little doubt as to Sheppard’s guilt, but the people of London were so aroused by the fact that a so-called friend had accepted forty pounds for his betrayal, that the highwayman became a sort of hero.

The opera opens with a dialogue between a *Beggar* and a *Player*. The *Beggar* states that he has an opera, but it turns out to be a folk song opera containing forty-eight well known tunes. In addition, the opera used a favorite march by Handel. John Gay had set words to this march for the highwayman’s chorus in which the men sang “Let us take the road.”

At the first performance, the audience was not sure that it liked an opera which had no overture, no showy airs for the singers, and a plot which was so natural. However, it soon became immensely popular, not only in England, but in Ireland, Scotland, and in America. It set styles for clothing, and pictures of its characters were used as decoration for fans, screens, and similar articles. The first performances in America were in Philadelphia and New York. The *New York Gazette* in February, 1750, spoke of the arrival “last week of a company of comedians from Philadelphia,” and chief among this company’s offerings was the ballad-opera, *The Beggar’s Opera*, a work said to be very popular with such statesmen of the times as Benjamin Franklin and George Washington.

* * *

“Over the hills and far away.”

“If the heart of a man is depress’d with cares, the mist is dispell’d when a woman appears.”

“The fly that sips treacle is last in the sweets.”

—*Popular quotations from The
Beggar’s Opera, by John Gay.*

NEWS OF THE TIMES

NOTHING furnishes a truer picture of an age than the entries made in its public newspapers and journals. The following extracts from, or complete copies of advertisements and notices concerning music, are taken from colonial newspapers of the eighteenth century. Such items both fix the time and place of events that are important, historically; or they may give authentic sidelights upon quaint and interesting musical customs of those days. The spelling, capitalization and word style has been reproduced as they appear in the original. In each case the name of the journal and the date of publication of the item are given.

The Boston News Letter, April 16-23, 1716

"This is to give notice that there is lately sent over from London, a choice Collection of Musickal Instruments, consisting of Flageolets, Flutes, Haut-Boys, Books of Instructions for all these Instruments, Books of ruled Paper. To be Sold at the Dancing School of Mr. Enstone in Sudbury Street near the Orange Tree, Boston.

NOTE. Any person may have all Instruments of Musick mended, or Virgenalls and Spinnets Strung and Tuned at a reasonable Rate, and likewise may be taught to Play on any of these Instruments above mention'd; dancing taught by a true and easier method than has been heretofore."

(This advertisement was inserted by Edward Enstone, the second organist of King's Chapel in Boston, where he played the famous Brattle organ. Mr. Enstone was brought from London for the position, at the annual salary of £30.)

New England Courant, September 16, 1723

"Last week a Council of Churches, etc., was held at the South part of Braintree to regulate the disorders occasioned by regular singing in that place."

(This item in a paper published in Boston by Benjamin Franklin refers to the heated discussions being carried on in the churches of New England for and against the new system of singing the Psalms by note.)

Weekly News Letter, Boston. December 16-23, 1731.

"On Thursday the 30th of this instant December, there will be performed a *Concert of Music* on sundry Instruments at Mr. Pelham's great Room, being the House of the late Doctor Noyes near the Sun Tavern.

"Tickets to be delivered at the place of performance at *Five Shillings* each. The Concert to begin exactly at Six o'clock, and no Tickets will be delivered after Five the day of performance.

"N. B. There will be no admittance after Six."

(This is the first concert ever advertised in Colonial newspapers, and although there may have been others given at an earlier date, lack of evidence causes this to be spoken of as the first ever given in the New World. Attention is called to the fact that for this concert, as for those which followed during many years after this date, all tickets were subscribed for in advance; also that the concert began at an unusually early hour. In many cases, especially in the South, these early concerts were followed by Balls or other social events. An advertisement which appeared in the *New England Weekly Journal* in 1733 a reference is made to the duration of a concert, which is "to begin at Six o'clock and end at Nine." In the *Boston News Letter* of March 11, 1736, it is stated that a certain concert is to begin "at Half an Hour after Six and end at Nine.")

South Carolina Gazette, Saturday, April 8-15, 1732

"On Wednesday next will be a *Consort* of Musick at the Council Chamber, for the Benefit of Mr. Salter."

(This paper having been published only from January in 1732, there may have been public concerts before this date. The obsolete form of the word *concert* was used well into the eighteenth century.)

South Carolina Gazette, October 21–28, 1732

Charleston, October 28

“On Wednesday Night there was a Concert for the Benefit of Mr. Salter, at which was a fine Appearance of good Company. A Ball afterwards opened by the Lord Forester and Miss Hill.”

(This is the first “concert criticism” on record in America.)

South Carolina Gazette, February 8, 1735

“On Tuesday the 18th inst. will be presented at the Court-room the opera of *Flora, or Hob in the Well*, with the Dance of the two Pierrots, and a new Pantomime entertainment, called the Adventures of Harlequin Scaramouch . . .

“Tickets to be had at Mr. Shepheard’s in Broad street at 40/ each. To begin at 6 o’clock precisely.”

(This is the first advertisement to appear in America concerning an opera.)

New York Gazette, January 6–13, 1736

“On Wednesday, the 21 of January Instant, there will be a *Consort* of Musick, Vocal and Instrumental, for the benefit of Mr. Pachelbel, the Harpsichord Part performed by himself. The Songs, Violins, and German Flutes by private hands.”

(This is the first mention of a concert to be found in New York City newspaper files.)

South Carolina Gazette, February 7, 1736

(This announcement gave five o’clock as the starting time for a Charleston concert.)

“. . . The Doors will be open’d all the afternoon. The Subscribers are desired to send to the Stagedoor in the forenoon to bespeak places, otherwise it will be to late.”

A New York City announcement, in 1751, gives a delightful sidelight upon theatre customs of the day:

"The house, being new-floored, is made warm and comfortable, besides which Gentlemen and Ladies may cause their stoves to be brought."

The *Pennsylvania Journal* of November 8, 1770, advertised a concert in Philadelphia and says in part that "at the request of several Gentlemen and Ladies, Mr. Gualdo, after the Concert, will have the room put in order for a Ball, likewise there will be a genteel Refreshment laid out in the upper room for those Ladies and Gentlemen who shall chuse to Dance, or remain to see the Ball. For the Ball he had composed six new minuets, with proper cadence for dancing, and he flatters himself will be favourably received.

"Tickets at Ten Shillings a piece . . .

"N. B. If any Gentleman or Lady should chuse to go away after the concert, the Porter will return Half a Crown to each Person."

The following advertisement, which is here copied from the *Boston Evening Post* of June 17, 1771, was sent from Charleston, South Carolina. It also appeared at the same time in papers of New York and Philadelphia.

Charleston, S. C., April 11, 1771

"The *St. Caecilia Society* give notice that they will engage with, and give suitable encouragement to musicians properly qualified to perform at their Concert, provided they apply on or before the first day of October next. The performers they are in want of are, a first and second violin, two hautboys, and a

bassoon, whom they are willing to agree with for one, two, or three years."

JOHN GORDON, President

THOMAS LN. SMITH, Vice President

Concerning a concert in Alexandria, Virginia:

Columbian Mirror, May 1, 1793

"For the convenience of the ladies who mean to attend the concert this evening, a carriage is provided for their conveyance, going and returning, applications to be made to Mr. Jesse Simms—the Concert will not begin until the carriage is unemployed."

The next two items call attention to the frequent assistance given to musical enterprises by gentlemen "amateurs," this term being here used in the sense of meaning a well-trained and qualified musician who performs not for pay, but for pure love of the art. Thus an announcement of a concert in Fredericksburg, Va., January 10, 1784, includes the remark that "the society earnestly requires the attendance of all gentlemen in the country who are performers on instruments, or who have valuable collections of music."

Pennsylvania Gazette, November 30, 1769 (A newspaper printed, for a time by Benjamin Franklin).

"For the future, the days of performance will be Tuesday and Friday. The Orchestra on Opera Nights will be assisted by some musical Persons, who, as they have no View but to contribute to the Entertainment of the Public, certainly claim a Protection from any Manner of Insult."

(This warning recalls a concert manager's caution which appeared in the *South Carolina Gazette*, in 1765 (Sept. 7-14): "It is hoped no persons will be so indiscreet as to attempt climbing over the fences to the annoyance of the subscribers, as I give this public notice that I will prosecute any person so offending, to the utmost vigour of the law.")

OUR FIRST AMERICAN COMPOSER

THE first American composer was a very clever man. He was also *an average American*. Once, when he was writing about a *Foreigner on His Travels* he said of America:

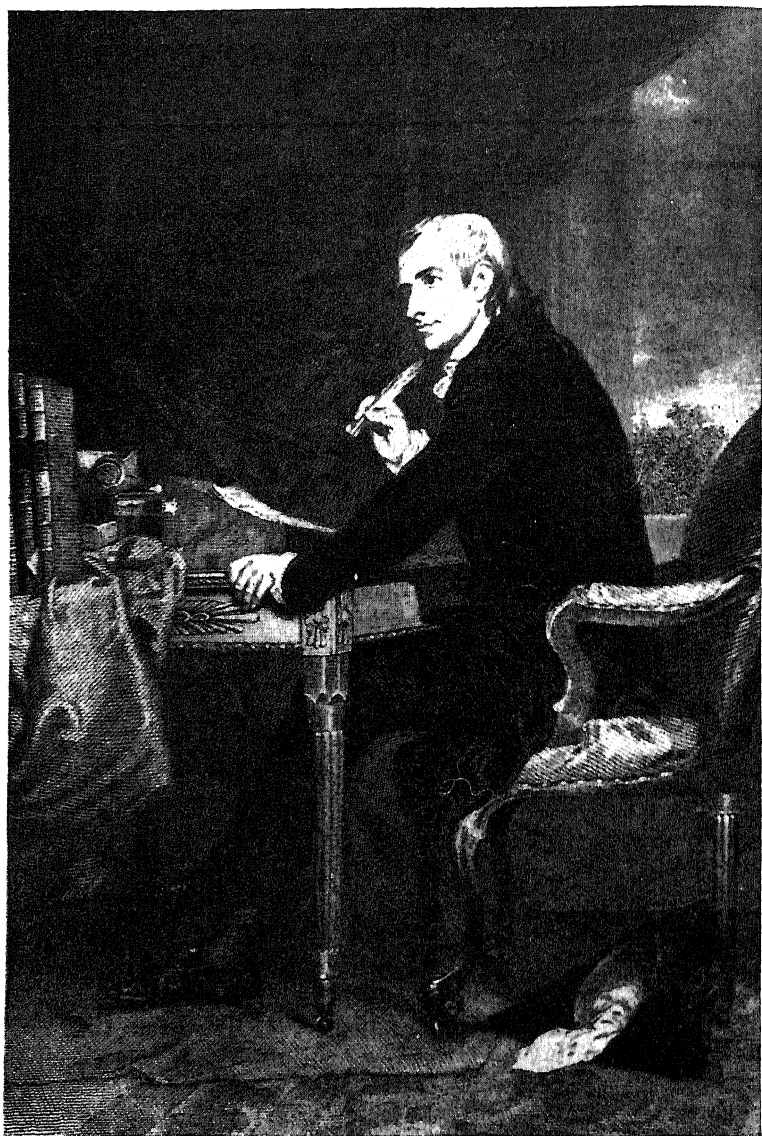
“The lowest tradesman there is not without some degree of general knowledge. They turn their hands to everything; their situation obliges them to do so. A farmer cannot run to an artist upon every trifling occasion—he must make and mend and contrive for himself.”

So Francis Hopkinson learned *to contrive for himself*—he was author, poet, merchant, lawyer, churchman, judge, flag-maker, statesman, and musician. He was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. And finally, in 1759, he contrived to write a song for himself, instead of always copying and learning the music which others had written. This song was called *My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free*. When he had finished the song, he copied it into his musical scrapbook. He did not write the words for this song, but with later songs he wrote both words and music.

“MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WONDROUS FREE”

My days have been so wondrous free
The little birds that fly with careless ease from tree
to tree
Were but as blest as I,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear of mine
Increas'd that stream



From painting by Chappel. Bettmann Archive

FRANCIS HOPKINSON

And ask the breathing gales if e'er
I lent a sigh to them,
I lent a sigh to them.

—Dr. Parnell.

It was not until many years later that he sent the song, with a letter of dedication, to his friend, George Washington.

THE COMPOSER'S LETTER

When the collection of *Seven Songs* (actually eight) for the *harpsichord* or *forte piano* were sent by the composer, Francis Hopkinson, to his friend, George Washington, who was then serving his first term as President, Hopkinson sent with them a letter which read:

"With respect to this little Work, which I now have the honor to present to your notice, I can only say, that it is such a Lover, not a Master, of the Arts can furnish. I am neither a profess'd poet, nor a Profess'd Musician; and yet venture to appear in those characters united [Hopkinson wrote the words as well as the music of the songs]; for which I confess, the censure of Temerity may justly be brought against me.

"If these Songs should not be so fortunate as to please the young Performers for whom they are intended, they will at least not occasion much Trouble in learning to perform them; and this will, I hope, be some Alleviation of their Disappointment.

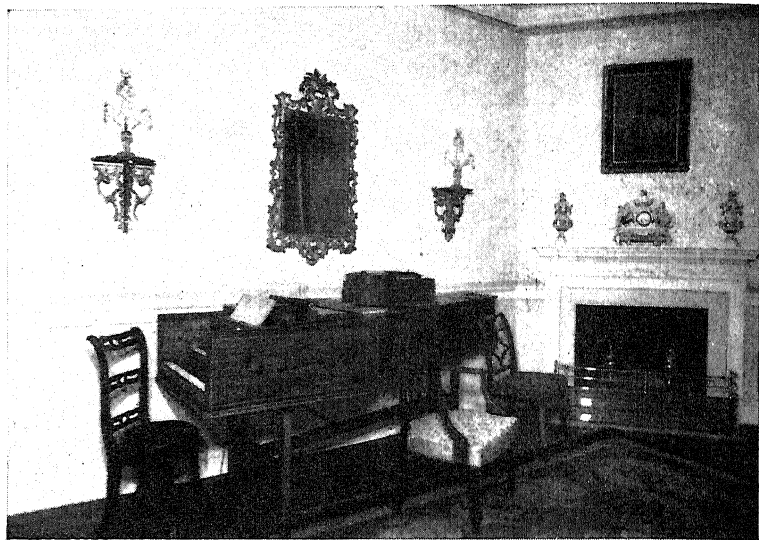
"However small the Reputation may be that I shall derive from this Work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the Credit of being the first Native of the United States who had produced a Musical Composition. If this attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture on a path, yet untrodden in America, and the Arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us."

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

President Washington's reply to Francis Hopkinson upon receipt of the *Seven Songs* and the dedication, was a model of

courtesy and charm. Although written by a non-musician, it is one of the links in the chain of proof that Hopkinson's were the first secular songs ever composed in America.

The President wrote:



Permission of the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association

HARPSICHORD IN THE MUSIC ROOM AT MT. VERNON

"My dear Sir, if you had any doubts about the reception which your work would meet with—or had the smallest reason to think that you should meet with any assistance to defend it—you have not acted with your usual good judgment in the choice of a coadjutor, for, . . . what alas! can I do to support it? I can neither sing one of the songs, nor raise a single note on any instrument to convince the unbelieving.

"But I have, however, one argument which will prevail with persons of true estate (at least in America)—I can tell them that *it is the production of Mr. Hopkinson.*"

Other of Hopkinson's friends were Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Robert Morris. Among his own relatives

he numbered many influential men of England, including Lord North, who was Prime Minister at the time of the War of the Revolution.

Hopkinson was the first graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. His father, Thomas Hopkinson, had helped Franklin to establish this college. His son, Joseph Hopkinson, wrote *Hail, Columbia*. Francis Hopkinson was a fine organist, and often taught the children of Christ Church, Philadelphia, how better to sing their Psalms on Sunday. When John Penn, grandson of William Penn lived in Philadelphia, the two young men made music together, Penn played the violin while Hopkinson played the harpsichord.

Some people say that Hopkinson helped plan the flag of America. It is certain that he at least helped to do so, and that he was present at the time when General Washington called on Betsy Ross to ask her to sew the first flag.

—*A True Tale.*

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!

—*Joseph Hopkinson.*

THE FOURTH OF JULY PROCESSION

FOLLOWING the close of the Revolutionary War, it was necessary to write a Constitution for the new United States. This was done in Philadelphia in 1787. It was then submitted to the thirteen Colonies for their ratification. When nine of the Colonies signed the Constitution, it could become a law, and take the place of the Articles of Confederation under which government had proceeded to this time. By June 26, 1788, ten¹ of the Colonies had signed and so with the coming of July 4, a real celebration of Independence Day was in order. This took place in Philadelphia.

Francis Hopkinson evidently realized that this was a very important celebration, about which people would wonder in days to come, so he wrote a full account of it on the eighth of July, just four days later. First he states that it was "cloudy without rain and a brisk wind from the south the whole day." At dawn a full peal was heard from the bells in the tower belfry of Christ Church, Philadelphia (here Hopkinson acted as organist and taught the children in their singing of hymns). There was a discharge from cannon on the ship *Rising Sun*, which was anchored off Market Street. The ship was decorated with flags of the nations which were in alliance with the new government. A huge procession which reached for a mile and a half and which marched for three hours started at nine-thirty. Five thousand people took part in the parade. When the procession reached Union Green, it stopped, and there James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the Signers, gave an address before seven-

¹ New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island had not signed.

teen thousand people. At night the *Rising Sun* was handsomely illuminated in honor of the great festival.

During the long procession there passed up the street, ships on wheels representing each state. There were also large companies of the military, of trade-groups, and members of the professions. The convention of the state which had written the Constitution was symbolized by a man on horseback carrying a blue flag on which, in silver letters, were the words, "Seventeenth of September, 1787." A huge band went by performing a grand march composed for the occasion by Mr. Alexander Reinagle,¹ a local pianist, composer, and theatrical manager. Following the Constitution symbol rode Francis Hopkinson, who was by this time a Judge. Following him was the New Roof, a float in the form of a building having its dome supported by thirteen columns, ten of which—representing the ratifying states up to date—were complete. There were many other floats in the procession, each showing some occupation of the day, such as spinning, wheel making, candle making, and wig making.

When the printers went by on their nine-foot square stage drawn by four horses, it was seen that they had a real printing press on their wagon. The printers were actually at work striking off, and distributing among the people whom they passed, copies of an *Ode* written for the occasion by Francis Hopkinson. Before the parade was over, small packages of this *Ode* and the toasts for the day were made up and addressed to the ten states already in the Union. The tiny packages were tied to the legs of homing pigeons and at intervals these were released and flew off to their distant homes amid the cheers of the crowd.

¹ It is recorded that Reinagle was engaged by George Washington as the music teacher for his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis.

THE MASON FAMILY *

AN HONORED American family, the Mason family in many ways suggest the Bach family's traditional tendency toward music—whether as a profession or as an amateur interest.

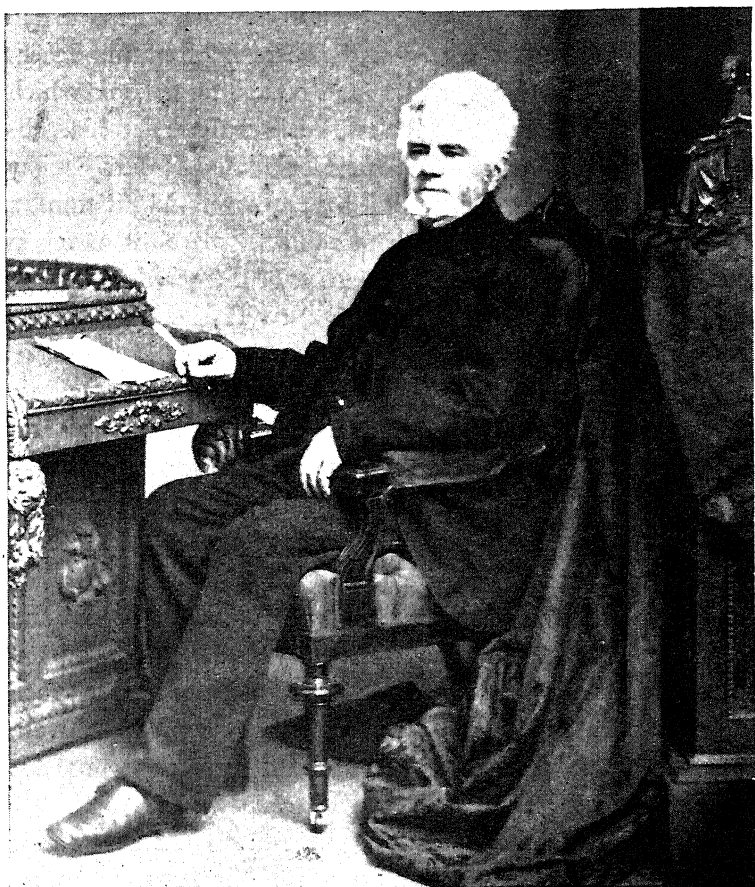
The beginning of the direct line from which the New World Masons sprung began with Robert Mason, who was born in England about 1590. By June 12, 1630, he had sailed the Atlantic and was landing at Salem, Massachusetts. Thomas, his oldest son, born in America, went to live in Medfield, Massachusetts. While there, he married and had three sons. Two of the sons, with their father, were killed by the Indians. Barachias, a grandson, born in the same village in 1723, continued the family love for learning and music.

From an old history of Medfield, we learn that Barachias, after his graduation from Harvard at the age of nineteen, taught the village school, and was also the local singing schoolmaster.

Then followed Colonel Johnson Mason, son of Barachias, born in Medfield in 1767. He "kept school in his home-*stead*," as the old story relates; and *his* son was Lowell, known to fame the world over for his ability to play the organ, flute, clarinet, violin, and cello; and to write and teach music; and for the fact that he established music in America as a regular part of school instruction.

Lowell Mason was born in 1792, just three years after George Washington became the first President. He was directing the parish choir by the time he was sixteen. By the time he was twenty, he had begun his long career of writing anthems and

* See also Doctor William Mason, Doctor Daniel Gregory Mason.



Courtesy Dr. Daniel G. Mason

LOWELL MASON, "FATHER OF PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC"

hymns, the best known of which are *Joy to the World*; *Nearer, My God to Thee*; *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*; and *My Faith Looks Up to Thee*. As boys, he and his brother Timothy would sing and play for anyone who would come to hear them. Later Timothy was a great help in spreading the teachings of his more famous brother.

When Lowell was twenty, he went to Georgia, where he had a position as a bank clerk. Here, he spent his free time teaching choirs, and singing classes, and compiling a book which he later tried to publish in New York or Philadelphia. His book was finally published by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. He was so afraid that his employers might think a musician a poor bank clerk that he did not place his name on the first copies of his book. The success of the new hymn book was so great that Mason returned to New England and settled in Boston.

After a trip to Europe, Lowell Mason began the teaching, then new, of the singing of the syllables—*do, re, mi, sol*, and so on; and of learning to read music independently. For a time, the city schools of Boston were fearful of this new kind of singing, but finally, in 1838, after several years' refusal, Mason was permitted to teach music in his new way in the schools of Boston. He had to do this without pay for a year, and furnish the singing books and the instrument for accompaniment, as well. While teachers in other schools of America, such as John Ball of Old Fort Vancouver, in the Pacific Northwest, had encouraged the singing of *songs* in their schoolrooms, this was the *first systematized teaching of school music*.

Mr. Mason's children's class in singing gave its first public concert in Boston on August 14, 1838. The program was a long one, headed by *Flowers, Wildwood Flowers*. Of the concert, the *Boston Daily Advertiser* wrote: "This singing must be recorded as the first ever sung in unison by the pupils of a public school in Boston."

Lowell Mason held annual "conventions" in which he taught others to teach as he did. He wrote many of the most popular books ever used in American singing schools.

—*A True Tale.*

A VENTURE IN FLUTES

THE gaudy regiments of the German Allies crossed from the Brooklyn shore after the battle of Long Island in August, 1776. They paraded up Broadway with their British comrades-in-arms. With them was a boy, who, indirectly, was to have more influence upon the sleepy, little city and the country which had only just been born, than any other in the glittering column pressing relentlessly in pursuit of Washington's beaten battalions. A certain stocky, fair-haired peasant named Heinrich Astor clung precariously to a sutler wagon in the rear of the Hessian contingent.

This youth of twenty-two—who pronounced his name in such a fashion that for years afterward it was spelled, by himself, as well as by others, Ashdour—never carried a gun in battle or risked so needlessly the exceedingly healthy physique nature had provided him. His service as a tool of destiny was to consist in the writing of letters, crude, ungrammatical letters, but sufficiently instinct with life to tempt after him a greater: his younger brother, John Jacob. John Jacob, who was already chafing, as Heinrich had chafed, against the hide-bound routine of a German village, under the restriction of a father unsympathetic and intemperate.

So much for Heinrich. You shall meet him again, but he enters these pages simply because he left a younger brother behind him in the sleepy village of Waldorf, some eight miles from Heidelberg. To this younger brother he wrote letters describing the marvelous possibilities of this America, where a petty tradesman might make of himself whatever he would.

A good butcher, Heinrich. But a better letter-writer—which

must have seemed as inexplicable to himself as it does to you and me.

Wald Dorf, "The Village in the Wood"—was one of seven villages on the fringes of the Black Forest, dotting the ancient Roman road which runs south from Spires toward Italy. It was a plain, primitive place, more rural than its proximity to the university town of Heidelberg might indicate. The Astors had been living there for three generations. The great-grandfather of young Jacob fled from France to Lutheran Germany after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes made their homeland intolerable for the French Protestants. By the time his grandson, John Jacob, entered the world, in the year 1724, the best an Astor could hope for in Waldorf was an honest living earned by the sweat of his brow, and John Jacob, parent of the John Jacob who came to America, was duly apprenticed to the butcher's trade.

The old butcher lived to the grand age of ninety-two, dying in Waldorf in 1816, after his son had plumbed the full measure of success. What did he think of the boy he had thwarted and hindered? Had he any perception of the prank of Destiny which made him father of a prodigy? Did he realize the glamor which should cluster around his name? Did he grasp the significance of Astoria? Could he comprehend the true role of the fur trade? When he looked at the cheap, colored print of New York City, hung on the wall of his parlor, could he glimpse, shadowy above the treetops, a barrier of towers such as the world had never seen? My guess is that he mumbled his pipe-stem and grumbled to the neighbors because John Jacob didn't make him a more generous allowance—he never had any luck with his boys.

George Peter, the eldest, born in 1752, had flitted first. George was a musical lad. He emigrated to London and se-

cured employment with an uncle, one of the butcher's brothers who was a partner in the prosperous firm of Astor & Broadwood, musical instrument-makers. Under the name of Broadwood, they are still a factor in the piano industry. Heinrich, the second son, born in 1754, we have met already. Heinrich was perfectly willing to be a butcher, but he rebelled at butchering in Waldorf. So did John Melchior, the third son, five years junior to Heinrich. One spring morning, after Heinrich's leave-taking, John Melchior vanished, and when next heard of was learning a trade in a distant city.

This left young John Jacob, who was thirteen years old in that mystic year of '76—he was born July 17, 1763—alone to assist his father, and John Jacob was very unhappy. A good student, eager to improve himself, he acquired all the knowledge he could in

*Bettmann Archive*

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

the village school. At fourteen, the age when schooldays were considered ended, he could read and write with ease, cipher as far as the Rule of Three, knew his catechism, prayer book, and hymnal and performed very fairly upon the flute. In other words, he was remarkably well-educated for a peasant lad in

the Eighteenth Century, much better educated than most poor boys in America. The pastor and the schoolmaster would read over the frayed letters Jacob brought them. Letters came from homesick soldiers, too. Oddly enough, these Hessians, whom the American soldiers were taught to hate, more often than not evinced sympathy with the cause they had been sold to suppress. And as one year slipped into another, this feeling became more tangible, especially amongst the younger men. Heinrich Astor sensed it. There was a thing called freedom. One man was as good as another—if he deserved to be.

Jacob wrote to George Peter. He wrote, also, to Heinrich. Was he wrong to wish to emigrate? Had he a right to expect a future overseas? The answers came, the first after many weeks, the second after many months. By all means, he should emigrate, advised George Peter, but why go to America? Here in London work awaited a smart German boy who had knowledge of music and was apt with his hands. Come ahead, urged fat Heinrich in his fat, stubby scrawl. A man makes twice as much butchering in New York as in Waldorf. But it would be well to practice English. These people are very stupid at languages.

Jacob conned both letters. Of course, he must know English, but he could never learn it in Waldorf. London was the place for that. His uncle had many German employees who would make it easy for him. And after London should come New York. A step at a time, that was wisest—a policy he was to practice lifelong.

It was on a warm, spring day in 1779 that young John Jacob left Waldorf, the equivalent of two dollars in his pocket and a bundle of clothes slung from a stick across his shoulder, his eyes blurred with tears. A knot of friends and relatives escorted him to the end of the cobbled street, where it joined

the Roman road that sliced through the green countryside. His sisters wept; his father was sullen, inclined to self-pity at the loss of the one remaining son; the neighbors were envious or sorrowful, according to their several dispositions. Only Schoolmaster Jeune was cheerful and encouraging, joking at every opportunity. He rebuked the sour gossips, who shook their heads and predicted hunger and cold as the least evils awaiting the wanderer.

It seemed to the boy that the partings would never be over. He was at the breaking point, when kindly Valentine Jeune spun him around and gestured down the tree-bordered road.

"Off with you, youngling. The good God keep you!"

So Jacob squared his shoulders, swallowed hard and trudged off upon the first lap of his Odyssey. He heard parting shouts, hysterical injunctions from his sisters, but he dared not look back. That would have been to surrender all trace of dignity. He just trudged on, oblivious to his surroundings, and as he disappeared beyond a rise, Valentine Jeune turned to the little group of villagers and exclaimed:

"I am not afraid for John Jacob. He'll get through the world. He has a clear head and everything right behind the ears!"

Some of the Waldorfers agreed and some dissented. Young John Jacob had had his turn at the center of the stage. And, indeed, about that time he was feeling lonelier than ever—sitting beside the road on a hilltop, whence he might see the red tiles of the village roofs gleaming amongst the trees, wiping his eyes dry, and as he recounted in after years, making three resolutions: "To be honest, to be industrious, and not to gamble."

Reaching the Rhine, he experienced no difficulty in obtaining employment upon one of the immense lumber rafts, which were floated downstream to the Netherlands at this season of

the year. And for the ensuing two weeks he enjoyed an idyllic existence. In the daytime, the raft's crew had little to do, except work the long sweeps to fend off the river-craft or free their unwieldy charge from a sand bar. At sunset they tied up to the bank, kindled fires ashore, and lounged on the grass, telling stories, singing songs, listening to Jacob play the home-made flute he had tucked in his clothesbundle. The raft master supplied plenty of food, the weather was good and for all of them the voyage was a holiday rather than a serious effort.

On the fourteenth day they bumped into the lumber wharves of Amsterdam. Jacob was paid off, receiving ten dollars for the two weeks, an enormous sum in his estimation. This enabled him to book passage in a North Sea packet for London, and a few days later he was walking gingerly through the bustling streets of the English capital, inquiring his way to the quarters of "Ashdour undt Pbroadtvoedt." There was employment for the boy, and George Peter found him lodgings. And satisfied, beaming with pride, Jacob promptly addressed himself to his two-fold task: to learn to speak English, and to save the money to pay his way to America. But this last ambition seemed impossible of attainment. English he acquired readily—he could make himself understood after six weeks. To save money wasn't so easy. He worked hard, reporting at the factory at five o'clock in the morning, and usually staying until evening; but his wages were small, living was expensive, and despite his frugality, four years were required to put by \$75 and the price of a good suit of English clothes.

In the meantime, his uncle and George Peter urged him to remain with them. He was willing, anxious to please, and they promised him advancement. But Jacob matched his own observations with the letters Heinrich wrote from New York, and concluded his earlier plan was best. The most favorable op-

portunity in England must be narrower than the chances America afforded the emigrant. Whatever doubts clouded his mind were dispelled by the news of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in September, 1783. He was not twenty, he had in hand ample funds for the Atlantic voyage, and he resolved to waste no more time in deliberation, so he hied himself to the Pool and applied to the first sailor he saw, one John Whettin, mate of an unnamed American brig.

Whettin took a fancy to the German, and very considerably advised that he take passage in another, and more comfortable, vessel, skippered by Captain Jacob Stout. Astor accepted the advice, and repaid Whettin years afterward by making the sailor master of one of his own merchantmen. With Captain Stout, Jacob bargained for a passage in the steerage, food to be provided the same as the crew's for \$25. This left \$50 of the wanderer's capital, and \$25 was invested in the purchase of seven flutes, which he obtained from his employers. Why on earth he chose flutes for his first venture I don't know, unless it was that he figured on obtaining the American agency for Astor & Broadwood products, and considered it good policy to establish relations with the firm at once. Whatever his motive, it is amusing that a young man as intelligent as he was should have fancied a market for musical instruments in a country emerging from eight years of war, specifically in New York which had suffered all the stagnation of a protracted siege and was to be further ruined by proscription and eviction. Yet the fact remains that those seven flutes may be said to have constituted the foundation of the Astor fortune, and in the circumstances you will be doubly entertained by the story of what happened to them.

In November, when Captain Stout sailed, perhaps the least

conspicuous of the ship's company was the fresh-faced German lad in the steerage. He could boast for his worldly possessions:

- Item, \$25 in English coin.
- Item, the clothes he stood in.
- Item, 7 flutes.
- Item, a spare suit of clothes.
- Item, an inquiring mind.
- Item, a will to work.
- Item, a healthy body.

You will observe that this inventory includes a number of possessions in addition to those with which Jacob started from Waldorf; but he hadn't made any very substantial progress in the four years. Probably, his best single asset was his knowledge of English. His capital was grotesquely insufficient. He would have to start all over again. Indeed, he was already starting, pointing his nose in the direction Destiny had plotted for him.

There were a number of Hudson's Bay Company officers aboard, as well as a young German, who traded independently with the Indians for furs. Jacob overheard the Hudson's Bay men discussing the fur trade with his compatriot and became interested in so novel an enterprise. The voyage was long and stormy; the passengers were thrown much together, and the two Germans had their nationality in common. Jacob was fascinated by the adventures of this man, little older than himself, who had commenced trading on a small scale, then gradually acquired capital. This German trader told the boy he had invested it in skins, taken them to England, turned his profits into trade goods, and was now planning to repeat the operation. This was exactly the sort of enterprise Jacob must try, if he was to succeed. In the course of the voyage he learned the names of the different skins and their values, in America and

England; the names of the principal dealers in Montreal, New York and London; how to buy, preserve, pack, and transport pelts; and how to deal with the Indians. He was amazed to hear that in New York it was possible to buy furs from river boatmen on the wharves for a handful of sweetmeats or a toy, furs which would bring in London from five to ten times their value in New York. And he stowed this information away in his memory, with the private intention to turn it to account at the earliest opportunity.

After a series of baffling head-winds, the ship made the Capes of the Chesapeake toward the end of January, 1784, but the Bay was so full of ice that she could make no progress to Baltimore for nearly two months. The richer passengers soon became disgusted with the delay, and landed over the ice. Jacob couldn't afford coach fare to Baltimore. Besides, he was being fed and lodged without additional expense. He was learning the details of a fascinating new business, in the bargain. So he stayed aboard and tucked away generous rations of hard-tack and salt-horse, until the ice broke. Then Captain Stout was able to jockey the ship up to her berth, substantially the loser by the members of his company who had taken full advantage of their passage agreements.

From Baltimore, Jacob took coach, in company with his friend, the fur trader, for New York. This journey wiped out what remained of his tiny capital. When he said good-by to his shipmate at the Battery pier, where the Jersey ferry landed them, he had no more than a couple of shillings left to rub against each other in his pocket. He must find Heinrich, and at once, if he wouldn't go hungry—as the wisecracks of Waldorf had predicted.

Under one arm he carried a package containing his stock

in trade, the seven flutes. And he might hug himself exultantly, walking up Broadway, staring at the many negroes, and the broad tulip trees rattling their branches overhead. He saw the free carriage of the people, and cocking his ear to the ringing cries of the street-vendors, offering their wares—"Here ye are! Niii-iice, clean Rockaway saa-aand! Sand yer floors!" "Hot corn! Hot corn!" "Greenwich spring-water, two cents a paa-aail!" "Fresh straw! Throw out yer ticks! Fresh Jersey straaw!"—he knew this was America. He may have watched with envious eyes a boy sucking at a pear lifted by the stem from the bowl of molasses in which it had been stewed, but he was in New York. He stood on the threshold of Fortune. He'd learn the fur business. Then—

But "then" seemed a long way off in the summer of 1784. Jacob was called a clerk, but most of the work he did consisted of beating the stored furs to keep the moths out of them—camphor was too expensive for such use in the Eighteenth Century. He worked so diligently that his new employer was impressed, and in the Fall sent him out of town to several near-by localities to purchase skins from the local farmers. He bought so wisely that in the Spring, Browne dispatched him up the Hudson into the Iroquois country, where the mighty Six Nations preserved a shadow of the sovereignty which had made them masters of the New York frontier for a century.

This was the richest fur country within the bounds of the state, but its richness was relative rather than absolute. Even the counties adjacent to the city produced a substantial crop of pelts annually, and should continue to do so for many years to come. Skins still had an actual money value, heritage from the early Colonial days when they passed as currency, and in the outlying settlements of the frontier constituted as valid wealth

as coined silver. Furthermore, the interruption of the fur trade during the Revolution had enhanced the price of furs abroad, so that this was one business which picked up very rapidly after the suspension of hostilities. Jacob's employer could sell furs as fast as the trappers brought them in.

There was danger as well as hardship for the American fur trader in the country of the Long House. With a sixty-pound pack on his back and a rifle over his shoulder, he must tramp twenty miles a day in the wilderness, and have his wits about him when he approached a group of lodges at the journey's end.

John Jacob was extraordinarily successful. He was at pains to learn all he could of the Indian dialects, their customs, whimsies, and peculiarities. He discovered that they were fond of music, and more than once with the trills of his flute soothed a sour-visaged Seneca or Mohawk, who thought of lifting a blonde scalp in revenge for some clan brother lost at Oriskany or on the Sacandaga. The news of his coming presently filtered through the forest aisles in advance of him. A merry, yellow-haired white man, who spoke as if he was munching a mouthful of shelled corn and made pleasant noises on a stick.

Jacob was very happy over his trip. He returned to New York with a pack half again as heavy as that with which he had sailed up-river on a bluff-bowed Albany sloop. And he was proud of his musical prowess, too. Surely, he hadn't made a mistake in venturing his first capital in those seven flutes. They must be sold by now, he told himself. Before leaving he had entrusted them to Samuel Loundon, the printer, who published the *New York Packet*, to sell on commission. As soon as he had reported to Quaker Browne—and paid a call at 81 Queen Street—he hastened around to Loundon's office. No luck! There were his flutes, neatly rolled in the original bundle, and

until March of 1785 New Yorkers might read weekly in the columns of the *Packet* an advertisement notifying them that "German Flutes of Superior Quality are to be sold at this Printing Office."

—*Arthur D. Howden Smith (Abridged by permission from "John Jacob Astor").*

* * *

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey;
And, would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

—*Henry Carey.*

YANKEE DOODLE

NOT all great tunes were written for the sake of greatness. Many are favorites because of some unusual charm of rhythm, melody, or mood. Such a tune is *Yankee Doodle*, a tune that was sung in the Netherlands hundreds of years ago as a ploughing song.

Some say that the tune was brought to America at the time of the Revolution by Hessians hired by the British to come from their native land and fight as professional soldiers. At any rate, the British soldiers came to know it, and often tooted it on their fifes in ridicule of the colonists, whom they called Yankees. To the British soldiers, with their fine red coats, the farmers from New England, with their rough ordinary dress, some with long coats, some with short coats, some with none, did not look much like an army. The British made fun of the Americans at every opportunity. Those who did not play the fife sang jingles about the Yankees, and it is said that once a group of soldiers gathered outside a New England meeting-house and sang *Yankee Doodle* while the colonists within the meetinghouse sang *Psalms*.

On the night in April, 1775, when the British troops marched out of Boston on their way to capture John Hancock and Samuel Adams, their musicians were playing *Yankee Doodle*. After they had been routed at Concord, the victorious Yankees took over the tune as their own, and sang and played it whenever they could. As a final fling of humor, they played it at Yorktown in 1781 when Cornwallis surrendered.

One of the commonest and best known of the almost count-

less verses put to the gay tune tells of a typical dandy, or macaroni:¹

“Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

Another popular version of the Revolution, in which the unknown rhymers describes a drum and its use, is sometimes called *The Yankee's Return From Camp*:

“Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy;
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men
As rich as ‘Squire David’;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be sav-ed.

I saw a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon’t with little clubs
And called the folks together.”

¹ A. macaroni was another name for a fop, or a young man who affected foreign ways.

“HAIL, COLUMBIA”

AS FRANCIS HOPKINSON is noted for being “the first American composer,” so his son, Joseph, is celebrated as writer of the words of the patriotic song, *Hail, Columbia*. The melody of this song was the composition of Philip Phile, another Pennsylvania musician.

Hail, Columbia was written because of the sympathy which many Americans held for France, and because of the author’s desire to help a friend. France had been in a state of Revolution since 1789, and by 1792 the French Republic had been established. A year later the French declared war on England, and during the month which followed, Americans were often distressed because of their interest in the two nations of the Old World. President George Washington, however, issued a proclamation of neutrality, and America was saved from entering the war on either side.

How and why Joseph Hopkinson wrote the words of *Hail, Columbia*, and set them to Phile’s *President’s March*, is best told in his own words:

“*Hail, Columbia* was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session at Philadelphia, debating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had already taken place. The contest between England and France was still raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or for the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of ‘republican France’ as she was called, while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the

wise and just policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, but to part with neither, and to preserve an honest and strict neutrality between them.

"The theatre was then open in our city (Philadelphia). A young man belonging to it (Gilbert Fox), whose talent was great as a singer, was about to take a benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the *President's March* he did not doubt a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him.

"He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit which should be independent of, and above the interests, passion, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights.

"No illusion is made to France or England, of the quarrel between them, or to the question of which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course, the song found favor with both political parties here, for both were American; at least neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiment and spirit.

"The song was given its first public performance at the *New Theatre*, Philadelphia, by the Gilbert Fox for whom it was written, accompanied by full band, on Wednesday evening, April 25, 1798. Two days later it was published by Benjamin Carr, a Philadelphia music publisher, as 'the very New Federal Song.'"

GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

(A RADIO SKIT)

THIS dramatic presentation of the story of the development of the flag of the United States is based upon fact. It was at Fort Stanwix, later called Fort Schuyler (now near the city of Rome, New York), that the flag which might truly be called the Stars and Stripes was first displayed. Here St. Leger had hoped to capture the fort for the British, then follow on down the Mohawk Valley and meet Burgoyne and unite forces with him at Albany.

Colonel Peter Gansevoort, in charge of the fort, replied to St. Leger's demand that he surrender: "It is my determined resolution, with the force under my command, to defend this fort to the last extremity in behalf of the United States, who have placed me here to defend it against all their enemies."

From the beginnings of the American Revolution the various groups of colonist soldiers displayed impromptu flags or banners. This flag, however, (as suggested in the drama) was made of a blue coat belonging to Captain Abraham Swartout, who later asked pay for it, or the gift of a new coat to replace it. The red was taken from a captured "redcoat"; and the white was an old shirt. Letters and journals left by soldiers tell of the event, and another old journal, that of Dr. James Thacher of Albany furnish proof that the "Betsy Ross Flag" was then unknown to the soldiers at Fort Stanwix (Schuyler).

THEME MUSIC: *Stars and Stripes Forever*—Sousa.

STORYTELLER (*as theme fades*). Good afternoon, folks. Today we take you for a visit to one of the most important groups of

buildings in the city of Washington, D. C. Here in one of the buildings on the Smithsonian grounds—The Arts and Industries Building, one of the many departments of the great Smithsonian Institution, made possible by the gift of large sums of money to the Government of the United States by the late James Smithson, an English chemist. Our eyes are drawn to a huge glass case on the west wall of the main exhibit room. Here, in all its tattered splendor, hangs the original Star Spangled Banner, the same banner seen flying from the ramparts of Fort McHenry in 1814 by Francis Scott Key. This is the flag which inspired our National Anthem, the *Star Spangled Banner*.

As we look at this flag, the thought comes to us that this banner is more than an emblem of nationality. It is a symbol of American aspirations. It can truly be said that the history of our flag is the history of our nation. Today we are inclined to forget the real meaning behind the design of our flag. But about 160 years ago its design and necessity was a pressing problem—at least Sergeant Joe Wayne of the New York Militia thought so. (*Start music fade.*) It was August 3, 1777—a hot, sultry afternoon—and Sergeant Wayne was commanding the lookout on the East blockhouse of Fort Schuyler, under siege of the British. (*Close fade.*)

(*Wood noises, birds, single shot, then quiet again.*)

BEN. Hit anything, Sergeant Wayne?

WAYNE. Maybe—another Redcoat. How can you miss them? Their red uniforms are the nicest targets in the world.

BEN. Yes—I suppose so—

WAYNE. What's been troubling you, Ben? You've been in a sulk for days now.

BEN. I? In a sulk? Now, Sergeant—that isn't—well, all right, have it your way—I'm in a sulk.

WAYNE. Then what is the matter with you?

BEN. I'm sick of this war—sick and tired of it.

WAYNE. Oh, I know—

BEN. It's just this—here we are wrapped up in a forsaken fort surrounded by the British, and Indians, and Tories. . . . And no one seems to know how we'll ever get out.

WAYNE. We'll be relieved—

BEN. Sure—by the angels! Outside of them, I don't reckon anyone else knows we're here.

WAYNE. Congress will send—

BEN. That's real funny. Congress—Congress of what?

WAYNE. The Continental Congress. It's doing its best—

BEN. To get us killed. Yes, sir, that's right. They certainly are!

WAYNE. Now, look-a here, Ben Hacker, you're talking treason.

BEN. Treason? I talking treason? What are we all talking? What are we fighting for—aren't we all rebels? Aren't we?

WAYNE. No, we're—well, yes, maybe we are. But Ben, seems that you and the rest have the wrong idea—we're fighting for something we all want—liberty. We're helping to form a new nation.

BEN. Now would you listen to the Sergeant—a new nation—Ha! What kind of nation? Are we fighting for New York, or Connecticut, or Virginia, or what?

WAYNE. We're fighting for them all—for a united group of states, that's what!

BEN. That's your story. But all I know is that each state seems to be worrying about itself—that Congress at Philadelphia reminds me of Noah's Ark—all the animals are there, but they have nothing to do with each other!

(Footsteps coming up ladder.)

WAYNE. Hello, there, Timmy—

TIM. Hello, Joe. We'll relieve you.

BEN. And about time. I am as hungry as a bear.

TIM. You'll stay hungry, too. The Colonel cut down on rations again.

BEN. No!

TIM. Yes. It's a slab of bacon and a drink of water for each man.

BEN. I'm beginning to like this war less by the hour.

WAYNE. Stop your talking and let's get down from here. I want to see the Colonel about something.

BEN. About food?

WAYNE. No—about flags.

(*Music to bridge change of scene—"Yankee Doodle"—Military Air.*)

WAYNE (*coming in*). —and Colonel Gansevoort, I've been doing a good deal of thinking, sir—the men are getting restless and losing their spirit—thinking that maybe it would be best to run up a white flag and give up the siege.

COLONEL. Sergeant Wayne—they'll do that over my dead body.

WAYNE. The trouble with the men, sir, is not that they are frightened. No it's just that they don't feel that they are fighting for anything special. Here in the woods—why, one forgets about injustices and taxes and stupid governors. All you think about is home, and how soon you'll get there, how the crops are coming—

COLONEL. What's your suggestion, Sergeant Wayne?

WAYNE. It'll sound silly to you, I know. But I'm suggesting a flag.

COLONEL. Flag?

WAYNE. That's right, sir—something they can fight under—something that will remind them of the cause for which they enlisted. An army must have a banner, just as a ship has to have a rudder.

COLONEL. True enough, Wayne. But so far as I know, the colonies haven't agreed upon any standard colors.

WILLETT. How about that Grand Union Flag? I was in Cambridge that day after last New Year's Day when Washington flew it at his headquarters.

WAYNE. You'll pardon me for saying so, Captain Willett, but that Grand Union Flag would do more harm than good—shucks, that's not a flag, it's just a half-breed. Thirteen stripes for the colonies all right, but that Union Jack of England in the upper left-hand corner just doesn't fit.

COLONEL. That's my thought. When Washington designed that flag he wasn't sure whether or not we wanted to be independent of Britain—that's why he included the Union Jack. But now we're an independent nation, at war with the Union Jack, the Grand Union Flag is OUT.

WILLETT. That leaves us where we started. Huh! An army without a flag.

COLONEL. And no chance to get one from the outside, either—

WAYNE. Then let's make our own. Doesn't have to be silk and bunting embroidered and fringed. Doesn't have to be anything but a few strips of rags, just so long as it be a flag—and it means something—

COLONEL. What do you think, Willett?

WILLETT. Reasonable—worth a try, I think, Colonel.

COLONEL. All right. Let's have suggestions—

WAYNE. If you'll pardon, sir—I've got a sort of—well, I've made a little sketch—

COLONEL. Let's see it.

WAYNE (*unwrapping paper*). Here it is—just sort of plain, mind you, but I think it's right good-looking. These thirteen stripes of red and white represent the thirteen colonies, and these two blue stripes on a white background represent the Saltire Cross.¹ You see, sir, we've red representing valor, bravery. Then white, that's purity; and finally a blue cross in a white union, for justice.

COLONEL. Well—it looks—it looks—why, it looks like a flag.

WAYNE (*proudly*). Yes sir, it IS a flag.

WILLETT. It's a grand looking flag, all right, but where are we going to get the bunting to make it?

WAYNE. We don't need any bunting, sir. I've an old shirt that could be cut up for the white stripes—and the white Union—

COLONEL. We could get the blue from Captain Swartout's old campaign coat—he's trying to get rid of it.

WILLETT. How about the red?

COLONEL. Red? . . . What have we that's red?

WAYNE. What became of that old British uniform we captured?

COLONEL. That would be just the thing.

WILLETT. Right, and wonderfully appropriate.

COLONEL. Then it's settled—Sergeant Wayne, I commission you to see that this new flag is made and sewn just as soon as possible—

WAYNE. Colonel—it's an honor.

MUSIC (*to bridge scenes*). "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*"
—*Old Tune*

(*Hubbub of voices.*)

WAYNE. Thread another needle, Harkins.

HARKINS. Coming up, Sergeant—

¹ Saltire is a term used in heraldry to indicate St. Andrews' or the Scottish cross, a plain diagonal white cross on a blue ground.

SMITH. Now isn't this a picture—the sewing circle. (*Mimics.*) Mrs. O'Flaherty, I've just discovered the LOVELIEST recipe for pumpkin stew—

WAYNE. Out with the comedy, Smith, give a hand here, just a few more stitches, now—

SMITH. After we've finished with this, let's start on some curtains.

(Sudden spatter of shots.)

HARKINS. Something's starting—

VOICES (*heard from nearby, outside*). To battle stations! On the Ramparts! The British are coming. (*Bugle call.*) (*General excited hubbub.*)

SMITH. Let's go—

(Footsteps out of room—more shots.)

WAYNE. There! It's finished, just in time. Timmy, get me the staff.

TIMMY. Yes, sir, here it is. And some nails—

WAYNE. Hold it down while I tack the flag on—

(Hammering—shots continue.)

WAYNE. There it is—ready—get your drum, Timmy!

TIMMY. Yes, sir.

WAYNE. Outside with you then, and let's have a roll.

(Running footsteps out—door slam—far-off shots—yelling of soldiers—sudden roll of drum, start low, then up and up.)

WAYNE (*yelling*). Here she is, boys. The flag. Look at her wave!

(Cheers from the soldiers.)

FIRST VOICE (*off microphone*). Three cheers for the flag. Hip, Hip—

CHORUS. Hooray!

FIRST VOICE. Hip, Hip—

CHORUS. Hooray!

FIRST VOICE. Hip, Hip—

CHORUS. Hooray!

COLONEL (*shouting*). All right, men— (*Fade in, "Wild Horseman"—Schumann.*)

(*Clatter of horse's hoofs on cobblestones.*)

(*Music fade.*)

WAYNE. Easy, Powder, easy—

(*Horse's hoofs slow down to walk.*)

WAYNE (*calling*). Pardon me, sir—

VOICE (*a bit off the microphone*). Eh?

WAYNE. Can you direct me to where the Congress is sitting?

VOICE. Down the street two blocks, turn left one—

WAYNE. Thank you. Up, Powder—(*horse's hoofs away—hubbub of men's voices*)

FIRST MAN. It's bad. Bad! No word from Stark—no word from Gansevoort. Burgoyne must'a marched right by them.

SECOND MAN. It was suicide to attempt to resist.

THIRD MAN. Mr. Hancock, New York must be warned.

HANCOCK. Gentlemen, gentlemen, you talk like a convention of hangmen. True, we've had no news, but no news is good news.

FIRST MAN. Not in this instance. It's September first, and no— (*Knock on the door.*)

HANCOCK. Who is it?

VOICE. Courier from New York, sir.

HANCOCK. Have him in— (*Door opening and closing.*)

WAYNE. Sergeant Joseph Wayne, New York Militia, with dispatches for the Congress—

HANCOCK. I'll take them. I'm John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress.

WAYNE. Yes, sir. (*ripping of seal, opening of paper, dead silence*)

HANCOCK (*quietly*). Gentlemen, our forces met Baum at Bennington on August sixteenth, and at the same time Fort Schuyler was surrounded by a British force. (*Pause.*) The conflict, gentlemen, resulted in a complete rout of the enemy and a wonderful victory for our forces.

(*Cheers of the men.*)

FIRST MAN. Glorious news. The people must know—

HANCOCK. Be so good as to post this dispatch on the board at once, Major.

FIRST MAN. Yes, sir.

(*Door opening and closing.*)

HANCOCK. You are a bearer of good news, Sergeant Wayne, what is that thing you have in your hand?

WAYNE. A flag, sir—the one we flew at Fort Schuyler. Colonel Gansevoort sends it to you with his compliments, and suggests its adoption as our national standard.

HANCOCK. Let me see it.

WAYNE. Yes, sir. (*Hubbub of voices.*)

HANCOCK. Nice, very nice, very nice. But, Sergeant, you are a bit late.

WAYNE. Late?

HANCOCK. Yes, you see, the Congress adopted a design for our national standard almost three months ago.

WAYNE. We had no word at Fort Schuyler—

HANCOCK. The resolution was not published until some time later. I have a copy of it here. Would you like to hear it?

WAYNE. I would, sir.

HANCOCK (*reading*). Resolved, that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

WAYNE. A new constellation—what constellation?

HANCOCK. We had in mind the constellation of Lyra¹—you know it, of course.

WAYNE. Why *Lyra*?

HANCOCK. Because it is a time-honored symbol of union. As a matter of fact, though, Sergeant, while we may adopt this form of stars on the Great Seal, we are not at all sure that it will be appropriate for the flag—looks much too irregular, you know. So most of the new flags have adopted a new design for the stars, thirteen in a circle, or a 3-2-3-2-3 arrangement.

WAYNE. I see. Well, sir, we had hoped our banner might receive consideration, but so long as we are too late, I am certain we all will be proud to fly this new banner of stars and stripes.

HANCOCK. Fine, Sergeant. Now, as for your flag, Congress will be honored to have it. And, in return for your splendid efforts, you must have some reward, Sergeant Wayne. If you will go to Mistress Betsy Ross at Arch Street, you may order from her, at my expense, one of our new flags. This flag will be yours, to keep forever, as a gift from the Continental Congress.

WAYNE. Mr. Hancock, sir, I—

HANCOCK. Take the new banner back to Fort Schuyler, explain its meaning, tell the men that as our Union grows, so will the flag. For with every new state, and there will be many new states, a new star and a new stripe will be added. This, Sergeant, is not a static flag, it is a flag that will grow—expand—build—it is a flag that will go forward with our nation.

WAYNE. I'll do that, sir, it will be an honor. And you may rest assured, sir, that your wish will be kept. The Wayne's will keep that flag, and keep it up to date. While there is a Wayne left to thread a needle, there'll be someone to sew on the stars.

¹ A northern constellation, representing the Harp.

(MUSIC to bridge scenes, swell up, then fade slightly, use as background.)

FIRST VOICE (*a girl*). 1791—Sew a star and a stripe for Vermont.

SECOND VOICE. 1792—Kentucky enters the Union. Add a star and a stripe.

THIRD VOICE. 1796—Tennessee.

FOURTH VOICE. 1802—Ohio.

FIFTH VOICE. 1812—Louisiana.

SIXTH VOICE. 1816—Indiana.

SEVENTH VOICE. 1817—Mississippi.

(*Music swells up and up, then fade out—hubbub of voices, sound of gavel.*)

SPEAKER. The House will come to order—

WAYNE. Mr. Speaker—

SPEAKER. The chair recognizes Mr. Joseph Wayne, Jr., of Tennessee.

WAYNE. Mr. Speaker, there is a resolution before the house to change the flag of our country. I move its consideration.

VOICE. Seconded.

SPEAKER. The chair will hear discussion of the motion.

WAYNE. Mr. Speaker, sir. Forty years have passed since the Continental Congress adopted our national emblem. During that time seven additional states have entered the Union. The first two of these states were honored by a star and stripe. But since 1794, no change has been made in the flag—the new states have no recognition. Now they demand their right—they should have it.

VOICE. Mr. Speaker.

SPEAKER. Mr. Wainwright of Virginia.

WAINWRIGHT. Gentlemen, the Continental Congress could not visualize the problem their flag resolution would bring

about. If we were to add a star and a stripe for every state to enter the union, the flag would soon have to be so bulky and long that no staff could fly it. I say to let it stand as it is, fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

WAYNE. But, sir—it represents nothing then. My father was at Fort Schuyler in 1777, and I remember him telling me that until the garrison was presented with a flag that truly symbolized the cause for which they were fighting, they were without morale, without spirit, without patriotism. A flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes symbolizes nothing—nothing. It would be better to go back to the Colonial flag.

FIRST VOICE. Louisiana will never agree, sir. We demand our place in the flag.

SECOND VOICE. Kentucky stands with Louisiana.

(Hubbub of voices—banging of gavel.)

WENDOVER. Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker—

SPEAKER. Mr. Wendover, of New York.

WENDOVER. Mr. Speaker, sir—and gentlemen of the House. May I suggest that at this time we can take a page from the book of our fathers. Instead of quibbling, let us compromise. In 1816, I introduced a resolution to change the flag. Alas, it was buried far deep in the mire of business and had no opportunity for passage. Permit me to resurrect it. In my bill I suggest that the flag be altered in the following way: First, let us go back to the original design and have thirteen stripes, alternate red and white—

(Cries of “no”—“never”—etc.)

WENDOVER. But let the Union—the blue canton with stars—be elastic. Thus, let us add a new star for every new state, while the stripes remain thirteen to symbolize the original thirteen states. That, sirs, is my compromise.

(Cheers and applause, call for votes, etc.)

(MUSIC—"Hail, Columbia"—swell up, then fade slightly, use as background.)

FIRST VOICE. 1818—a star for Illinois.

SECOND VOICE. 1819—a star for Alabama.

THIRD VOICE. 1820—a star for Maine.

FOURTH VOICE. 1821—Missouri.

FIFTH VOICE. 1836—Arkansas.

SIXTH VOICE. 1837—Michigan.

SEVENTH VOICE. 1845—Texas and Florida.

EIGHTH VOICE. 1846—Iowa (*music starts fade*).

NINTH VOICE. 1848—Wisconsin—Gold discovered in California. (*Sound of wagon wheels in and swell—they fade as voices sing "Oh, Susanna"—applause and cheering.*)

VOICE. And now, folks, we're going to end this Fourth of July celebration with a speech from Parson Hemley. Parson Hemley—

HEMLEY. Folks—I'm not going to try to make an oration. I'm a preacher and not a politician. But I want you to realize that today, here, now, you're making history. I guess this wagon train is the first to celebrate Independence Day in this great new territory—this is the first Fourth of July celebrated by a wagon train on the great plains. And the flag we're flying—Old Glory—with its thirteen stripes and thirty stars, is peacefully conquering a new empire for the United States. We are soldiers, but we fight the enemies in nature—

WAYNE. Billy—

BILLY. Yes, Father.

WAYNE. Let's go for a walk. I don't like speeches—

BILLY. I, either. Come on.

VOICE. Leaving, Mr. Wayne?

WAYNE. Just taking my boy for a walk—

VOICE. Don't wander far—dangerous, you know.

WAYNE. I'll be careful. Come along, Billy. (*Music fades out.*)

BILLY. What a night! So quiet and peaceful—I'd like living here.

WAYNE. I hope you will. Billy, you're old enough now to understand some things. I want to talk with you in a way which I have never talked before.

BILLY. Yes, Dad.

WAYNE. Listen, Billy. I've brought you out to this new country because I want you to help build something I've always loved, this country of ours. I want you to work—with your hands, Billy, to help create a nation out of this wilderness and these plains. Some day it will be a nation, too. You'll live to see it . . . And Billy—these are dangerous days, I may not always be with you—

BILLY. I'll work—work hard—

WAYNE. I've something here for you—I've been wanting to give it to you for some time now, but until tonight the right time never came to do it. Here, son, I want you to have this—

BILLY. Why—why—it's the Wayne Flag.

WAYNE. Yes, Billy. John Hancock gave it to my grandfather, Joseph Wayne, in '77. My father gave it to me when I was only six—that was in 1818. And now, I want you to have it. It's not much of a flag as flags go, but it means everything to me.

BILLY. I know that, Dad.

WAYNE. Keep it with you at all times, forever. Keep it up to date. Add a star for every state. It's a strange inheritance, I suppose, but it is all I have to give you.

BILLY. I wouldn't want more.

WAYNE. Let's go back to the celebration now. (*footsteps—pause*) Billy—

BILLY. Yes, Dad—

WAYNE. When you build a house, I may not be there to help you. So remember this, make sure the foundation is solid, firm. Build your house like the founders of this nation built it—upon a rock of strength.

(MUSIC—*theme music fade in and up, fade slightly.*)

FIRST VOICE. 1850—Add a star for California.

SECOND VOICE. 1858—a star for Minnesota.

THIRD VOICE. 1859—a star for Oregon.

FOURTH VOICE. 1861—Kansas.

(*Single shot of cannon, symbol of Civil War.*)

FIFTH VOICE. 1863—West Virginia.

SIXTH VOICE. 1864—Nevada.

(MUSIC—*air from "Old Hundred" very softly fade in.*)

VOICE (*very quietly*). . . . we have come to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate (*fading of voice*), we cannot consecrate—for they—(*close fade*).

(MUSIC—"Battle Hymn of the Republic"—*in background.*)

WOMAN'S VOICE. Here, Joseph. Here lies your father, William Wayne, at Gettysburg—his country needed him. You must keep the Wayne flag now—the one his father gave to him, I've heard him tell, one night in camp on the wagon trail west.

(MUSIC, *theme music, up, then fade slightly.*)

FIRST VOICE. 1867—Add a star for Nebraska.

SECOND VOICE. 1876—a star for Colorado.

THIRD VOICE. 1889—North and South Dakota—Montana and Washington.

FOURTH VOICE. 1890—Idaho and Wyoming.

FIFTH VOICE. 1896—Utah.

(MUSIC—a band playing “Hot Time in the Old Town”—cheering of people—marching of men.)

OFFICER. Company—halt. (*Music and marching fade out.*)
Company—dismissed.

(*Cheers, hubbub of voices.*)

VOICE. There go Bill Wayne and his boy—

JUNIOR. Dad, tell us all about it. Tell us about the war!

BILL WAYNE. The war? No—let’s forget the war. I hated it. Even when Col. Roosevelt let me carry the Old Wayne Flag to the top of San Juan Hill, I hated it. You know—this may sound strange, but I have a feeling that flags don’t like war. They wave and flutter, but not as they do at home. It’s great to get home, to get home to peace.

(MUSIC, *theme up and fade.*)

FIRST VOICE. 1907—Add a star for Oklahoma.

SECOND VOICE. 1912—a star for New Mexico—a star for Arizona.

(MUSIC—*up again—then into “Over There”—“Marseillaise”—hubbub of voices.*)

VOICE. France!

MAJOR. Attention! (*Pause.*) At ease! I regret to report that we have had no word from Lieutenant William Wayne, Jr. (*Pause.*) Orders for the day—(*Sound of airplane motor in suddenly, drowns all other sound, then away.*)

VOICE. Enemy plane. Light’s out. Everybody down.

(*Sound of general scramble.*)

SECOND VOICE. The plane dropped something—let’s get it—(*Sound of running feet.*)

THIRD VOICE. Here it is—

MAJOR. Let me have it, Sergeant.

THIRD VOICE. Yes, sir.

MAJOR (*after pause*). It's a flying helmet—and goggles—

VOICE. Lieutenant Wayne's?

MAJOR. Yes. Let me have a light. Here's a note of some kind wrapped around the package—(*Scratching of match.*)

MAJOR (*reading*). Lieutenant William Wayne, Jr.—a gallant officer, died behind our lines at six this evening. At his request, his goggles, helmet, and gloves to be returned to your base, with this package attached. . . .

(*Pause.*)

VOICE. What's in the package?

MAJOR. Open it, Sergeant—

THIRD VOICE. Yes, sir—(*Breaking of string—unwrapping of paper.*) Some letters, sir, addressed to his wife and son—and. . . . It's a flag, sir!

MAJOR. A flag?

THIRD VOICE. Yes, sir—and a queer one—look at it—old and tattered.

HEALY. Pardon me, sir—but that's the same flag that Wayne had painted on his airship—called it the old Wayne Flag and said it had been in his family for years.

MAJOR. See that the flag and the letters are sent back to his family at once.

HEALY. Yes, sir.

MAJOR. Men, hat's off. Salute a gallant officer!

(*Music, low and impressive, air from Chopin "Funeral March"—into sound of radio broadcast—"And tonight the armies of Europe are mobilized."*)

ANDREW WAYNE. Turn off that radio—it's terrible—a news broadcast—

MRS. WAYNE. All this talk of war—it can't be true—

ANDREW WAYNE. I don't know, Betsy.

MRS. WAYNE. Peace is such a wonderful thing—everything good that we have today has come to us by peace—war destroys what peace builds.

ANDREW WAYNE. People forget. Horror fades before illusions of grandeur. . . . Until man learns to cooperate, to mediate, there will never be lasting peace. We in America have learned it, at a terrible sacrifice. We can resolve to fight just one battle—the battle of progress. That is the only fight we in the United States have ever really won. Look at the old flag over the mantle—the old Wayne Flag. It's seen an awful lot of fighting, Betsy—an awful lot—but an even greater lot of peace. It was at old Fort Schuyler in '77—at New Orleans in 1813—at Gettysburg—at San Juan—and with my father at the Argonne. But it wasn't in battle that it waved the best—no, it hated that. But it flew gloriously over a covered wagon on the trail for Oregon in 1848—that's when it was happy. . . . We must never take it down again, save to add another star. It's been taken down much too often for other reasons. I remember the last time, in 1918, when my Father took it down to go to France. When they sent it back to us—I'll never forget it—Mother reading the letter—Father's message that the flag was for me—to keep it in peace—

MRS. WAYNE. Let us pray that the Old Wayne Flag, with its thirteen stripes and its forty-eight stars, will fly forever over a peaceful nation, fighting only for progress, seeking only a perfect union, satisfied with what we have—a heritage of which we may well be proud.

(MUSIC—"Stars and Stripes Forever," into "Star Spangled Banner.")

—Adapted from "Growth of the American Flag"
Educational Radio Script Exchange,
U. S. Department of the Interior,
Office of Education, Washington, D. C.

THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

THE *Star Spangled Banner* is the national anthem of the United States. During the War of 1812, *Hail, Columbia* was the most popular of all national airs, sharing with *Yankee Doodle* the musical honors at all patriotic events. For a time, during the summer of 1814, many American ports were blockaded by the British, and finally attention centered about Chesapeake Bay. After burning the city of Washington, including the old White House from which the gallant Dolly Madison, wife of the President, escaped with the original Declaration of Independence, a portrait of Washington, and other treasures, the enemy's boats went up the waterways to capture the city of Baltimore and its principal defense, Fort McHenry.

Arriving near the Fort, the British sent vessels carrying bombs, and a number of barges carrying soldiers, to pass the fort and attack it from the rear. This was done under the cover of darkness, but because of the noise made by the rowers' oars, the plot was discovered and many of the barges lost.

Meanwhile, young Doctor Beanes, a physician of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured by the British and was held a prisoner on their boats. Francis Scott Key, a popular young lawyer of Baltimore, with a party of friends, went out to the British boat under shield of a flag of truce, to ask the release of Doctor Beanes. The party was courteously received and Doctor Beanes set free. But, the old stories say, the British then refused to allow the young men to return to Baltimore.

However, descendants of Francis Scott Key vouch for the statement that this is not true. Instead, they say, the Americans were left free to make their own choice as to time of departure.

They were, however, advised to stay where they were for safety, as a heavy bombardment of the fort was about to take place.

So, throughout the day, they remained in the shelter of the British man-of-war, watching, through the smoke of battle, the progress of the battle. From time to time they saw their flag, with its stars and stripes, fluttering in the sky above the Fort. With the coming of the darkness, the firing ceased, and throughout the night the worried watchers paced the deck of their little vessel in doubt of the outcome of the bombing.

At the dawn's early gleam their watching eyes caught a sight of the flag, still there, and Francis Scott Key is said to have turned to his friend and exclaimed, "Thank God for our stars and stripes."

Then, stirred by what he had just seen, he took from his pocket an old envelope, and on the back of it quickly wrote the opening lines of the great song. Later in the day he finished it, setting the verses to a popular tune of the day. The next morning it was shown to a friend, and during the next twenty-four hours it was struck off on a handbill and sung in a public tavern. Within a week it had appeared in a Baltimore newspaper, and after that it belonged to the nation.

For many years it shared with *Hail, Columbia* the place of honor as a national air. During the Spanish-American War, Admiral Dewey made it his favorite and finally, during the 71st Congress, in March, 1931, Congress designated it the official National Anthem of the United States.

It is of interest to note that the flag which waved over Fort McHenry that September night carried in its folds fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, one for each state then a part of the Union. It was not until later that the Congressional compromise returned the red and white stripes to the original thirteen, and allowed a star for each new state to enter the Union.

Except at the National Capitol in Washington, District of Columbia, the only place in the United States over which the American flag is allowed by law to fly each night in times of peace is over the grave of Francis Scott Key, in Maryland. The purpose of this national act of sentiment is to make true the lines in his song, *The Star Spangled Banner*, in which the poet said: "Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

—*A History Fact.*

Praise the Power that hath
made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must when
our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our
trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

ICHABOD DANCES

IN THE bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigator as the Tappan Zee, there lies a small market-town. By some this port is called Greensburgh, but it is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown. This name was given it, we are told, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley [Sleepy Hollow], or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was

tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a

partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches; and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but also her vast expectations.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Icha-



Bettmann Archive

EARLY COLONIAL SCHOOL

bod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evildoers; while on the desk before him

might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons detected upon the persons of idle urchins. Suddenly a Negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter, came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with an air of importance, and an effort at fine language, he dashed over the brook and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy of their early emancipation.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to fall to, and help themselves.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or

hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed Negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the Negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings.

When the dance was at an end, the old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

—*Abridged from "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"*

—*Washington Irving.*

NEW YORK'S FIRST SYMPHONY

THE New York Philharmonic, now merged with the New York Symphony (the Symphony organized by Dr. Leopold Damrosch), is the third oldest symphony organization in the world. The London Philharmonic and the Vienna Philharmonic only having been previously organized.

The story of the founding of the Philharmonic Society goes back to the first half of the 19th century. For years, leading professional musicians of New York City used to talk, at times, about America's lack of a symphony. There was *no professional band*, they said, in America, capable of performing the wonderful "new music" of the time—the great orchestral "pieces" of Schubert, Schumann, and Beethoven.

At last, tired of hearing all this talk, and tired of delay, a Mr. Ureli Corelli Hill sent out a notice to a number of his musical friends, for all who were interested to meet at the Apollo Rooms, Saturday, April 2, 1842.

When the day came and the friends had gathered, Mr. Hill called the meeting to order and started discussion about a symphony for New York. Finally, the Philharmonic Society was organized and meetings for rehearsal were immediately planned. These were continued weekly until the first concert, which took place on December 7 that year. The "pieces" played included compositions by several composers, including Weber's *Oberon Overture*, and Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. Different members of the Society conducted each number.

This first concert was held in the Apollo Rooms, in the fashionable hall in which the Society had been founded. Chairs were unknown at these concerts, and at this time benches were

moved in for the audience. Members of the orchestra, selected for their appearance and manner, met subscribers at the door of the hall and ushered them to seats on the benches. To give an "air" to their appearance, the ushers wore white gloves which were paid for out of Society funds, as old books of the Society show. As symbols of their office, each carried a white painted baton.¹

Some of the older guests were quite impressed, batons being new in any concert hall and particularly so in New York. However the young folks who came thought it all very funny and so embarrassed the amateur ushers that they soon discarded both batons and white gloves. A letter from a member of the Board of Directors to a friend said: "This saved \$4.75, owing to the fact that ushers' gloves would no longer be paid for by the Society."

This was the beginning of an important phase in America's musical life. Out of this has grown many of the great symphony orchestras. It has been an inspiration to all who love music, and America is more musical because of this important beginning. America owes much to the Connecticut Yankee, Ureli Correlli Hill, who served the Society for its first six years as president, seven more years as vice-president, and other years as member of the Board.

¹ It was formerly the custom for the directing musician to conduct an orchestral or choral group while seated before a keyed instrument; or with his violin bow which at times he used in its usual capacity, in playing his violin.

SUGGESTED MUSIC (to be sung, played, or heard in connection with study of *Atlantic Coast Beginnings*):

"Te Deum"—*Ambrosian Chant*

Psalm Tunes

"Old Hundred"

"Dundee"

"Martyrs"

"Toulon"

"Mi querer tanto"—*Old Spanish Ballad*

"Indian Grinding Song"—*Tribal Air*

Old English and French Airs Familiar to the Colonists

"Bluff King Hal"—*Old English Tune*

"Strathspey Reel"—*Highland Fling*

"Greensleeves"—*Old English*

"Sellinger's Round"—*Old English*

"Old Virginia Reels"

"Now Is the Month of Maying"—*Morley*

"My Bonnie Lass"—*Morley*

"Sumer is Icumen in"—*Old English Round*

"The Frog in the Spring"—*Old Air*

"The Frog and the Mouse"—*Old English*

"The Poacher's Daughter"—*Old English*

"Golden Slumbers" from "Beggar's Opera"—*John Gay*

"Duke of Marlborough" (He's a Jolly Good Fellow)—*Old French*

Harpsichord Music Played in the Colonies

"Air tendre et courante"—*Lully*

"Cat's Fugue"—*Scarlatti*

Early Hymn Tunes

"Mear"—*Old English*

"Chester"—*William Billings*

"Coronation"—*Oliver Holden*

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"—*Lowell Mason*

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee"—*Lowell Mason*

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains"—*Lowell Mason*

Indian Music

Tribal Airs of the Iroquois

"Hiawatha" (Cantata)—*Bessie Whiteley* } Themes suggested by Tribal
 "Onaway, Awake"—*Coleridge Taylor* } Airs

Patriotic Airs

"Yankee Doodle"

"Hail, Columbia"—*Joseph Hopkinson*

"Star Spangled Banner" (To Anacreon in Heaven)—*Francis Scott Key—Old English*

Moravian Favorites

"O Sacred Head" (Passion Chorale)—*Old Hymn*

"From Our Band a Pilgrim Gone"—*Old Hymn*

"The Creation" (Oratorio)—*Josef Haydn*

"The Seasons" (Oratorio)—*Josef Haydn*

"Journey by Water"—*David Moritz Michael*

Early American Secular Compositions

"How Sweet to Be Roaming"—*William Billings*

¹ "My Days Have Been so Wondrous Free"—*Francis Hopkinson*

"Come, Fair Rosina, Come Away"—" "

"My Love Is Gone to Sea"—" "

"Beneath the Weeping Willow's Shade"—" "

"Enraptur'd I Gaze"—" "

"See, Down Maria's Blushing Cheek"—" "

"O'er the Hills Far Away"—" "

"My Gen'rous Heart Disdains"—" "

"Flowers, Wildwood Flowers"—*Lowell Mason*

"The President's March"—*Philip Phile*

"Grand March"—*Alexander Reinagle*

"Minuet and Gavotte"—*Alexander Reinagle*

Operas

"Flora, or Hob in the Well"—*Ballad Opera*

"Beggar's Opera"—*John Gay*

"Merrymount"—*Howard Hanson*

"The Maypole Lovers"—*Rosseter J. Cole*

SUGGESTED READING (to be done with the study of *Atlantic Coast Beginnings*):

"Courtship of Miles Standish"—*Henry W. Longfellow*

"Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin"—*Benjamin Franklin*

"John Jacob Astor"—*Arthur D. Howden Smith*

"Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—*Washington Irving*

"Evangeline"—*Henry W. Longfellow*

SECTION II

ALONG SOUTHERN BORDERS

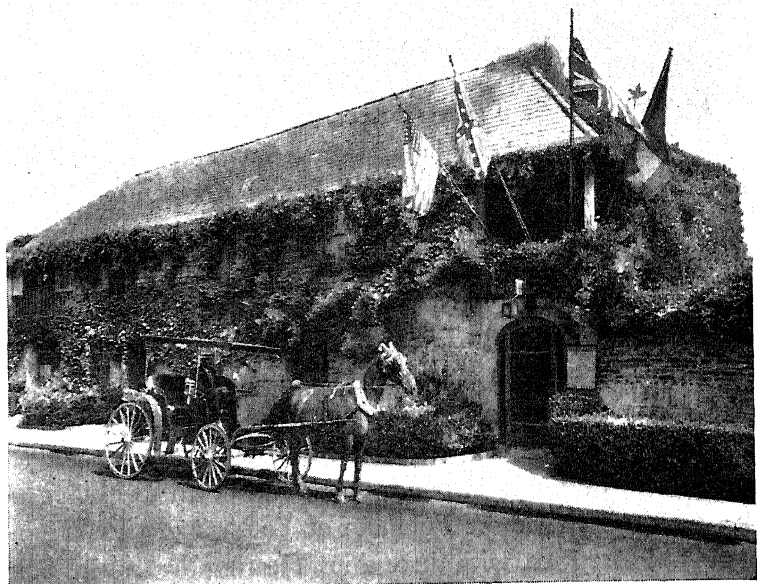
FOUR FLAGS AND A HOUSE

AT NO. 14 St. Francis Street, in St. Augustine, Florida—the oldest city in the United States—stands the Oldest House in the United States. Above its door fly four flags. One of them refers to the Spanish occupations of St. Augustine, one to the British, one to the Confederate, and one to the United States.

Florida, bought from Spain by the United States in 1821, was the site of the first settlement of Europeans on the Atlantic Coast. Florida was occupied by the Spaniards nearly half a century before John Smith and his companions landed at Jamestown, in Virginia. Ponce de Leon, known to history as one who sought for the Fountain of Youth, had sailed from Spain to Porto Rico, with three ships. Hearing the Indians talk of the wonderful land where men never grew old, he set sail for the mainland. On March 27, 1513, Easter Sunday, he reached it. St. Augustine was the first Spanish settlement, and is known to have been founded in 1565. On the walls of the rooms of the Oldest House, where all may study them, are deeds, transfers, and various legal documents showing the chain of ownership in the Oldest House. Maps, hand-drawn on the walls, show that the house dates back to the First Spanish Occupation.

Necessary repairs during recent years have brought to light many interesting facts about the manner in which those early

American settlers constructed their homes. The walls of the first story, for instance, were found to be made of coquina, which is a soft whitish stone made from crushed seashells and coral from the Bay. This use of coquina indicates the impor-



Courtesy St. Augustine Chamber of Commerce

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

tance of the earliest owners of the house, since none but kings' houses or those of royal officers were allowed to be built of coquina. The floors of the house are two feet thick. Floors were made of a mixture of beach sand, shell, and salt water pounded repeatedly, probably by Indians, to a surprising density and a firmness that has never shown deterioration and little evidence of wear. The hand-hewn pine floor of the second story fits into the coquina side walls so neatly that even the wooden pins used in some other portions of the building were not needed.

Names associated with early ownership of the house are Alvarac and Menendez. St. Augustine was founded by the Spaniard, Menendez, in 1565. Later the Spanish colonists suffered many hardships. During the early years of the eighteenth century there was trouble with various military expeditions sent by the British from the Carolinas and Georgia. In 1763, Florida was given to the English in exchange for Havana in Cuba. After the American Revolution, in 1783, Florida reverted to Spain. At the time of the second Spanish regime, a young Spaniard, Geronimo Alvaraz, came to St. Augustine and claimed the property. He testified that it had been in his family "from time immemorial" and that his mother was Teresa Menendez. Here Geronimo married Antonia Venz, a sixteen-year old beauty of that day.

Great stories have come down about the part which music has played in the social life which has been carried on in the old home. Menendez, who founded St. Augustine, was fond of music and brought six musicians with him from Spain who played for him. He also brought a dwarf to amuse him, in the manner of the old world courts. It is recorded that Menendez was deeply religious and, like Columbus, he led his men in singing the *Te Deum* (*Hymn of Praise*) when he first landed.

When the Spaniards returned in 1783 and 1784 to govern Florida again, a three-day festival was held. Recently a handwritten description of this, set down with great detail by an *escribano* (secretary or scribe) of the Governor, was found among some long neglected papers stored in a Spanish capitol. It says that the festivities took place chiefly around and in the old Plaza, which the Governor's mansion fronted. Silver coins of the weight of half an ounce were thrown to the people. On one side of the coins was a head of the ruler and on the other, a jessamine, the flower of Florida.

What stories the Old House could tell! There is a crack in the end of the Old House wall and tradition says that in a big storm, before the sea-wall was built, ships were driven ashore by the wind and waves, and that the bow of one of them struck the house and made this crack.

Ponce de Leon and later Spanish visitors, and their customs, are still recalled in St. Augustine on Easter Eve. At this time, a quaint old Spanish song called *The Fromajardis*, is sung sometime after eleven o'clock, just before Easter is ushered in. Special cakes, known as Fromajardis cakes, made after an ancient recipe, are handed out to the serenaders by most of the friends to whom they sing. Should the cakes not be served, the one serenaded is apt to hear, from his guests, as they leave him, another song, the refrain of this other song ends with the words which, translated, announce that "he is no gentleman."

The sea wall, which was built later, protects the Old House which has seen so much history pass across its threshold. Spanish conquistadores, British soldiers, the men in Gray, the Men in Blue, all have come and gone. Now the Old House sleeps in the sun, a mecca for tourists and a landmark of our history.

MUSIC FROM THE SKIES

BELLS have played an important part in history throughout the centuries. They have served as time-markers, as signals, as part of religious and national ceremonials, and as musical instruments. In the Old World it has been the custom for generations to arrange bells in what is called a "ring." That is, a certain number of bells are tuned in definite relation to each other. Sometimes these bells, when hung in a belfry, are made stationary, and only the clapper is swung. In other cases, the bells themselves are swung. Chimes may also be played by means of levers or apparatus.

The finest development in the assembly of bells is the Carillon, by which is meant a highly elaborated chime which is played from a mechanical keyboard. In the Low Countries¹ of Europe, it has, for centuries, been the custom to install such chimes in high steeples. There, steeples are built especially to house the bells, without any connection with churches or similar buildings. Men spend years in special training and practice to be able to give concert performances on these bells. These men are known as carilloneurs.

Some of the great Cathedrals of France are noted for the tone and quality of the bells in the towers.

The Missions of the Southwest built bell towers and looked forward to the time when bells would be sent from Spain.

Many modern churches in this country have a great group of bells which are rung by means of a keyboard.

The first important carillon, or "singing tower," in America, not built in connection with a church, was built by Edward W.

¹ See Longfellow's *Carillon* and *The Belfry of Bruges*.

Bok, long-time editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in the Bird Sanctuary at Mountain Lake, Florida, in 1929. The Bird Sanctuary had formerly been but a dry sand-hill in the highest part of Florida. Bok, through irrigation and planting, made it into one of the beauty spots of America. In the Tower, which rises more than two hundred feet from its base, is hung a chime of more than sixty bells. When the Singing Tower was dedicated, a visiting architect from the Old World stated that the Singing Tower, along with two other buildings in America,¹ exemplified an architectural design that was purely American, and that had not been copied or adapted from buildings in any other land. Formal concerts are given at the Singing Tower at stated intervals daily. .

¹ The State Capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska; and the Soldier's Memorial at Kansas City, Missouri.

THE FIRST NEGRO SPIRITUALS

THE first Negro spirituals were noted in the early 1800's, when a series of great religious revivals swept all America. In these meetings a new kind of song, the American white spiritual, also developed. These, as well as settler songs, were adopted by the Negroes, who naturally placed their own interpretations on them.

—*Julia Peterkin*—"Negro Spirituals."

* * *

NEGRO MUSIC

The Negro spirituals now constitute one of the finest bodies of folk songs in the world.

They were first introduced to the public both here and in Europe by the Fisk Jubilee singers in 1871. Outstanding Negro composers of note include James Bland, Harry T. Burleigh, J. Rosamond Johnson, R. Nathaniel Dett, Will M. Cook, James P. Johnson, William E. Still and Clarence C. White.

THE NEGRO AND HIS SONG

THE story of the Negro song in America is the story of the Negro himself, for from beginning to end, his life is atuned to song. Best known to the world are those plantation songs known as Negro spirituals. Because of their great number, their flowing melodies, compelling rhythms, and deeply religious content, they are unusual examples of a type of folksong.

Many people have argued as to the beginnings of Negro song. Were some brought to America from Africa on slave-ships or were they spontaneous results of his experiences in the New World?

Negro song may be divided into Spirituals, Work Songs, and Social Songs. Work Songs are sometimes called "John Henry" songs. It is certain that black men of Africa have always sung as they worked. In Abyssinia, for instance, where teff, a kind of millet, is the principal cereal, the threshing is all done by hand. About six men work at this threshing at one time and their lusty singing can often be heard more than a mile away, each stroke of the flail being in exact time with the accents of the song. In America, such work rhythms have been employed for years by Negroes working on the Southern railroads, or as stevedores on a river wharf.

Social songs, like the work songs, are often "made up" at a moment's notice, words and music together, and usually aim to tell a story. For such songs, the banjo or the guitar is the usual accompaniment.

Many of the best Spirituals have grown out of the Negro's longings during the years of slavery. Each Spiritual has its foun-

dation in a Bible story which the Negro has retold to suit his own understanding and his own needs. Such a characteristic is employed in the introduction of the "fish fry" as a scene in the recent stage and movie versions of *Green Pastures*. Negro spirituals may be classified as story-telling songs, songs of advice, of tribulation, and of faith. An example of the story-telling song is *Ezekiel Saw de Wheel*, and *Who Built de Ark?* A song of inspiration is *Deep River*; of tribulation, *I Been in de Storm so Long*, or *Standin' in de Need of Prayer*. *Lil' Liza Jane* is one of the gayest of the play songs and was first familiar on the Mississippi levees.

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR

Somebody's knocking at your door;
Somebody's knocking at your door;
Oh, sinner, why don't you answer?
Somebody's knocking at your door.

Somebody's knocking at your door;
Somebody's knocking at your door;
Sounds like Jesus,
Somebody's knocking at your door;
Sounds like Jesus,
Somebody's knocking at your door;
Oh, sinner, why don't you answer?
Somebody's knocking at your door.

—Old Negro Spiritual.

GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go,

Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses,
'Way down in Egypt's land.
Tell old Pharaoh,
Let my people go!

"Thus saith the Lord," bold Moses said,
"Let my people go,
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go!"

"No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go,
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go!"

—*Negro Spiritual.*

DEEP RIVER

Deep River,
My home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into camp-ground.

—*Negro Spiritual.*

DIXIE

STRANGELY enough, two songs most intimately connected with the Civil War days, *Dixie*, and *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, were each the combination of work by Northern and Southern writers. The tune of *John Brown's Body*, a Southern song, was used to words by a Northern writer, Julia Ward Howe, as the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. *Dixie*, the battle song of the Southern soldiers, was written as a "walk around" by a Northern minstrel, Dan Emmett.

There are various stories of the origin of the word *Dixie*. Some say that it came to mean that lovely and carefree place south of the Mason and Dixon Line. Others say that it took its name from a man named Dix who had a big farm on Long Island. He managed his farm in the gracious style of a Southern plantation, and at the same time paid the Negroes who worked for him substantial wages. Dix's place came to be thought of as heaven, and it was not far to go, when in the wintry climate of a Northern city, to think of the balmy-weathered Southern clime as *Dixie*.

Some songs depend for their lasting charm upon beautiful form; others, upon the grace of their melody. *Dixie* will always be sung and cherished for its cheer, and for the contagious "skip and go" of its lively rhythm.

"In Dixie land, I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie
Away, away, away down South
in Dixie."

CLEAR THE KITCHEN

(NONSENSE SONG)

In old { Kentucky } in the afternoon
 { Alabama }
 { Mississippi }
 { Louisiana }

We sweep the floor with a brand new broom,
And after that we form a ring,
And this is the song that we do sing:

Refrain:

O clear the kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clear the kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tires.

2.

I went to the creek, I couldn't get across,
I'd nobody with me but an old blind horse;
Old Jim Crow came riding by,
Says he, "Old fellow, your horse will die." (*Refrain*)

3.

A jay-bird sat on a hickory limb—
He wink'd at me, and I wink'd at him;
I pick'd up a stone and I hit his shin—
Says he, "You'd better not do that again." (*Refrain*)

4.

A bullfrog, dress'd up in soldier's clothes,
Went in de field to shoot some crows;
The crows smelled powder and did fly away—
The bullfrog got mighty mad that day. (*Refrain*)

* * *

Brother Jonathan's Steps: There is an old story which tells of a giant who was so tall that with each stride he stepped more than twenty miles. This giant was called, by some people, "Brother Jonathan." So, during Revolutionary times, and since, that nickname has been given by many to the United States.

If you will count up the additions to the original thirteen colonies after the close of the Revolution, you will see that, beginning with the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, and ending with the purchase of Alaska, in 1867, they make seven. The first, the Louisiana Purchase, completed by President Thomas Jefferson, has since been divided into many states—Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, and parts of Kansas, Colorado, was added in 1845. Oregon Territory, including the present states of Oregon and Washington, and parts of Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana, was added in 1846. The "Mexican Cession," including California, Nevada, Utah, and parts of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Wyoming, was obtained in 1848. "Gadsden's Purchase," a small southern part of New Mexico and Arizona, was bought in 1853. Alaska was bought from Russia in 1867.

Each of these seven "steps" across the continent brought into the Union a peculiar form of treasure. It also brought into the realms of the United States a type of music, whether native or acquired through residence of Europeans, which may easily be identified with it.

OPERA IN NEW ORLEANS

ONE of the most interesting stories of opera in America is the story of French opera in New Orleans. Early occupation of the city by French and Spanish emigrants brought with it a great respect and admiration for artistic activities of any sort. In 1791, a troupe of French comedians and singers, who had escaped the terrors of the insurrection in San Domingo, arrived as refugees in New Orleans. Being received with hospitality, they repaid the gracious aid of the citizens, by producing immediately, first in one house, and then in another, under a tent, or even in the open air, dramas, operas and ballets of great merit.

Tiring soon of this wandering existence, they obtained the shelter of a theatre on St. Pierre Street between Royal and Bourbon. They occupied the second story of a house in which the lower floor was used as a dance hall. This hired hall was in time known as Theatre Street Pierre, or La Comedie. Except for a two months' vacation, regular performances are said to have been given on its boards, winter and summer, for many years. Up to 1800, this was the only theatre in New Orleans. A new theatre was set up, Theatre St. Phillippe, in 1807 or 1808 and both theatres had very prosperous seasons.

During the early years, there was great sympathy for French refugees, and it was not uncommon to hear the *Marseillaise* or *Ça ira* sung defiantly on the streets, in the theatre, or in shops.

A few years later the new opera house burned and another was immediately built upon the same spot. This, Theatre d'Orleans which cost \$180,000, was then the finest in the country. Each year, the manager went to Paris to replenish his company.

Grand opera was given here in a style worthy of the finest opera houses in the Old World. Many first performances for America were given here. It was in this theatre that Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the eminent pianist of his day, gave concerts to crowded houses at five dollars a seat.

So constant was the love of opera in the city that in June, 1859, another opera house was started. One hundred and fifty men were set to work at it, and labor continued day and night. Large bonfires were kept burning in the streets at night to provide light sufficient for the labor. By November, the building was completed, and three days later, on December 1, 1859, it was opened with a gala performance of *William Tell*.

With the coming of the Civil War, the attendance at the opera necessarily dwindled, and though resumed later, it never again had the importance of the early years.

* * *

New Orleans or the "Crescent City" is built on the east bank of the Mississippi River in Louisiana.

It was founded by the French Governor of Louisiana, Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville.

Many men came to New Orleans and in order that they might settle and make homes, the "Casket Girls" were sent from France in 1727 and placed in the care of the Ursuline nuns until they married.

GOTTSCHALK, CONCERT PIANIST

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, born in New Orleans in 1829, was a child prodigy. He lived to be one of the world's best known virtuosi, and is famous, as well, for a large number of somewhat sentimental compositions for the piano. However we may view them today, they were, for his time, as fascinating to his listeners as are the modern works of twentieth century composers to us, today.

It must be remembered, when thinking of Gottschalk, that he lived at a time when the square grand piano was still used by concert artists, and when it was almost impossible for anyone to receive advanced instruction in piano playing without going to Europe. Gottschalk is also celebrated as having been the teacher of many fine artists, among whom was Teresa Carreño,¹ known through several decades as the greatest woman pianist of the world.

Gottschalk's first concert appearance in New Orleans was for a benefit musicale to aid an unemployed theater-orchestra musician. The lad was about eleven years old at the time.

Before his thirteenth birthday, on the occasion of his departure for France, young Gottschalk gave a complete farewell concert in his native city. This turned out to be a brilliant affair. When he was presented with an immense bouquet, the young artist turned to his mother's box and tossed it to her, calling out, gallantly, "Mother, it is all for you."

When he arrived in Paris, Gottschalk played in the homes of Parisian aristocracy, and in April, 1845, he gave a public recital which Chopin attended. In 1846, he began writing music. Soon

¹ Teresa Carreño was a teacher of Edward MacDowell.

he set off on a concert tour. In Spain he was presented with a cake made by the Infanta herself; but his most treasured possession was a sword which a bullfighter gave him.

In 1853, when he was twenty-four years old, Gottschalk returned to America, landing in New York. There, P. T. Barnum came to call on him, and offered to manage him in a concert tour which would surpass that of Jenny Lind. This he abruptly refused. When he arrived at New Orleans, the young man gave concert after concert and, according to the custom of the day, sometimes received as many as three hundred bouquets in one afternoon.

Gottschalk's most familiar composition is the *Last Hope*. In his more than ninety works may be found many faint suggestions of "ragtime" rhythms which, in a later century, were inspired by the same surroundings.

* * *

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps
upon this bank!

Here we will sit and let the
sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness
and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

—*Act V, Sc. 1. Merchant of Venice*
Shakespeare.

ROUSTABOUT COONJINE MELODIES ¹

COONJINE died with the passing of the Mississippi steamboat. You likely never heard the word unless you were reared on the shores of the big river or one of its tributaries where the steamboats came into dock daily. In that case you will doubtless recall the weird, semibarbaric, loose-kneed shuffle-slouch (timed perfectly to equally barbaric songs), by which the Negro roustabouts loaded and unloaded the boats. That was Coonjine—song and dance.

Sixty years ago, at the old levees, steamboats crowded as thickly as horses tethered nose-in to a hitching rail. The roustabout would swagger ashore at the end of the run and cut a swath among the women, staking big money on the roll of the spotted ivories.

The work was back-breaking; and it was to lighten their hard labor that the roustabouts sang their Coonjine songs. When a Negro sings he forgets he is tired. Steamboat captains and mates knew this and encouraged their rousters to sing. Subject matter for Coonjine songs covered a wide range—fights, police, love affairs, domestic embroglios, and nostalgia.

But mainly, Coonjine songs had to do with the work in hand; the boats, their speed and luxury; the individual characteristics of mate or captain or fellow roustabouts; and, under the ridiculous words, frequently a note of pathos 'at the hard lot of his down-trodden race.

“Ole Roustabout ain’t got no home,
Make his livin’ on his shoulder bone.”

—*Carnett Laidlaw Eskew.*

¹ By courteous permission of Esquire, Inc. (*Cornet*, October 1938).

LEVEE SONG

Oh, I was born in Mobile town
A-working on the levee;
All day I roll the cotton down,
A-working on the levee.

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day;
I've been working on the railroad
To pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn;
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

—*Mississippi River Levee Song.*

“MAH LINDY LOU”—OTHER BALLADS

“Honey—did you heah dat mockin’ bird sing las’ night?
O Lawd, he wuz singin’ so sweet in de moonlight!
In de ole magnolia tree,
Bustin’ his heart wid melody!
I know he wuz singin’ ob you,
Mah Lindy Lou, Lindy Lou!
O Lawd, I’d lay right down an’ die,
Ef I could sing lak dat bird sings to you,
Mah liddle Lindy Lou!”

SO GO the words of *Mah Lindy Lou*, one of the sweetest ballads of the Southland. It is a song in which the composer, Lily Strickland, takes herself back to the land of her birth. Miss Strickland was born in Anderson, South Carolina, at Echo Hall, the home of her grandfather, Judge J. Pinckney Reed. She has been for years a popular American composer. She also writes many of the words which she sets to music, hiding her identity under various pen-names.

Following her marriage to Courtney Anderson, Miss Strickland went with him to the Far East. During their nearly ten years of residence there, she spent much time in careful study of the music of the Orient. The knowledge and lore thus absorbed has been used by the composer, since her return to America, in giving authentic color to many compositions which feature characteristics of the Far East.

Here she tells how some of her most familiar songs came to be written:

“*Lindy Lou* just wrote itself. We were in New York City, in January, 1920. I had married, and my husband had been, for

some time, a teacher at Columbia University. We had been living in a near-by apartment, but now were about to leave for India. Just a day or so before our departure, I sat there in our apartment, thinking of home—and to me that always means 'down South'—knowing that I was going far away from it. In that homesick moment I simply wrote the song, all three verses. It's just a 'li'l banjo song,' as we call it down South. I have never changed a word or note of it since!

"I would not offer *Lindy Lou* as a representative American composition; it is a song of one part of the country. It has already gone down in some quarters as a folksong. This is probably because of its melodic simplicity and rhythmic spontaneity.

"The *Bayou Songs* (*bayou* is a southern term for a small river) were written in much the same way, on a moment's impulse. We were in India at that time. I was thinking of home one afternoon when suddenly the force of my mood transplanted me to that dear spot. *Mah Li'l Bateau* (a *bateau* is a flat-bottomed boat), the first written of this group, was the result. That has been my usual method of composition. Music and words come to me together.

"*My Love Is a Fisherman* was written one dawn in India. We were on a slow train crossing over the Ganges on a trestle, on our way back to Calcutta. The light was still faint in the eastern sky and, in the silence of the newborn day, scores of red-sailed fishing boats were going out to sea. I was stirred and inspired by the sight, and began to write on the margin of a magazine I held.

"'What are you doing?' my husband asked.

"'I am writing a song,' I answered, and by the time we had again reached land the song was complete, words and music, marked all over the magazine!"

—*Lily Strickland*.

BOLL-WEEVIL SONG

DOWN in the Sunny South one of the greatest troubles of a cotton-grower during the present century is the boll-weevil. The boll-weevil immigrated from Mexico, to Texas. Once in Texas, the boll-weevil set itself upon a long term of invasion, to eating out the heart of as many cotton blossoms as it could reach. The song itself, with its constant refrain of "lookin' for a home," gives a history of an entire economic problem. There are as many as a hundred verses to the song, most of them "made up" by Negroes of the southern plantations. Each verse is a little drama within itself:

O have you heard the latest
The latest of the songs?
It's all about Boll-Weevil
That's picked up his feet and gone
 A-lookin' for a home,
Just a-lookin' for a home.

Boll-Weevil is a little bug
From Mexico, they say.
He came to try the Texas soil
And thought he'd like to stay,
 A-lookin' for a home,
Just a-lookin' for a home.

First time I saw Boll-Weevil
He was on the Texas plain;
The next time that I saw him,
He was riding on a train,
 A-lookin' for a home,
Just a-lookin' for a home.

Next time I saw Boll-Weevil
He was walkin' through the square,
And 'long with old Boll-Weevil
Were all his family there;
 They were lookin' for a home,
 Just a-lookin' for a home.

The Farmer took Boll-Weevil
And set him on the ice.
Says Boll-Weevil to the Farmer,
"This is mighty cool and nice.
 I'd like it for my home,
Yes, I'd like it for my home."

Said the Farmer to the Merchant,
"I'm in an awful fix,
Boll-Weevils *et* the cotton up
And left me only sticks.
 I'm a-lookin' for a home,
 Just a-lookin' for a home."

So if anybody asks you
Who was it wrote this song,
Just say it was a farmer
With a pair of blue ducks on,
 A-lookin' for a home,
 Just a-lookin' for a home!

—*A Southland Ballad.*

TEXAS

TEXAS has a message to the nation at this time. To know the history of Texas is to renew the original American inspiration. Sixty years after Lexington and Concord, Texans were repeating the drama of liberty at Gonzales, and 60 years after the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, Texans



Mural in New Southern Pacific Passenger Station, Houston, Texas. Bettmann Archive

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, THE "FATHER OF TEXAS," AND BARON DE BASTROP, LAND COMMISSIONER OF THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT, AT THE GATHERING OF COLONISTS ON THE COLORADO RIVER IN 1823, ISSUING LAND TITLES. IN BACKGROUND VISION OF PRESENT TEXAS STATE CAPITOL AT AUSTIN

were writing their own Declaration of Independence at Washington-on-the-Brazos. That town was a huddled dozen of wretched cabins and shanties in the woods; delegates slept in a carpenter's shop or in the open. The Texas Declaration was



Mural in New Southern Pacific Passenger Station, Houston, Texas. Betimann Archive

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS ENTERING THE NEWLY FOUNDED CITY OF HOUSTON IN AUGUST, 1837. (*Left: FIRST CAPITOL OF TEXAS AND VISION OF PRESENT CITY IN BACKGROUND*)

signed by 58 men who hailed from ten states of the United States and from Canada, Mexico, Ireland and Scotland. After declaring their independence of Mexico, they went forth to fight for it and won it, doing which they established the southern border of what Texas historians call Anglo-America.

That was in 1836—more than a hundred years ago. Ten years later by free consent and desire the Republic of Texas became part of the United States. In her years of statehood Texas has become a land of great cities and universities and churches; first in railway mileage; fifth in population; producing one-fourth of the cotton of the United States; high in a wide variety of natural wealth, and possessing a territory so extensive that it could furnish home-sites for more than the entire present population of the United States. The story of Texas is an epitome of American energy and independence; it is a tonic and a prophecy.

—*W. J. Cameron.*

* * *

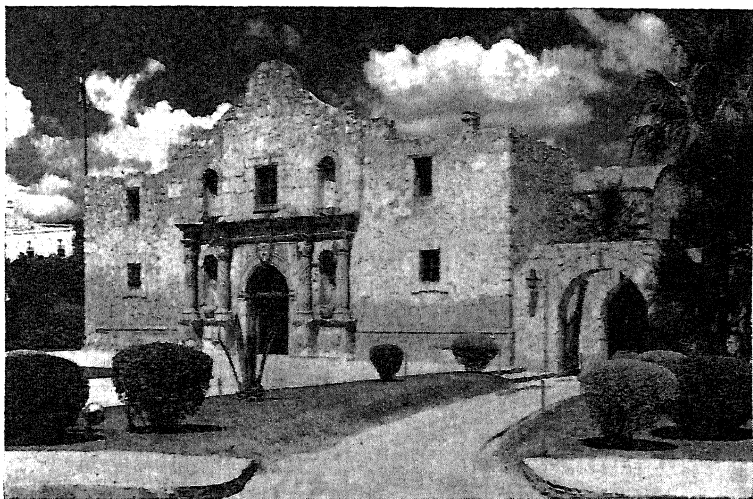
“The eyes of Texas are upon you,
All the livelong day.
The eyes of Texas are upon you,
You can not get away.
Do not think you can escape them
From night till early in the morn—
The eyes of Texas are upon you
Till Gabriel blows his horn!”

—*Texas Song.*

A TEXAN IS A GRINGO!

THE men who made Texas rode west"—and when Mirabeau B. Lamar was president of Texas in 1838, the men of Texas were still riding west. They had come into Texas from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia in search of homes for themselves. But they pushed ever westward, west into the Panhandle and west into the great plains that touch the foothills of the Rockies.

When Texas declared herself free from Mexico, a treaty was signed with the Mexican officials which gave all the land north of the Rio Grande to Texas. This treaty also gave parts of the present states of Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas and Oklahoma to Texas.



Courtesy San Antonio Chamber of Commerce

THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Under the terms of the treaty, New Mexico also belonged to Texas and in June, 1841, General Hugh McCleod left Austin for Santa Fe, New Mexico, leading about 320 people—traders and their wives, and soldiers. A great wagon train was made up and out across the vast plains they began their march. They were going to make their homes in Santa Fe, 1000 miles west. In late September, after terrible suffering, Indian attacks, hunger and sickness, the Texans saw the flat roofs and the church towers of Santa Fe.

In spite of all the hardships, the Texas men had traveled westward with jaunty courage. They were clad in buckskins, wore coonskin caps and carried their long rifles in their hands. They had laughed, joked and sung the time away during their long march. Now they were in Santa Fe, all was well.

Governor Armijo met them with a promise of friendship. The Texans laid down their guns as a token of friendship with the Mexicans. Governor Armijo saw his chance; he wanted no singing Texans settling in his province. The Texans were put in jail, their goods were confiscated and they were started on their long march to Mexico City as prisoners. They had marched 1000 miles from Austin to Santa Fe; now they had 1500 miles ahead of them, from Santa Fe to Mexico City.

Soldiers, hunters, traders, women and children started out once more. The weary miles lay ahead this time, at the end of the long trek was the old Spanish prison in Mexico City.

Some of the group had learned the words of one of Robert Burn's then new songs which went as follows:

“Green grow the rushes, O;
Green grow the rushes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O!”

As the Texans marched, they sang, their moccasined feet kicking up the red dust, their coonskin caps pushed back. They sang and the Mexicans who could not understand the words of the song, and could not understand men who sang as they marched to prison and death, repeated the words as they heard them—

Grin-gro, grin-gro

The first two words were easy to remember, but the rest of the song the Mexican soldiers could not remember. As the weeks went by the Mexicans no longer tried to learn all the song, but the first two words were shortened to “Gringo” and the Texans were no longer Texans, but *Gringos*.

The Texans heard themselves called Gringos, as they made the long march, but could not know that Texans would be called Gringos as long as there is a Texas and a Mexico. The name has come to mean a brave man who sings as he faces danger.

“The men who made Texas rode West—”

—*Elsie Smith Parker.*

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An't were na for the lasses, O?

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

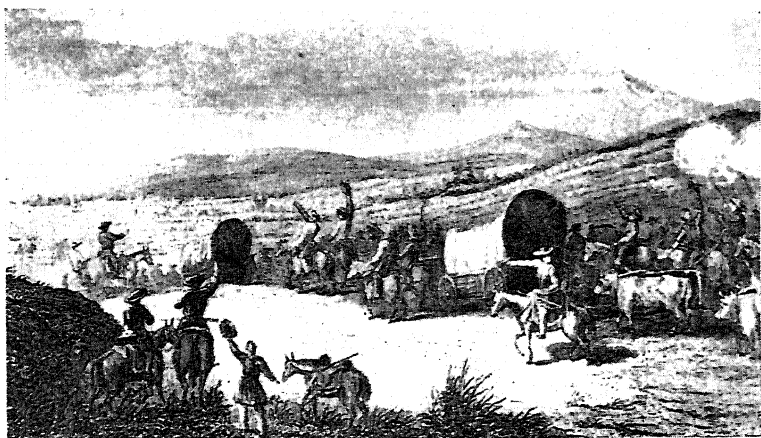
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

—*Robert Burns.*

MINSTRELS OF THE RANGE

IT IS said that three things natural to the West brought about its exploration and settlement. These are grass, fur, and gold. Each of the industries which these represent had its own kind of song. Grass, and the herding of thousands of head of cattle brought forth the cowboy song. Fur trading posts and forts, and boat brigades that used to bring in the furs to



Bettmann Archive

A CARAVAN ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

them, heard the rhythms of French-Canadian oarsmen. The several famous gold rushes of North America were each characterized by scores of "gold" songs.

There were fully forty thousand cowboys on the trails and ranges at the height of the "Longhorn Days," and at first nearly ninety per cent of the men were returned soldiers. They were often spoken of as "minstrels of the range," for music was one of

their strongest weapons against fear and stampede on the part of the cattle, and one of their greatest solaces during quiet rest times.

A great many of the favorite cowboy songs were melancholy, although the singer might not be. But the presence, spread out the prairie before the singer, of a resting mass of possibly three thousand cattle backed by a silent camp, with overhead the blue dome of the starlit sky, was enough to stir the romantic longings of any man. So he often sang, *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*,¹ or *Goodbye, Old Paint*. Paint being the common name for a pinto or brown and white spotted horse.

* * *

HISTORY OF THE OREGON TRAIL

Worn deep and wide by the emigration of 300,000 people, lined by graves of 20,000 dead, witness of romance and tragedy, the Oregon Trail is unique in history and will always be sacred to the memories of the pioneers. Reaching the Summit of the Rockies, upon an unevenly distributed grade of eight feet to the mile, following the water course of the River Platte and tributaries to within two miles of the Summit of the South Pass, through the Rocky Mountain barrier, descending to the tidewaters of the Pacific through the valleys of the Snake and Columbia, the route of the Oregon Trail points the way for a great national highway from the Missouri River to Puget Sound, a roadway of greatest commercial importance, a highway of military preparedness, a route for a lasting memorial to the pioneers, thus combining utility and sentiment.

—*Ezra Meeker.*

¹ The original of *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie* is thought to have been an ancient English sea chantey, *Bury Me Not in the Deep Blue Sea.*

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

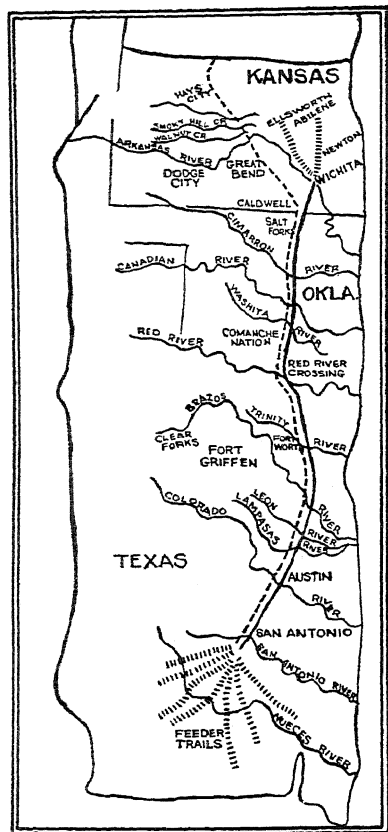
OF ALL the truly American folk songs, one of the greatest is the cowboy song, *The Old Chisholm Trail*. One reason for this is that the song has come out of the need of its first singers and does not copy the song of any other people. Another is that it commemorates a definite and picturesque phase of American history. Tune and words accommodate themselves to the lope of a cow-pony; and the refrain, with its "youpy ya, youpy ya," is like many another of the cowboy refrains, made up from a ranch call.

The Old Chisholm Trail is a real place, and is thought to have been named for Jesse Chisholm, who laid out, though without fixed intention, a part of the old cattle trail.

Jesse Chisholm was born in Tennessee in 1806. His father was a Scotchman; his mother a mixed-blood Cherokee, whose last name was Rogers. The Chisholm and the Rogers families were among the first of the Cherokee families to move to Arkansas when these Indians were asked by the government to leave Tennessee and Georgia. From there the Indians were moved to Oklahoma.

Jesse Chisholm was not a cowboy or a cattleman, but worked for many years in what are now the states of Oklahoma, Texas, and Kansas, as an Indian trader and interpreter. He was trustworthy and reliable, and he spoke many Indian languages and dialects fluently. He helped the government at the close of the Civil War by acting as interpreter for General Leavenworth and General Dodge on their expeditions to the Kiowa, Comanche, Wichita, and allied tribes.

Jesse Chisholm's Trail, as it was then called, was, in the beginning, about a hundred and fifty miles long. It was laid out, not as a cattle trail, but as a trader's trail, over which Jesse



CHISHOLM TRAIL

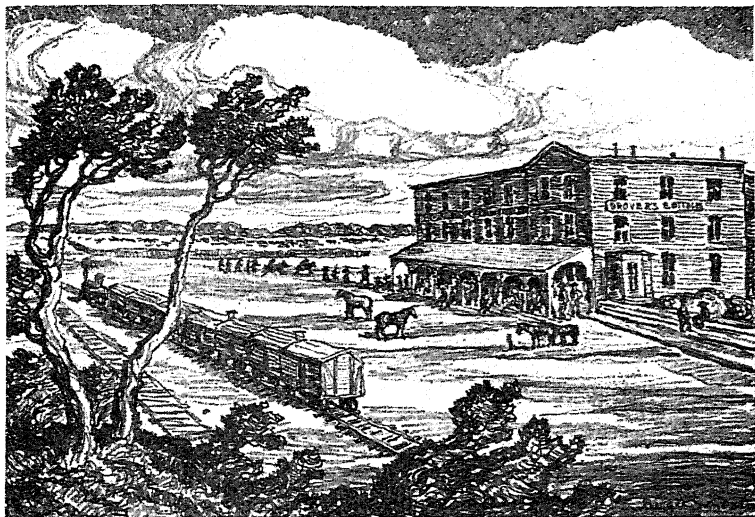
Chisholm rode in his trader's wagon. It followed an earlier trail made across the prairies by Union military forces in such a direction that they could cross rivers by the best fords, and pass the best water holes. The Trail then reached from the present site of Wichita, Kansas, to the Cimarron River.

Jesse Chisholm first came to the site of Wichita in 1836, when he accompanied a party of white men to the junction of the Big and Little Arkansas Rivers to hunt for a legendary cache of gold said to have been hidden there by Spanish explorers when attacked by Indians. Later, he had a home in the Wichita Indian encampment on Cherokee

Creek, a spot now within the city limits of Wichita, Kansas. He also had a trading post south on the present site of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Soldiers of Texas, returning to their homes after the years of

the Civil War, found the plains of their state overrun with herds of long-horned cattle. The Texas Trail Drivers' Association was formed and the cattle rounded up and distributed equally to the ranchers. After this was done, the next problem was to get them to a market. The closest railroad was in Abilene, Kansas, then the end of the railroad. It was only natural that the cattle should be brought overland across the settlements of the Five Civilized



Drawn in the woodcut style by Birger Sandzen. Courtesy of Santa Fe Railway

DROVERS' COTTAGE. THE END OF THE TEXAS CATTLE
TRAIL, ABILENE, 1871

Tribes, through what is now Oklahoma, into Kansas, over the old Chisholm Trail, which now lengthened so as to reach from Abilene to the Rio Grande.

The first cattle came north over the Trail in 1867. Statistics show that in 1871 alone more than 600,000 head of cattle were driven to market by this route. More than forty millions of hoofs traveled the dusty prairie path during the twenty springs and summers of its use, before extension of the railroad to other

parts of the South and West. It was a time of great adventure and terrible hardships. In Abilene, special stockyards with long wings had to be built to accommodate the wide reaching horns of the Texas cattle. The "long trail" covered about eight hundred miles, the greatest cattle trail in history, and over it moved the most fabulous animal migration the world has ever known.

As Indian troubles lessened and settlers came onto the prairies or to the new frontier towns, the trail lengthened, passing even the railroad and taking the cattle on to Wyoming, Montana, and, at times, to the Dakotas, to fatten. However the Rio Grande and Abilene remain, to the minds of most people, the limits of the Chisholm Trail, which was the romantic inspiration of the folk air of the same name, and many others of its kind.

"Come gather 'round me, boys,
And I'll tell you a tale
All about my troubles
On the Old Chisholm Trail.

Refrain:

Coma ti yi youpy,
Youpy ya, youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy,
Youpy ya!"

WHOOPEE TI YI YO

As I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cowpuncher all riding alone;
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jingling,
As he approached me a-singing this song,

*Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,¹
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.*

¹ A cowboy term for a motherless calf.

*Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.*

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark them and brand them and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the old trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;
Oh, how I do wish that you would go on!
It's whooping and punching and "Go on little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home."

—*American Cowboy Song.*

THE COWBOY'S LULLABY

THE herd was on the well-marked trail for Kansas—the Chisholm Trail. Up to now it had been a lucky drive. At the San Antonio River crossing, Raymond had made a fresh count that showed actually five head over the number they had started with.

At the start, the trail boss had pushed the herd fast, and when night came, they were so tired they were glad enough to lie down and rest. For the first week, half the men stood guard half of each night. There'd been one or two small stampedes despite these precautions, but the animals had never run more than a mile or two before the men got them turned and milling. Soon they'd have them drifted back to their bed ground, and the singing would lull them to rest.

After that first week on the trail, two men, working in two hour shifts, rode night herd. Each evening Pancho brought in the remuda,¹ and every man in the outfit roped and saddled his favorite night horse. He'd either tie him to the wagon or stake him out close at hand. Once or twice when it looked as if there might be a heavy storm, George Ray and one or two of the men knotted their bridle reins and slipped the nooses over their elbows. They slept with their boots and clothes on, and with their horses tied to their arm. In five seconds from the moment a call for help came they could be in the saddle.

Ad was paired off to night herd with Old Levit Wells. Levit was steady and experienced, and in point of years the oldest man in the outfit. He had served with a Texas cavalry brigade and he was known on the trails as the sweetest-singing night herder

¹ The extra horses.

that ever put a bunch of critters to rest. When he sang a Texas lullaby to a herd of longhorns it seemed as if he hypnotically charmed them with his voice, just as an East Indian fakir charms a basket of flat-headed cobras with his flute. Levit had a heavy brown beard, and he'd sort of part it, lean back in his saddle, throw up his head and cut loose. His special cow-tamer had the strange cadence and soothing rhythm of a Sioux love song; most of the time it had no words, except that he would end it with a "Who-o-o-a, boys!"

Then again Old Levit sang hymns, but often on warm moonlight nights *Nellie Gray* was his favorite. Ad would ride one way around the night herd and Levit the other. Inside the circle, lying peacefully with their legs folded under them, and contentedly chewing their cud, would be the 2800 steers and cows.

Levit and Ad had the twelve-to-two shift, and usually that was the time of the night when the stars were popping the loudest and the moon was warmest and brightest. That old blue army coat Porcupine had given Ad on the Cottonwood sure came in handy. Even if the night was clear and alluring, and Levit was singing his level best, the cool air and sharp breezes sweeping down from off the North Star sent a chill into a fellow's bones.

The ponies needed no guiding as they slowly circled the bunched-up herd. But a man didn't dare get down because his horse might shake himself, and the strange sound of the flapping stirrups might easily bring a herd to its feet and start it stampeding. Anything unusual could do that; a match being struck, a horse stumbling, a coyote or lobo wolf barking close by, a buffalo bull bellowing in the distance, the smell of a skunk. Even less than that might snap a herd to its feet if it were in the wrong mood.

Men could tell instinctively when cattle were restless and on

the prod. They were always that way if they were bedded down hungry and thirsty. At times trouble seemed to be in the very air. Animals could sense a storm or change in weather, just as an old campaigner packing battle wounds could feel the weather in his joints. Singing helped keep them quiet on these nights. They knew everything was all right then, and that they were being cared for.

At nights it seemed to Ad that he hardly got to sleep before Joe Wing, one of the men on the ten-to-twelve shift, rode in from the herd and touched him on the shoulder. Half awake, Ad would roll out of his blankets, pull on his boots, slip on his old army overcoat and hat, and hustle quietly to his pony, nodding by the wagon. Old Levit would catch up with him before they reached the herd, maybe a quarter mile away. Lem Adams, the second night herder, would be singing softly to the cattle, and when the two men came in sight, Lem'd drift on back to camp.

Often Ad nodded in his saddle as Blue Bird slowly circled the herd. Sometimes it seemed like hours before Old Levit spoke low to him when they met, making their opposite circles, and motioned for him to go on back to camp and awaken the next guard.

It took Ad a long time to figure out how Levit knew when the two hours were up. Ad was sure he didn't have a watch—Raymond had the only one in camp, and at night that was kept in the coffee grinder nailed to the back end of the grub box, so anyone could make use of it.

One night after he'd awakened the new guard, Ad rode back toward the herd, and when the relief came, pulled up alongside Levit on his way back to camp. "You said you'd show me how you told time by the stars," the boy reminded the old troubadour.

"All right, son. Now look. See that North Star? Now see the near corner of the Big Dipper? Then you see that star between them, and a little off to the left? Now when that star gets just there at this time of year, I know it's right on to two o'clock. And if I get singing and get carried away with my music, Rawhide here starts a-leaning on the reins and I know it's time to pull for camp."

—From "*The Last Frontier*" by Frazier Hunt.

* * *

THE DAY WELL SPENT

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the deeds that you have done,
 And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word that eased the heart of
 him that heard;
One glance most kind, which felt like sunshine where it
 went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day
You've eased no heart by yea and nay,
If through it all you've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face,
No act most small that helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—*Selected.*

DAVID GUION, TEXAS COMPOSER

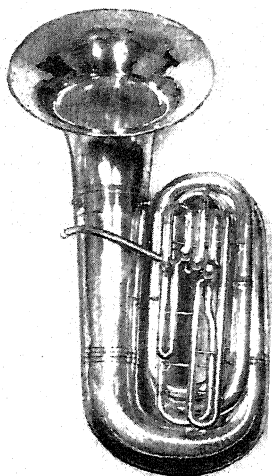
DAVID GUION has done much to conserve both the melodies and the spirit of American folk songs. This is especially true with regard to the fiddle tunes and spirituals of his native state.

Trained as a pianist from his sixth year and known to Texas as a child prodigy of remarkable talent, David Guion studied with Leopold Godowsky at the Royal Conservatory in Vienna. He also studied for some time in New York City.

Early acquaintanceship with the lilting airs of Negroes and cowboys, as well as those most popular with itinerant musicians, provided him with many of his most telling themes for composition. His concert arrangements and transcriptions of *Turkey in the Straw*, *De Ol' Ark's a-Moverin'*, *Swing Low*, and *Sheep and Goats* have been played from coast to coast by leading artists and orchestras. International popularity has also followed his setting of *Home on the Range*.

* * *

“Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.”



Courtesy N. B. C.

TUBA AND FLUTE

FIDDLIN' DAYS

There once was a man who could execute
Old Zip Coon on a yellow flute,
And several other tunes to boot,
But he couldn't make a penny with his tootle-toot.

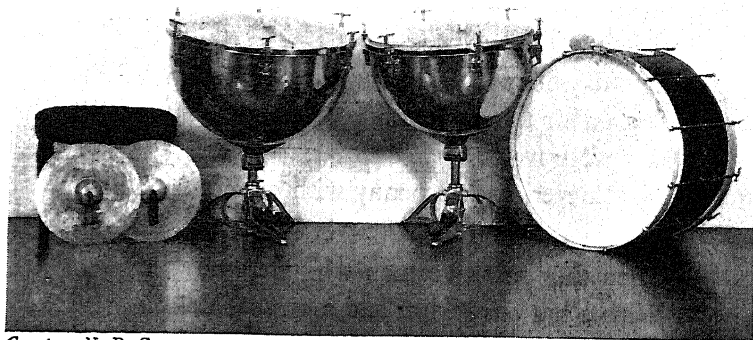
One day he met a singular quaint old man
With a big tuba, who said,
"I have traveled wide and far,
But I never made a penny with my oom-pah-pah."

Then they met two men who were traveling
With a big bass drum and a cymbal thing
Who said, "We've played since early Spring,
But we haven't made a penny with our boom-zing-zing."

So the man with the flute went Tootle-ti-toot,
And the other went OOm-pah!
While the men with the drum and the cymbal thing
Went Boom-boom-boom-, zing-zing!

And they traveled wide and far,
Together they made the welkin ring
With their
Tootle-oo-tle,
OOm-pah!
Boom, zing-zing!
And oh, the pennies the people fling
When they hear the
Tootle-ootle, ootle-ootle, ootle-ootle, oo
OOm-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah, oom
Boom, zing-zing, zing-zing!

—*Anonymous.*



Courtesy N. B. Company

CYMBALS, KETTLEDRUMS AND BASS DRUM

MEXICO—MARKETS AND FESTIVALS

BURR!" cried a white-clothed peasant coming down a mountain trail. He gives his woolly companion a whack with a stick to make him avoid the prickly branches of a huge cactus plant. Burro moves into the path with a flick of his tail and continues to trot along on his sure, small feet. The sacks on his back contain the produce of his master's farm; eggs, squashes, corn, and tomatoes, all carefully wrapped in fiber bags.

It is Sunday and the whole family is on the way to market, the weekly high spot for all village people. The man's white cotton trousers and loose shirt worn outside like a coat, have been freshly washed in the stream and ironed with much labor by his wife. He is a picturesque figure, with his serape draped over one shoulder and a great curly sombrero set at a rakish angle on his head. Although the wife and children are barefoot, they are freshened up for market day, too, in clean cotton clothes. The mother's dark blue rebozo is looped over her back in such a way that the baby hangs in it safely, looking around at the world with big black eyes. The girls, big and little, are copies of their mother in calico dresses and rebozos which they twist gracefully around head and shoulders. Mother and girls carry baskets of squash blossoms, tropical fruits, vegetables, and sprays of coral-colored seed from pepper trees for birds. The boy's big straw hat is all frayed out around the edge and has a hole in the crown. It will be an important affair of the day to buy him a new one at the hatmaker's booth, out of the proceeds from the vegetables.

They pass a man from another village almost buried under

the tall bamboo crate of earthenware dishes on his back, three times as big as himself and weighing many pounds. "*Buenos dias, compadre,*" the women call to one another. The man carrying pottery has walked all night over the mountains with his heavy load to bring his wares to market.

As they approach the town, the roadways are full of people loaded with baskets and sacks, or driving burros similarly laden. Up the cobbled streets of the small town they go, to the plaza in the center. The town, like many others in Mexico, is set in a big district of empty country, the center for a few scattered villages.

The plaza has big trees with benches under them and a bandstand in the center. It is full of color and movement and soft chatter as the market people unpack and settle themselves in favorable spots. Our peasant unrolls the petate, the reed mat which has traveled on the burro's back, and lays it on the pavement. Each member of the family helps unload the sacks, arranging the produce precisely and artistically, each thing by itself. Tomatoes are piled in little pyramids with just one crowning each pile, the eggs, squash, and corn are placed one by one so that every heap is attractive, and the baskets of flowers decorate the edge of the mat. Burro is hitched in a shady alley with many companions to spend the day.

Other people are arranging symmetrical groups of fruit on their mats, or bouquets of onions and artichokes, long pink radishes, and portly cabbages. Some have heaps of dried beans, red, black, brown, many different kinds. And who could imagine that there are so many varieties of chili peppers! The tiny pointed red ones show by their looks how terribly they are going to scorch the throat when made into sauce, but the slim yellow ones, and the green ones, short and fat or long and thin, look deceptively innocent. A Mexican cook knows just what

variety is best for each highly seasoned dish she makes, and buys them carefully.

The peasants also have turkeys and chickens for sale, carrying the live creatures through the crowd, bunches of them held by the legs in each hand.

The families sit in the sunshine by their wares, prepared for a long happy day. To be sure they have come to market to buy and sell, but there is no hurry about it in their minds. The sociability of soft, polite chatter with acquaintances, and the stir of things happening around them, are just as important, apparently, as doing business. They love to bargain over each little thing separately instead of selling a lot at once.

As for the children, market day is sheer joy. There is not much fun in a village child's life in Mexico, but lots of hard work helping mothers and fathers. On this day they are free to roam most of the time, though they, too, take turns sitting by the family sidewalk shop when the parents are busy elsewhere.

The town is full of fascination for them. Sometimes a band of musicians comes through the plaza playing on trumpets and drums, carrying a poster announcing a *cine*—a movie—to be given that afternoon. Perhaps, if enough beans, pottery, or fruit is sold, they may go and see it!

A man with a megaphone stands by one of the wooden counters under the *portales*, or covered walks around the plaza, shouting the merits of his leather belts and whips, his glittering combs, bracelets, beads, and earrings. The two Indian girls whom we saw on the road hover over them longingly. They would so much rather have these gaudy ornaments than the necklaces of bright-colored seeds which they wear.

Next to the loud-speaking vendor of ornaments are piles of crisp sombreros, rows and rows of leather-thonged sandals, called *huaraches*, straw mats, gorgeous baskets and raincoats.

which are long fringed capes of dry reeds and palm leaves. Our boy of the ragged sombrero spends half an hour choosing a hat, arguing and bargaining happily until he thinks he has brought the price down as far as possible. He marches off in an elegant curly-brimmed creation with a border woven in pink and green.

A companion has been busy bargaining for a raincoat, investigating the fringes to see if they are strong and thick. Peasant men and boys wear these odd coats to protect them from the drenching downpours of the rainy season. The next time this boy is tending cattle or goats in the rain, the water will run down the reeds as it does from a hen's feathers, leaving him snug and dry within. All the things in this straw corner of the market have been made by Indians in villages where weaving of hats or baskets is a special industry.

How entrancing are the toys which are laid out on the cobblestones or wooden counters, or hung outside the shops under the *portales*! There is a small shop where rows of the amusing, tiny puppets made of clay and wire, called *titeres* are hung on the walls. A brother and sister living in the town, who have a little puppet theater, come each week to buy new characters for the plays. They stand before the array, discussing and choosing, touching them gently as they swing on their wires. It is hard to decide whether to buy a bullfighter with much gold lace on his suit and a Spanish Senorita draped in a mantilla, or a *charro* on horseback, or a figure of Death with a skull head and big cloak. There are dancers and peasants, devils and Spanish knights, all of them delightfully dressed in the most tinselly gay costumes.

Before a booth displaying rows of quaint animals of painted clay and straw, and rag dolls with babies on their backs, stands a small Indian girl. Her long skirt covers her bare feet, and she wears a rebozo like her mother's over her shoulders. She

clutches a precious five-centavo piece in her hand, and her small brown face is solemn with the effort of choosing. Shall it be a burro made of cornhusk carrying straw crates on his back, or a clay monkey who whistles shrilly when you blow through a hole in his stomach? The expression on the face of the cornhusk burro proves irresistible, and she goes back to her mother's mat under the plaza trees carrying him tenderly. The boy standing beside her buys the monkey. Now he can amuse himself making it squeal while he sits in the sun watching over his father's collection of brown pottery dishes.

Groups of boys in white cotton suits like their fathers', or in overalls, wander about the plaza looking for excitement. They linger in the doorway of the *cantina*, where men are chatting and listening to the harsh blare of the phonograph. A furious dog fight distracts them from the phonograph, and when it is settled, an old woman calls them to drive away some roving pigs which are eating her vegetables. So the boys chase the marauders, grunting and squealing, across the plaza.

A sound of music comes from an alleyway near by, and they find a band of *corrido* singers. Several men are playing guitars and fiddles while they sing with vim a ballad about the exploits of some famous bandit. Sometimes a *corrido* is about a political event, or it tells of a murder, a train wreck, or a love affair. They still sing of the deeds of Emiliano Zapata and Pancho Villa. Sometimes they break into *Adelita* or *Cucaracha*, favorite marching songs of the revolutionary bands.

The *corrido* singers bring to the villagers the same kind of excitement and interest that we get from newsreels and murder mysteries. It is through chanted ballads that news is spread in Mexico, where so few people read newspapers. The ballad singers usually sell the words of their songs printed on lurid pink and green sheets for the lucky ones who can read them.

Market day is a continuous feasting for the boys and girls, so many tempting things can be bought for a mere *centavino*. One man walks around bearing on his head a glass case containing candies made from pumpkin, squash, or cactus, colored vivid pink, green, and yellow. There is a man with an ice cream wagon much like ours. Old women coax the *ninos* to buy golden ripe mangoes or fat red bananas. Other old women sell tortillas from their baskets, or tamales wrapped in cornhusks.

There is a row of food stands in an alley near the plaza where women are busily stirring messes of meat and beans in hot red sauce over charcoal braziers. What fun it is, if the family has sold enough produce to make such extravagance possible, to buy dinner here! The people sit on long benches before wooden counters, shaded from the sun by awning, and feast on their favorite dishes. The poorest families bring their own cooking outfit to market, carried on mother's back. She starts a little fire in a tin brazier and stirs up a bowl of frijoles, which she hands out in rolled-out tortillas to the father and children squatting on the pavement by her.

The Indians in this market plaza, as in hundreds of others all over Mexico, have brought the products of their fields to sell. They have also brought the things they have made which are useful in their daily lives, and since they are an artistic people, each thing is made with loving care and attention to beauty.

In our country people of the most remote districts use articles which are manufactured in great quantities and distributed through shops or mail order houses. But the country Mexican's utensils, toys, furniture, and most things that he wears are handmade. The village people are craftsmen, making many of the things they use, and selling their products in town and village markets in order to buy other things they need from craftsmen of another district.

Different sections of the country are devoted to particular crafts. In some places the people are weavers, working over their simple looms in bare adobe huts. They weave the oblong woolen serapes worn by the men, using a few strong colors and various patterns according to the tradition of the village. The boys work with their fathers at the family trade, learning the technique and patterns which they will pass on to their sons.

The serape is a very ancient Mexican garment, for the Aztecs wove a similar oblong wrap with a slit for the head to go through, of cotton instead of wool. Mexican men and boys wear the serape hanging down front and back in this fashion much of the time, but if it is cold and wet they wrap themselves to the eyes in it, and on hot sunny days it is gracefully thrown over one shoulder.

In many villages the men, women and older children work with clay, molding the homely brown pots, bowls, and water jugs used in every kitchen, or the more elaborate dishes, beautifully painted and glazed. These simple craftsmen work peacefully, sitting in the sunny courts of their small houses with the dishes around them drying in the sun. They do not try to turn out a certain number of pieces in a given number of hours, but enjoy the molding and decorating of each specimen. In Tonalá, famous for beautiful pottery, whole families are artists. They paint quaint animals in the midst of exotic flowers and foliage on their jars, using brushes made of dog's hair.

The toymakers work in the same happy way as the potters, fashioning humorous, bizarre animals of clay which they decorate with fanciful flowers and curlicues in bright colors. They weave other animals and people of straw and cornhusk. Tiny figures of all the country characters are modeled with the utmost perfection, and dressed in their proper clothes.

All over the country the skillful hands of Indian craftsmen

are at work making these delightful things, generally using the pure joyous colors they love, such as cerise, purple, green, and yellow. No wonder the market places are so vivid!

The work of the Indian artists goes not only to village plazas but to markets in big towns, carried in crates on the makers' backs, or transported by burros. The city market place is a whole block roofed over, with many aisles and stands. All the lovely and amusing things which go to the villages appear in great quantities there, hundreds of baskets, hats, and mats, whole aisles of toys and pottery, as well as marvelous fruit, vegetables, and flowers.

Market day brings sociability to the country folk, but the supreme joy of every Mexican, young or old, is a fiesta. Villagers can think up plenty of reasons for small local holidays which will, at least, have fireworks and church bells, food and drink, and plenty of gay things to buy. But the big festivals given in honor of a patron saint, a national holiday, or some of the big church days, are a glorious riot of color, noise, and excitement.

Never a fiesta which doesn't have a send-off before dawn with an outburst of firecrackers and rockets in the plaza and a great clanging of bells. The booths in the plaza are all aflutter with crimped streamers and rosettes of colored tissue paper, and filled with gaudy candies, fruit drinks, and fascinating toys. The year, in Mexico, in fact, is a procession of fiestas, each with its special toys, trinkets, and fireworks. It really begins with their Independence Day, the sixteenth of September, commemorating the day when Hidalgo rang the Liberty Bell and led his peasant congregation out to battle. It is celebrated all over the country, but in Mexico City there is a particularly dramatic ceremony on the night before. At eleven o'clock on the fifteenth, the President of Mexico steps out on the balcony of the National Palace above the Zocalo; or huge plaza where the people are

massed. He gives again the *Grito de Dolores*, Hidalgo's stirring call to independence. The plaza and its surrounding buildings—the Cathedral, the National Palace and others—are illuminated with thousands of electric lights in red, white and green, the colors of the flag. Whistles blow, people cheer, fireworks and cannon make a noisy climax.

Always, at the big fiestas, there are marvelous paper masks for the children to dress up in—fantastic animals in bright colors, devils, and death's heads. "*Mascaras a diez!*" cry the street vendors—"Masks at ten." For ten centavos each child may transform himself into a monster, an animal, or a fairy-tale creature.

An important fiesta in a town is a lively street fair. Besides the booths so blithe with color and bouquets of flowers, there are Ferris Wheels taking solemnly thrilled youngsters for rides in the sky. A merry-go-round wheezes its little tune, and pin-wheels whirl around, scattering sparks over the people.

Las Carpas, the little tent shows, are particularly fascinating. The battered canvas tents are set up in the plaza among the booths. A racket of trumpets and drums, and a loud-mouthed barker before each one, advertise the show within. Townsfolk and country Indians crowd in. Mothers and babies and groups of eager children sit on the crude wooden benches, gazing enchanted at the doings on the tiny stage draped with gaudily painted scenery. There are all sorts of shows, from burlesques, dances, and songs to old Spanish plays flaunting swords, fans, and court costumes.

Children adore the *fantoches*, big-headed puppets, and the marionettes. The *fantoches* are caricature figures something like Punch and Judy. In Mexico they are a peon and his wife who go through funny antics. The man wears peasant sandals, white suit, and sombrero and has a big red nose. His wife has the long skirts, embroidered blouse, and braided pig-tails of the

Indian woman. They sing and dance, fight and kick each other, to the delight of the audience.

The marionettes are the little clay *titeres* which one sees for sale at the market places. They have a wide repertory of plays, which their manipulators make them perform with lively skill, and their lines are spoken by clever ventriloquists. Some of the shows are miracle plays. A very popular play is a burlesque bull-fight, acted with the greatest spirit by all concerned, including the marionette bull. He plunges and stamps around the arena in realistic fury. A comic peon runs into the pen pursued by a policeman. The bull chases the peon and tosses both characters over the fence. The matador comes on and kills the bull with a perfect technique which some live bullfighters might envy.

No Mexican fiesta is complete without a glory of fireworks and uproar of firecrackers. The skilled makers of these wonders produce the most unique creations, grotesque or beautiful, to thrill the people. The fireworks makers are among the most honored craftsmen in the country. Their technique came from Spain, but it is the Indian imagination which creates such colorful, grotesque creatures. Their humble shops on the outskirts of the town are generally known by the papier-mache figure of *Torito*, the little Bull, hanging outside. The men work at their dangerous trade in courtyards, and the whitewashed walls of the shops are hung with a variety of fantastic paper shapes.

Mexico is still a land of folklore and peasant superstitions, of mysteries and miracles. So, among the fiestas, especially for patron saints, or during the religious holidays, appear native and colorful dances. Some villages give Passion Plays at Easter, staged in and around the church. The whole population takes part very earnestly in the pageant.

The traditional dances, performed in honor of a patron saint, have something of each race in their ideas. Relics of Aztec dance

and rhythm are in them, mingled with Spanish customs adopted after the Conquest, but given their special Indian twist of imagination and performance.

The Dance of the Moors and the Christians, which the Taxco people love, is evidently reminiscent of the conquest of the Moors in Spain. The characters are Moors and Spanish soldiers, the Christian Ambassador, such Roman personages as Tiberius and the Centurion, and often, for no reason at all except that they love to have him, the favorite Saint James, or Santiago. There is much parleying among the characters, all in Aztec, and a dance between the Moors and Christians wielding machetes in which the Christians always win. Santiago, in befeathered hat and short full skirt, astride a wooden hobby horse, careens among the dancers. A comic character called *El Viejo*, or Old Man, mimics the personages of the dance and keeps the spectators back from the performance.

The costumes are an interesting mixture of everyday clothes with colored skirts, capes, and other bits of drapery made of cheap cloth, trimmed with various ornaments. The elaborate headdresses and masks which the dancers wear are the best part of the costuming. The masks are carved and painted in vivid expressions and represent the characters of the dancers they are playing. Some wear coronets or gilded helmets with tissue paper plumes above their masks.

One or two squeaky violins generally accompany the dances, or even more frequently the ancient drum and flute, still called by their Aztec names—*huehuetle* the drum, and *chirimia* the flute.

Spaniards brought the fire and grace of their other dances to Mexico as well as the miracle play idea. Out of them undoubtedly grew the Mexican folk dance, the *jarabe*. Since it is supposed to have originated in the state of Jalisco where many

Andalusians settled, it may have developed from the graceful dances of that part of Spain.

But at any rate, as it was danced all over Mexico during the Spanish period it acquired its special Mexican characteristics.



SPANISH DANCERS

It is danced with fire and spirit in many a village and has become a stage favorite. On the stage the dancers wear the traditional costumes of old Mexico. For the man, this is a very ornate charro suit, and for the girl a China Poblana peasant costume, consisting of a very full scarlet and green skirt covered with

spangles, and embroidered white blouse, and hair braided with red ribbons.

It is a thrilling dance to watch as the pair go through the nine sets of steps to alluring melodies. At the end the girl must show her skill by dancing around the brim of her partner's huge sombrero which he has thrown at her feet. Then she puts it on her head and faces her partner with a gesture of triumph.

—*Anne Merriman Peck in "Young Mexico" (Abridged).*

It is an interesting fact, that in colonial days in Mexico, the name *mexicano* applied only to Indians.

The creole or mixture of French, Spanish and Indian was called an *americano*. The white man was an *español*, and sometimes he was known as a *gachupin* because he wore shoes.

Spanish is the chief language of Mexico and the Indian dialects are becoming extinct in many regions.

MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

THURLOW LIEURANCE, who tells in this story some thing of the life of the Pueblo Indians who live in the famous Indian and art village of Taos, New Mexico, is well known as the composer of the ever-popular song *By the Waters of Minnetonka*.

Mr. Lieurance was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and although not yet of age, served as chief musician in the 22nd Kansas Infantry in the Spanish-American War.

Following the war, and the continuance of his musical education, Mr. Lieurance became interested in the life and music of the American Indian while on visits to the home of his brother who was a physician stationed by the government at an Indian reservation in Montana. Since that time, Mr. Lieurance has spent many months, during several years, visiting Indian tribes and learning their songs, dances, and tribal rituals. He has also written a large number of songs and compositions for orchestral instruments, a large per cent of which are in some way based upon the tribal music of the American Indian.

Mr. Lieurance received a doctor's degree from the Fontainebleau in France, in recognition of his research into Indian lore and song. In telling of his work Mr. Lieurance says:

"It was in 1903 that my attention was called to the songs of the Red Man when I was sent by the United States Government to the Crow reservation to secure records for the Smithsonian Institution. In gathering Indian songs, since that day, I have visited thirty-three tribes. It was impossible to learn all the many dialects, but I did learn the Indian sign language, which furnishes a common means of communication to all but a few

tribes, so that an Indian from Canada can communicate with an Indian from Florida, although their speech differs widely.

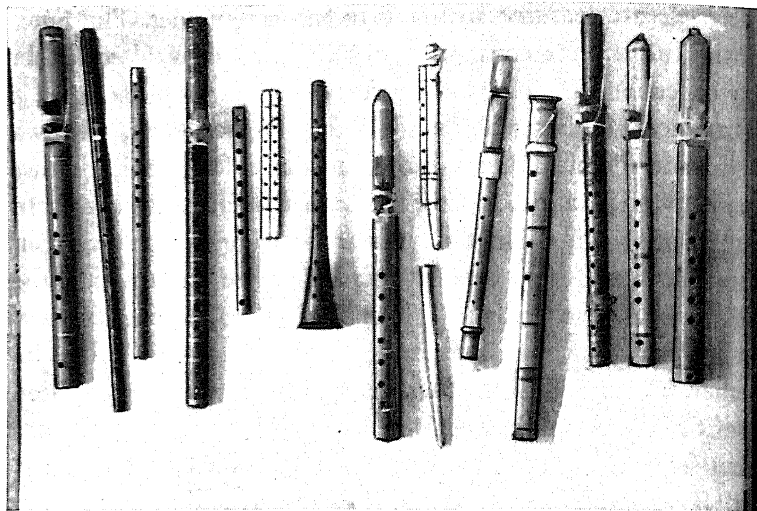
"I am convinced that the American Indian has a theme for every activity and characteristic of his life. His best songs are his spiritual songs, and his flute or flageolet is his only real musical instrument, although the tom-tom, the big drum, and the rattle are featured in many Indian ceremonies. The flutes of the Indians are constructed for different musical scales. In my collection of Indian flutes are a six-toned Hopi flageolet, a four-toned Hopi flageolet made from a hollow bone, a Kiowa and some Pueblo flutes; also a four-toned flute which shows marks of civilization, having been made by a Ute Indian from a piece of gas pipe. The tone was produced on it by blowing on the rim. Exquisitely beautiful flageolets are seen among the Southern Pueblo Indians. These Indians are splendid silver-smiths, and I have one flute made by pounding silver dollars together, by hand. Still another interesting flute in the collection is of Cheyenne origin and is made to correspond with the ancient five-tone, or pentatonic scale, which is the Cheyenne scale.

"Handcarved figures, often of animals, are added, many times being bound to the flute with thongs of sinew or skin, with the wish that they will bring the player 'good medicine.' Feathers attached to a flute are a further symbol of good luck, and are believed by the tribal musicians to ward off evil spirits.

"The flute is the dearest and most valued musical instrument of the Indian. He will take a piece of red cedar, hollow it out, glue the two halves together with pitch-pine, and wrap the whole tight with sinew or cord. All Indian flutes are blown into the end like a flageolet, and are made to imitate the songs of different birds, even the cry of the night-owl, and to play melodies. Semitones are produced by cross-fingering. The tone produced by these primitive instruments is, in most cases, of an

appealing quality, and is, in the case of each instrument, modified or individualized by the personality of the Indian who fashioned it.

"It is a mistake to suppose that Indian music is all alike. There are almost as many schools of music as there are tribes. The



THURLOW LIEURANCE'S REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF INDIAN FLUTES

Indian uses music as a ritual to illustrate a fixed purpose in life. For that reason he cannot exhibit the music of the tribe for the passing stranger. It would be sacrilege to him to sing such religious songs, for example, as the hymn to the sunset, out of their proper setting.

"Words are seldom used except in the love songs and in the prayers or petitions to the deity. Other songs are sung to syllables. The syllables most frequently used are *hay-uh* and *high-uh*. Strange to say, tribes thousands of miles apart will use these same syllables. Indians sing with no visible movement of the lips

or jaw. They rarely open their mouths in singing as a white man does—the opening of their lips will be just a little slit. Their voices, especially in the low registers, are marvelously resonant. Their singing endurance is beyond belief. For a singer to go on continuously for twenty-four hours is in no way extraordinary. The reason that this is possible is that the Indian sings only



PUEBLO INDIANS RECORDING TRIBAL MELODIES FOR THURLOW LIEURANCE

vowels. Each tribe sings the same vowel as all others, but with a different placement.

“In the ritualistic activities of the Indians of the Chippewa Clan, or Society, music plays an important part. The initiation, which may last over a period of six weeks, is a pageant or dramatization of Chippewa ideas of the creation of the world, and contains two hundred songs.

“Some of my choicest recordings of tribal music come from the Taos Pueblo Indians. At first I had great difficulty in securing the chieftain’s permission to make them. He told his braves to have nothing to do with the phonograph, for, he said,

"You give away your spirit and get nothing in return. If you play for it you will become poisoned before sundown." However, some of the best singers (the ones who could sing the highest—the Indian standard of judgment) came to me outside the pueblo and made about a hundred records. Then one night I gave a concert with these for the old chief which won him completely, and through his kindness I was able to secure many valuable records.

"The pueblo village where this convert took place is built like two great apartment houses. No one knows when the two huge pyramidal piles of mud, built story upon story into dwellings, were made; they have certainly been a part of the desert for centuries. The little Pueblo River, crossed here and there by bridges of hewn logs, runs between these houses. Near them are the corrals where the wheat is threshed by driving goats or burros over it, the adobe ovens where the women bake, and all the other features of the community's life, with its many ceremonies, each of which has its interpretation in song.

"The music of the formal Indian ceremonial is at once forceful, graceful, and poetic. One ceremony may continue for days, and include from two to three hundred songs. Careful practice is given these songs during the weeks which immediately precede the festal occasion, as, once the ceremony has begun, there must be no deviation from the ritual or traditional version of any song. In case even one singer should so transgress, the rite would cease abruptly. In many of the songs, no words are sung to the simple, effective tribal melodies, but syllables only. These, through long and affectionate use, have come to exert a profound appeal upon those feelings which often elude definite expression in the use of words.

"No more beautiful illustration of the union of tribal music,

impressive ceremonial dramatization, and spectacular, colorful pageantry may be found in America, than that which occurs during the annual Pueblo Festival of San Geronimo at Taos.

"The Indian village is situated in northern New Mexico, about thirty miles from a railroad that runs through the famous Santa Fe Valley. In easy walking distance are the Taos Mountains, which tower above the town to a height of thirteen thousand feet. Here two community houses—one of two, the other of seven stories—built in adobe fashion more than a thousand years ago, still stand, each capable of sheltering about two hundred inhabitants. These houses—one of which stands on either side of the Taos River—were the homes of the Pueblo Indians centuries before the Spanish explorers came riding through the valley in 1540 in search of fabled treasure.

"The festival really opens on the evening of the twenty-ninth, just as the setting sun begins to cast shadows upon the mesa. The festival is celebrated, in nearly every particular, as it has been celebrated for nearly two hundred years. After a service in the adobe chapel, during which boughs are blessed, the dance begins, accompanied by a weird monotonous chant in the minor mode. As the darkness deepens, the flaming torches, the occasional flash of gay colors in some lighted spot, the chilly air, the wide distances, and the wild fervor of the participants, create a scene of ghostly beauty.

"The Pueblos start the festivities with chant and dance at sundown. Sung as it is by five hundred selected male voices, in perfect unison, the chant is impressive to the utmost degree. The warriors, attired in white blankets, form in two straight lines, then sing in unison and dance away from the pueblo, straight toward the setting sun, carrying with them the boughs of the aspen tree. They continue dancing until the moment the

sun drops behind the horizon, then fall to the ground and remain there in meditation all during the night, hoping, by this act of devotion, to get some word from their patron saint, San Geronimo. The meditation takes on almost the character of a seance, and some of the warriors presently feel that they have received a message from the absent saint.

"In the morning, just as the sun appears again in the east, they dance back to the pueblo, waving red blankets in greeting to it, and bringing word to those at the pueblo that San Geronimo has sent them a message that he cannot come to them this year—but will at some later time—this and other messages for their comfort and advice. The sacrifice pole is usually set on the evening of the twenty-ninth, and topped with the sacrifice, so that it will be there to greet the god, should he come with the rising sun. After the dancers leave the pueblo, campfires are lighted, and through the clear night air the visitor can sometimes hear, in addition to festival songs, the crooning of ancient Pueblo lullabies by the Indian mothers."

—*ThurLOW Lieurance.*

MORNING

I stood
Beside my Mother
While my Father
Said the Dawn Prayer.

Then the gray tears
On the sky's face
Melted.
The clouds pushed away
And the Sun
Smiled through them.

Now it is gray again;
But I cannot forget
That when my Father spoke
The Sun came
And looked down
Upon us.

—*Ann Nolan Clark.*

THE GARDEN

Beside my Mother's hogan door
Between the sheep corral
And the waterhole
Is the small place
That my Father has fenced
To make a home
For the squash
And the melons
And the chili
And the beans.

My father says, in English,
"This is the garden."

—*Ann Nolan Clark.*

SHEEP CORRAL

Near my Mother's hogan
Is the sheep corral,
A bare, brown place
Fenced with poles.

There is a tree
For shade.

There is a shelter
For lambs
In the sheep corral.

The sheep stand together
In their corral.
They stand close
To each other.
I think
Sheep like to know
That they are many.

Sometimes
I play that way.
I play
That there are many children
All around me,
All about me.

When I am herding
And I cannot see my Mother
It is good
To play
That many children
Stand together with me,
And that all outside
Is my corral.

—*Ann Nolan Clark.*

GOODNIGHT

Beautiful Mountain
Looks so blue

And so cold
And so lonely
Now that the Sun
And the sheep
And I
Are going.

If it were nearer to me
And small
I could bring it
Into my Mother's hogan
Under my blanket.
I would not have to say,
Goodnight,
Goodnight,
Beautiful Mountain,
Goodnight.

—*Ann Nolan Clark.*

NIGHT

Night is outside
In his black blanket.
I hear him
Talking with the wind.
I do not know him.
He is outside.
I am here
In my Mother's hogan,
Warm in my sheepskin,
Close to my Mother.
The things I know
Are around me

Like a blanket,
Keeping me safe
From those things
Which are strange,
Keeping me safe.

—*Ann Nolan Clark.*

NOON

Now it is middle-time of day.
The sheep stand still.
The shadows sit under the trees.

Everything is resting,
The Sun
And the sheep
And the shadows.

I, too, rest.
And I look at Beautiful Mountain
Behind my mother's hogan
I am thinking about something.

—*Ann Nolan Clark.*

INDIAN TRIBAL MUSIC

THE music of the Indian has always been a very important part of his life; through it he communicates with the unseen world, worships, plays games, hunts, and fights. The romantic quality and wide variety of his music is therefore unequalled. There is special music for all his ceremonies, such as prayer songs for rain or bountiful crops; thanksgiving songs in case of victory; songs of love; and songs of war.

There are two distinct divisions in the history of the American Indian—particularly the Indian of the West and Southwest—and his tribal customs and music.

One of these divisions begins with his written history, which starts in 1539-40, when Don Francisco Vasquez Coronado and his band of adventurous Spanish explorers made the Indian of the Southwest known to civilization. This famous journey of exploration took place twenty-five years before the settling of St. Augustine, America's oldest city, and eighty years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. It was inspired by visionary tales of the celebrated "Seven Cities of Cibola" and the legendary Quivera.

Coming presently to the pueblo dwellings of the Zuñi Indians, even then of great antiquity, Coronado believed that one of the "Seven Cities" had been found and that a part of his search was ended. On August 3, 1540, he wrote to the Viceroy of Spain, concerning the newly discovered Zuñi pueblo:

"It now remains for me to tell you about this city; the name of the city; and the large stone houses."

There is, however, an atmosphere pervading the Pueblos which is much older than that of the Spanish conquest. By far the more important and also more picturesque history of the Pueblo, and other western Indians, from either a scientific or an artistic point of view, is that which has been deduced from the appearance and home environment of the Indian himself, and from his traditions and ceremonies.

Many historical facts of importance have been gleaned from the studies and investigations made by scientists in the picturesque Canyon de Chelly in Arizona. Here, owing to the dryness and purity of the atmosphere, large numbers of objects have been preserved throughout a period of many generations. Thus, one may reconstruct the life of the ancient dwellers in these ruins.

A problem of much interest to scientists is one which suggests that the native American Indian is a descendant of an old race which migrated to this country in an ancient time, possibly across the Bering Straits. Certain it is that there are many similarities between some of the customs of early dwellers in Tibet and customs common to the daily life of both Hopis and Navajos—in their simplicity, the use of similar domestic animals, the use of constantly and gently tinkling goat-bells, and in the character of their flutes and flute melodies.

INDIAN RHYTHMS

RHYTHM, by which is meant the systematic grouping of notes in a composition, is an essential part of all primitive Indian music. Much of the Indian's song would seem to be meaningless, if it were not for its often relentless rhythm.

As the Indian has a song for every activity of life, so he has a rhythm peculiar to each type of song and dance. Pioneers in the work of recording Indian tribal music have told of the Indian custom of listening by placing the ear close to the ground, an excellent conductor of sound. The Indian was able to tell by the rhythm carried through the earth, what events or ceremonies were taking place in an Indian camp miles away.

The beating of an Indian drum has a peculiar and immediately recognizable sound. This is partly due to the way it is made, and partly to the way in which it is beaten. An Indian drum is usually about the size of a snare drum, but it has no snares and gives out a dull, low pitched tone. It is often made from a hollowed out piece of a log, and the skin stretched over its top to make the drum-head is kept taut by frequent wettings. It is sometimes beaten by the hand of the Indian musician, but more frequently by an improvised drumstick. In the treeless deserts of the Southwest, braided yucca stalks are often used as drumsticks.

An Indian seldom beats the drum or shakes the rattle exactly with the corresponding tone he is singing, he usually follows the voice, with a regularity which produces a weird effect.

The rhythm of an Indian song is often made irregular by the

uneven spacing of accents, thus creating measures of differing lengths. An Indian musician may also use more than one rhythm at a time, singing in double time and accompanying himself by a triple drum beat.

A typical illustration of this is heard in the picturesque Deer Dance¹ which is a part of the annual memorial ceremony of the Rogue River Indians of Oregon. In this ceremony, a number of dancers put on the skins and horns of deer and other animals. Others dress in the garb of hunters, and to the rhythmic accompaniment of songs, from the remainder of the tribe, exploit those hunters who have now gone to the Happy Hunting Ground. The dance begins with a lively melody in two-four measure, accompanied by a steady, relentless, never-stopping beating of the dull-toned Indian drums in three-four measure—a combination of cross-rhythm frequent in Indian music.

The tempo, or rate of speed, at which a drum rhythm is beaten has much to do with its effect. So, among many tribes, a slow, but never-changing, drum-beat in four-part measure accompanies the chant of a stately tribal death-procession. This same four-part drum-beating, in rapid, but never-varying tempo, forms the barbaric accompaniment to the fierce movements of the wild, frenzied war dance.

Many of the Pueblo Indian villages are built about open dance plazas, in which the throbbing drum-beat supplies the rhythmic background for the chants of the frequent dance-dramas. Within the pueblo dwellings the grinding of corn by the women consumes many hours each day. Just outside is a circular area known as the threshing floor, where wheat is threshed by the hoofs of horses and burros, and winnowed by means of primitive shovels and the breeze. These, and almost

¹ Professor Charles S. Skilton of the University of Kansas used this Deer Dance melody in a large composition for orchestra.

all other daily activities, are always accompanied by rhythmic songs of great antiquity.

Lively rhythmic game songs are repeated almost endlessly during the hours which children or adults spend in amusement. Adults of the Pueblos have sung the same rhythmic game songs for centuries as they gamble with sticks or pebbles. Some of the most quaintly exquisite melodies ever recorded among the Indians are their lullabies, which employ the same swaying, rocking rhythm as do lullabies the world over.

* * *

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

(A Scottish Lullaby)

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

INDIAN MELODY AND HARMONY

INDIAN songs are usually simple and short. The climax of the true Indian song comes at its beginning, and for this reason many Indian melodies begin high in pitch and then trail off toward the bottom of the scale. The beauty and effectiveness of an Indian song is further enhanced by its very frequent use of five- and six-toned scales, these scales corresponding with the usual possibilities of the Indians' handmade flute. The number of scale-tones usually preferred by an Indian singer is five. Nearly half of the tribal songs which have been recorded are in the five-toned, or pentatonic scale.

Indian songs are almost always sung in unison rather than harmony. The Indians are always extremely cautious in their choice of a "first voice," the Indian singer whose duty it is to lead the tribal singing and to teach the old songs to a new generation of singers.

An unusual type of harmony is heard during certain ceremonies of a few of the Western tribes. Here the women of the tribe add a sort of obligato while sitting in a circle behind the lines of the men singers at large gatherings. Holding their hands or shawls across their mouths, they produce a high humming tone an octave above the voices of the men.

A third illustration of primitive harmony is the ceremonial music which is a part of the Rogue River Deer Dance. During this memorial ceremony, the opening melody is intoned by the chief singer, then taken up in turn by the whole company. A commemorative speech is then made by the Chief of the tribe, after which the first melody is repeated. Primitive vocal ensemble or accompaniment is created by the men and women



Courtesy Santa Fe R.R.

ARAPAHO INDIAN CAMP CRIER

singers of the tribe while this opening melody is being intoned by the chief singer. A dreary monotonous tune, which is characterized by the interval of a rising third, is chanted by the women and the middle-aged men. At the same time, the accompanying song of the old men of the tribe is characterized by a symbolic falling third. This very unusual tribal music is sung while the whole company stands in a half-circle, alternately men and women, and costumed dancers pass in and out amongst them. All the singers beat time constantly with the left foot, and the drums are sounded incessantly.

INDIAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE native instruments of the North American Indian are but six in number. Of these, four must be struck or shaken to be sounded and thus may be said to belong to what is known in the modern symphony orchestra as the Percussion Choir. The remaining two are wind instruments.

Oldest among these six instruments, and most universal in their use by the Indians, are the drum and the rattle.

An Indian drum may be made in many ways. The shell may be of pottery, metal, or wood, bent or turned into shape, or a log may be hollowed out. Over this there is stretched a skin of a deer, pig, horse, lizard, snake, or other animal. For drumsticks, the Indian likes best the wood of the grapevine. If a soft sound is wished, the drumstick may be made with a knob of deerskin stuffed with feathers.

The uses of an Indian drum are as varied as the life of the Indian. They are used to accompany war songs, and are played during dances and games. They also accompany dream songs and mystery songs, the themes or melodies of which came to the Indians after long periods of fasting and meditation. Drums used for these purposes are small and resemble a tambourine in shape. They are beaten in tremolo by the finger, or a small reed. Some Indian drums further resemble the tambourine by having jingles set in the frame of the instrument.

The tom-tom, a name often used in connection with any kind of Indian drum, is most correctly used to designate a small or medium sized drum with two heads. The tom-tom is closely related to the Oriental instrument of the same name (or tam-tam) frequently seen and heard in India and China. This

instrument is shallow as to height, and is often held on the arm by the Indian player as he beats it. Heads of the drumstick may vary from a knob of stone to the softness of a feather-stuffed ball, according to the type of tone desired.

A hollow object, as a gourd, which is often elaborately painted or otherwise decorated, containing such small objects as pebbles, is the most familiar of the Indian rattles. It is of great interest to the scientist or musician who continues to trace the relationship of Indian music to that of the Orient, to note the resemblance of the tom-tom and of the rattle, to primitive instruments of China and other Mongolian peoples. Among the earliest known Chinese musical instruments was the Chinese *yu*, used in Confucian ceremonies and given a place of prominence in the temple. Here it was often given the form of a crouching tiger, along the back of which were carved many teeth. At the close of each verse in the temple songs, this tiger would be struck three times over the head. After this a bamboo beater would be passed rapidly over the saw-tooth projections on its back, to produce a peculiar rasping sound. This form of rattle is common with the Hopis and the Zuñi, and is used, by the Yaqui Indians of Arizona, in their deer dances. Here, the notched stick is made from cactus, the rubber is a bit of grease-wood, and the resonator a half-gourd.

A peculiar instrument in many Indian tribes is the *whizzer*. This is a wooden blade attached to a long cord of braided thongs or yucca fiber, which is held in the hand or fastened to a handle. Used in some ceremonies during the petition for rain, the blade is swung in the air, and sounds, according to musicians of the Navajo tribe, like the voice of the "thunder-bird" which speaks in the clouds before the coming of rain. To the Hopi musician, the sound of the whizzer is the sound of the wind which will accompany the thunderstorm. Many

Indian tribes stain the blades of their whizzers dark, to suggest the storm-cloud, and notch the edges to resemble the appearance of lightening.

The whistle, the simpler of the Indian's wind instruments, is made from a straight stick or bone, or from a globular gourd. In its most familiar form it is made from the wing-bone of the eagle or the wild turkey, and has three finger-stops, by which five shrill notes can be made. Different tones are also produced by the manner in which it is blown.

Stringed instruments are not native to the American Indian and occur in only a few tribes where the model has undoubtedly been acquired from the white man. Those used by the Apaches are made from the flower of the yucca or from an agave stalk. The pith is extracted except at the ends, and the fiddle is then strung with one string. This is either a sinew or a cord made of twisted horsehair. The bow is usually a short, half-round stick, also strung with horsehair. The instrument, when played, is held at right angles with the body, its lower end being pressed against the middle of the player's chest. Contrary to general usage the right hand stops the string, and the left hand runs the bow back and forth across it with a sawing motion.

Most artistic and personal of all his musical instruments is the Indian's flute, or flageolet.

Indian flutes are not of standard size. Each is made by hand and of a size to best fit the physical requirements of the man who is to play it.

INDIANS AND THEIR CUSTOMS¹

INDIANS of the Grand Canyon country are one of its most fascinating lures. The district is one of the very few areas in the United States where the "red" man still lives in his native state, primitive but happy, contented and unchanged by the white man's civilization.

In addition, the Grand Canyon region bears many mute evidences of a prehistoric people who lived in strange cliff dwellings high in the prismatic walls of the side canyons. Who these people were, whence they came, and what happened to them remains a mystery, despite the earnest investigations and studies of scholars.

That these prehistoric peoples who beat trails into the Canyon long before white men ever gazed upon it attained a fair standard of living is evidenced by the relics they have left in their dwellings—mealing stones, earthen vessels, ornaments, bits of pottery, and articles of wearing apparel, notably homespun cotton cloth and sandals made from the fiber of the yucca plant.

Almost invariably, these cliff dwellings were constructed by piling stones, secured by a mud mortar, along the outer edges of shelves protected by large overhanging rocks. Most of them were reached only by narrow trails along precarious ledges, indicating that the occupants sought safety there from marauding enemies.

The cliff dwellers evidently cultivated small plots of soil on the flats below and carried their crops in baskets on their shoulders to their isolated fortress homes.

¹ Reprinted and abridged, with permission of the *Stanford University Press*, from "Grand Canyon Country" by Tillotson and Taylor.

That this dwelling had been occupied for many decades, perhaps centuries, was indicated by relics of pottery of four distinct types. A mealing stone, worn almost in two, and a "mano," or grinding stone, reduced to a mere shell, bore mute



NAVAJO INDIANS

evidence of the generations of industrious hands which on this spot had ground tons of corn to meal.

The discovery of corncobs and dried pods resembling a giant lima bean in ancient food caches gives an inkling of the agricultural pursuits of these lost peoples. The caretaker of Kaibab Trail found some of these beans in a dwelling on Bright Angel Creek. Planted by a cabin near Phantom Ranch, they germinated and produced lusty vines which covered the entire front of the cabin.

The patience with which the cliff dwellers labored may be realized after inspection of frequent small flat areas along the lower Bright Angel Trail, formed and fenced with low rock walls. These were the tiny garden patches of people who sought safety and shelter in dwellings high above on the cliffs.

These cliff dwellers may have been the forerunners of the present-day Indians who thrive in the Grand Canyon country, or they may have been a lost race, who perished from the earth notwithstanding their ingenuity in sheltering and protecting themselves.

The pottery and other relics left by the cliff dwellers bear resemblance to the present-day works of the Hopis.

All Indians who inhabit the region adjacent to the Grand Canyon belong to one of three tribes—Navajo, Hopi, or Havasupai. The Navajos are the Bedouins of the southwest, continually roaming the desert with their flocks of sheep and goats. The Hopis live in pueblos, or towns, on the mesas overlooking the fields which they irrigate and cultivate. The Havasupais are the River Indians, living far down on the flats in the narrow canyons bordering on the Colorado.

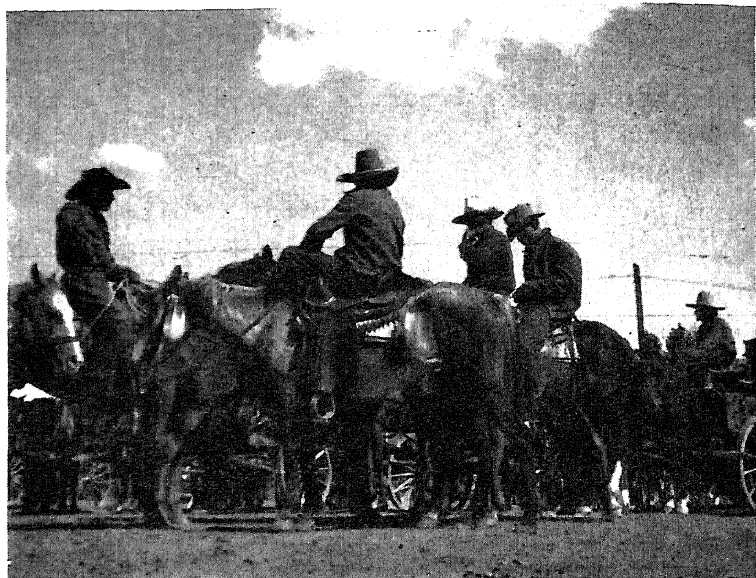
Strictly speaking, the Havasupais are the only Indians who make their homes in the park proper, though the others come to the Canyon to work and to sell their wares.

The Havasupai Reservation is in Havasu or Cataract Canyon, a tributary of the Grand Canyon, near the western end of the park. It may be reached only by a fourteen-mile trail trip from the rim. These Indians are related to the Yumas, farther to the west. Their name, meaning "people of the blue water," is derived from the brilliant color of the lime-impregnated water of the Havasu Creek.

In an earlier period of its existence, the tribe lived along the Little Colorado River, and later in the San Francisco Mountains.

A peaceful people, they were no match for the warlike Apaches who surrounded them, and the Havasupais fled finally to the canyons of the Colorado for safety.

The total strength of the tribe is around 200, near which figure it has remained stationary for many years. The home



Courtesy Santa Fe R.R.

NAVAJO INDIANS

of the Havasupais is a beautiful, level canyon floor, about two and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide, through which flows Cataract Creek. The creek rises a few miles above the Indian village in a series of springs, and plunges through Havasu Canyon in a series of three waterfalls, one of them two hundred feet in height.

In this haven of refuge, the fertile soil, an abundance of water, and a semi-tropical climate enable the Havasupais to raise all

they need of grain, alfalfa, corn, melons, fruits, and vegetables.

Of all native tribes in the United States, this remnant of a timid, peace-loving people is least touched by civilization from the outside. The older men tell how time after time, in the olden days, the Apaches raided the canyon, drove out the Havasupais, and stole their stores of food. Time after time, the river people returned to their valley and industriously planted new crops. It is the proud boast of the Havasupais that no member of their tribe ever killed a white man.

The Havasupais are good farmers but are not as skilled as their neighbors, the Navajos or the Hopis, though the women make fair baskets, some of which are covered with piñon pitch to serve as water jars.

The Navajos are the most virile and the most prosperous of all the Southwestern Indians. They have been steadily increasing in numbers until today there are in excess of 40,000 of them on the Navajo Reservation of 9,500,000 acres. However, because of their nomadic habits, Navajos are never seen together in great numbers.

The Navajo lives out under the skies the year around. A nomad, he is ever on the move, with his family and his flocks. He spends much of his time on horseback. His home is his campfire. Sometimes, if time permits and the weather is bad, he builds a rude log and mud hut, or hogan, resembling a beehive open at the top, above his flickering flames or makes use of a predecessor's hogan. The deserts about the Canyon are dotted with these crude circular dwellings, doors always facing east. Following his flock from one pasture to another, the Navajo camps in a hogan, if he can find one; if not, he builds his campfire in the shelter of a ravine or a cliff.

If plentiful grass leads him to pause at any time in his wanderings, the Navajo generally builds for himself a new

brush hogan if it is summer or one of logs if it is winter. For plaster to keep out the night winds, he uses mud.

Navajo legends tell of the introduction of sheep and goats into the life of the tribe by capture from the early Spanish settlers in Mexico, probably in the sixteenth century. Before that, the tribe lived, no doubt, by hunting and by raiding their more industrious neighbors. Today there is scarcely a family that does not possess several hundred sheep, and many Navajos own thousands.

The Navajos are governed by a Tribal Council of some twenty-four men chosen by popular vote from various sections of the reservation. They, in turn, elect one of their members to serve as president or chief of the Council.

The Navajos are best known to the public for their blankets or rugs. The art of making these is quite evidently a comparatively new one among them, for the reason that they had no wool until the introduction of sheep by the Spaniards.

Remnants of cotton fabrics have been found in prehistoric cliff dwellings, and the early Spanish explorers reported that the Pueblo Indians were cultivating cotton and weaving it into cloth for garments. It is generally believed that the Navajos learned weaving from the Hopis, either through capture of Hopi women, or through an arrangement by which the Hopis and Zuñis agreed to teach weaving to the Navajos and to exchange blankets and livestock as a guaranty against molestation.

In any event, the Navajo women are most expert weavers of fine rugs or blankets. They prepare the wool by shaking, beating, and picking it, then wash it in a suds made from the root of a yucca known as soapweed, then dye it, until recently making their own vegetable dyes. Formerly, they carded the

wool with the wild teasel burr, but they now use the wire-toothed card common in Colonial times.

Efforts to introduce the spinning-wheel among the Navajos have been without success. The women use a primitive distaff, about two feet long and thrust through a round wooden disk. The wool is respun sometimes four or five times. It is rare to find a Navajo woman without her wool or her loom.

The value of a Navajo rug depends upon its firmness and smoothness, upon the pattern and its regularity, upon its quality of lying flat upon the floor, and upon the evenness of its edges.

Navajo women rarely lay out a pattern. The artistry of the design is carried in the weaver's head. Rarely does she copy a rug and seldom does she repeat. Among a thousand Navajo rugs, rarely are two found alike.

While the women are working at rugs, the Navajo men are busy with their silver work. Bracelets, earrings, necklaces, conchos, buttons, buckles, rings, and ornamental belts are wrought in large numbers. Often they are set with native stones, notably turquoise. The best of this work is hammered out of silver coins, preferably the Mexican peso, and in spite of the fact that he has but the crudest of tools, the Navajo turns out silver work remarkable for its artistry.

Rugs and silver work are "the bank account" of the Navajo family. Having no permanent home, the Navajo does not care for the luxuries and conveniences of life, other than those which he can carry. Popular demand for rugs and silver work gives him a ready market. In fact, the Navajos are among the most prosperous people of the land.

When a Navajo needs money, he takes a rug or a piece of silverware to a trading post and borrows on it, leaving it in pawn. Sometimes articles are left in pawn for years. The tags

on articles in pawn at any trading post are records of the Navajo's financial state, showing amounts borrowed and paid, sometimes over a period of years.

Navajo religious ceremonies take the form of "sings," usually for the healing of the sick. When a Navajo is ill, his friends and relatives for many miles around gather about him to attend these "sings," conducted by the priests or medicine men.

While attending the sing they are guests of the sick man, who must provide food and entertainment for as many as can come, besides paying for the medicine man. Since the sing lasts nine days, it is expensive to be sick.

In most cases, the sing is accompanied by a sand painting on the floor of the hogan. Elaborate designs in many hues are made with colored sands. This is a part of the ceremony for healing the sick. The sand painting is started after sunrise and it is always destroyed before sundown.

The Hopis belong to the Pueblo group of Indians, so named by the Spanish because they lived in villages. The Hopis are among the most intelligent, artistic, industrious, and peaceful of all American aborigines. The name Hopi (pronounced Hoe-pee) is derived from *Hopi-tuh Shi-nu-mu*, meaning "the peaceful people."

Just as in 1540, when the Spaniards discovered them, the Hopis still live in villages on three mesas, or table-lands, in the land of the Painted Desert, east of the Grand Canyon National Park.

Except for such income as is had from the sale of basketry and pottery, the Hopis derive their sole livelihood from the products of the soil. Corn is the staple crop and it is grown in a great variety of colors, each having ceremonial significance. One of their legends relates how the prehistoric Kisan brought with them from the lower world an ear of corn for seed and



Courtesy Santa Fe R.R.

HOPÍ INDIAN

finally agreed to break the ear in half and let the Pueblo have either end. While they were trying to decide which end to take, the mischievous coyote stole the tip end, leaving for them the butt, which accounts, they say, for the fact that their corn is better than that of the other tribes.

Soil and climatic conditions in Hopi-land are extremely unfavorable to agriculture. The desert soil is scant, sandy, and shallow. The Hopi's skill as an agriculturalist is amazing. His efforts meet with success where his white brother would starve.

Since their very existence depends so much upon the necessary amount of rainfall, what could be more natural and logical than that the underlying motive of all the elaborate Hopi ceremonies and tribal dances should be prayers for rain, for bountiful harvest, and for creation of life. These ceremonial dances are more highly developed and more numerous among the Hopis than with any of the other Pueblo tribes. Their nine-day rituals have a fixed order and succeed each other according to the lunar months and the purpose of the ceremony.

Among these are the Soyaluna, or winter solstice ceremony, the Buffalo Dance, the Powamu, or bean-sprouting ceremony, the Kathina dances, the Basket dances, the New Fire ceremony, and others.

The Snake and Antelope ceremony, commonly known as the Snake Dance, is the ritual of which the outside world hears most. This is given jointly by the Antelope and the Snake clans, and, in common with the others, it is a nine-day ceremonial solely with reference to rain-bringing. The date of the ceremonial is determined by the priests of the clan from certain phases of the moon; generally, it is held somewhere between the 18th and 25th of August.

The Indians do not worship or make their prayers directly to the snakes. The snakes are merely messengers to carry prayers to the rain gods and to the Great Plumed Water Serpent, all of whom live in the Underworld. If the snakes are well treated by being danced over, sprinkled with sacred meal, washed and bathed during these elaborate ceremonies, the Hopi reasons that they will most certainly return all these courtesies by asking their friends, the rain gods, to send rain. White men who are frequently caught in desert storms and cloudbursts on their way home from the Snake Dance ceremonial testify to the efficiency of the snakes as messengers.

The Hopi Snake Dance is the most peculiar and interesting ceremony conducted by any American Indians. It is one of the most sacred of the Hopi ceremonials, one well worth going long



Courtesy Santa Fe R.R.

MISHONGNOVI, SECOND LARGEST VILLAGE IN ARIZONA'S HOPILAND

distances to see. Visitors should regard it as sacred and not look upon it as a show for their entertainment.

Hopi-land with its age old mystery and its glorious desert colorings can be reached in one day by motor from the Grand Canyon. Any traveler who can do so should attend a Snake Dance.

—*M. R. Tillotson and Frank J. Taylor.*

CORN PLANTING SONG

(Sung While Using Planting-sticks)

The sacred blue corn-seed I am planting,
In one night it will grow and flourish,
In one night the corn increases,
In the garden of the home.

The sacred white corn seed I am planting,
In one day it will grow and ripen,
In one day the corn increases,
In its beauty it increases.

—*Navajo Work Song.*

RAIN MAKES IT GROW

With this it grows, with this it grows,
The dark cloud, with this it grows,
The dew thereof, with this it grows,
The blue corn, with this it grows.

With this it grows, with this it grows,
The dark mist, with this it grows.
The dew thereof, with this it grows,
The white corn, with this it grows.

—*Navajo Work Song.*

THE OLDEST ORGAN

THE first organ known to have been set up and played in the United States came to a Mission at San Felipe, in what is now the State of New Mexico, a very long time ago. It had been carried more than two thousand miles overland from Mexico City on the back of a pack mule, before 1609.

The first American "music teacher" whose name is recorded, was Cristobal de Quinones, a Spaniard, and he it was who came to San Felipe, in 1604, and there set up a Christian Chapel. To this chapel he had the little organ brought, and on it he taught Indian children of this South West to play. As de Quinones died at San Felipe in 1609, it is certain that by the time Jamestown was being founded on the Atlantic Coast in 1607, by John Smith, native Americans were being trained to sing and play in the old Spanish Mission.

Records of the musical activities of de Quinones may be read in old Spanish Court Papers. These papers also tell of various dates upon which Indian youths brought to the Mission skins and semi-precious metals "to exchange for wind and other musical instruments." Their teacher had trained in some of the finest music schools of the Old World, and Court Records, both in Spain and in Mexico City relate how music teachers, other than missionaries or soldiers, were sent north from Mexico City to the South West Indians, "in the hope that they thereby might be more easily subjugated."

SUGGESTED MUSIC (to be sung, played, or heard, in connection with study of
Along the Southern Borders):

"Fromajardis"—*Spanish Folk Song*

"He is No Gentleman"—*Spanish Folk Song*

Negro Songs

"Ezekiel Saw de Wheel"

"Who Built de Ark?"

"Deep River"

"I been in de Storm so Long"

"Standin' in de Need of Prayer"

"Lil' Liza Jane"

"Somebody's Knocking at Your Door"

"Go Down, Moses"

"Oh Dem Golden Slippers"

"Listen to de Lambs" (*Nathaniel Dett*, arr.)

"The Last Hope"—*Gottschalk*

"Levee Song"—*Mississippi River Song*

"I'se Gwine to Alabammy, Oh!"—*Mississippi River Song*

"Mah Lindy Lou"

"Bayou Songs"

"My Love is a Fisherman" } *Lily Strickland*

"At Eve I Heard a Flute" }

"White Hawk" (A Cycle) }

"Boll Weevil Song"—*American Folk Song*

"Green Grow the Rashes"—*English Folk Song*

Cowboy Songs

"Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie"

"Goodbye, Old Paint"

"The Old Chisholm Trail"

"Whoopee Ti Yi Yo"

"The Trail to Mexico"

"Rounded up in Glory"

"Turkey in the Straw"—*David Guion*

"Sheep and Goats"—*David Guion*

"All Day on the Prairie"—*David Guion*

"El Jarabe"—*Old Folk Dance of Mexico*

"Los Viejetos"—(Old Man's Dance)—*Mexican Folk Song*

"La Cucaracha"—(The Cockroach)—*Mexican Folk Song*

Songs of the American Indian— — —

"Butterfly Dance"—*Hopi Indian Air*

"Eagle Dance"—*Hopi Melody*

"Snake Dance"—*Hopi Ceremonial*

"Sunrise Call"—*Zuñi*

Pueblo Lullaby, "Wium"—*Thurlow Lieurance*

"Aooah" (Pueblo Indian Love Song)—*Lieurance*

"Her Blanket"—*Navajo Indian Air—Lieurance*

"By Weeping Waters"—*Lieurance*

"The Dawn"—*Kinscella*

"Corn Planting Song"—*Navajo Work Song*

"Rain Makes it Grow"—*Navajo Work Song*

"Comedy Overture on Negro Themes"—*Henry F. G. Gilbert*. (One of the earliest art works to be based on ragtime or jazz style.)

"Dance in the Place Congo"—*Henry F. B. Gilbert*. (First written for orchestra, then used with ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, 1918. The music is based upon songs of Louisiana Negroes, and recalls slave dances of the old time in the Place Congo of New Orleans.)

"Negro Rhapsody"—*Gilbert*

"Bandanna Ballads"—*Sidney Homer*

"Levee Land"—*William Grant Still*

"String Quartet on Negro Themes"—*Daniel Gregory Mason*

"Dixie"—*Dan Emmett*

"Deer Dance"—*Charles S. Skilton*

NOTES

LIBRARY READING:

"Hopi Songs," Benjamin Ives Gillman and "Zuñi Melodies," both in *Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology*, Vol. I

"The Zuñi Indians and Their Music," Carlos Troyer

"Grand Canyon Country," Tillotsen and Taylor

"White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands," George Pullen Jackson

"St. Helena Spirituals," C. J. S. Ballenta

"The Book of American Negro Spirituals," James Weldon Johnson & J. Rosamond Johnson

"Afro-American Folksongs," Henry E. Krehbiel

"Creole Days," George W. Cable

SECTION III

PACIFIC COAST TALES

WHERE CALIFORNIA GOT ITS NAME

NO PART of the United States has a more romantic and colorful history than California. Its beginnings were, for many years, cloaked in mystery, and the name itself, *California*, found origin in tales of chivalry and adventure. This took place many years ago, possibly a half century before the art of printing words had been invented.

At that time, a scholar named Lobeira, from Portugal, had written a story about an imaginary hero named *Amadis*, of Gaul, and into this tale he wove much true history of the times. Everyone in Europe, in those days, was filled with curiosity about new lands, and was interested in travel and map making. It was not many years since the last of the Crusades had been made to the Holy Land. Scholars and navigators, men who lived along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and particularly citizens of the important port of Venice, spent their time in considering the shape of the world, and in drawing maps of it.

Many sailors could not read or write, yet everyone could understand a picture. So, for many years, huge maps which recorded new findings of explorers, were painted from time to time upon house walls in such cities as Venice. The Portuguese were eager students of navigation, and one of the most celebrated sailors and explorers of the age was Henry, King of the Portuguese. So it was not odd that Lobeira, the Portuguese

author, should take his imaginary characters to far-off places; or that he should place them in the midst of strange and exciting events.

The story of *Amadis de Gaula* became so popular with the comparatively small number of men and women who could read it, that, in the year 1470, Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, a learned Spanish scholar, undertook to translate the entire four volumes of the tale into Spanish, his native tongue.

All writing of those days had to be done on parchment and with quill pens. So Montalvo was a long time in the preparation of his translation, and during those years he was working on it, many new and historic happenings took place in the world. In the countries which touched the Mediterranean Sea, there was much talk of a possible piece of land at the edge of the Sea of Darkness, as the Atlantic Ocean was then called. Possibly the earth was round, who knew? Some thought that it might be, others were sure that it was not. One of those who thought the world was round was a navigator and map maker named Cristofori Colombo, and this man—whom we know as Christopher Columbus—made some globes and sent them by his brother to England, where they were much discussed.

"Why not?" thought Montalvo, one day, as he finished the translation of volume three of the story of *Amadis*. "Maybe it is round . . . Why not write a fifth book, myself, when I am done with book four of the story, and carry *Amadis* and his fortunes into later times?"

And so, as Montalvo went on with his translation of Lobeira's story of *Amadis*, book four, he is said to have cleverly inserted a few casual references to a new character whom he called *Esplandian*, and whom he introduced as the son of *Amadis*. Thus he prepared his readers for what was to follow.

The translation completed, Montalvo set himself to writing

a sequel to the old story, and this he called *The Adventures of Esplandian*. To it he brought many realistic touches by his references to a far-off land in the New World just being discovered and visited, and which many Europeans hoped might prove to be the long-sought channel to the riches of India.

Columbus, sailing on his fourth voyage, in which he hoped to pass through what is now known as the Isthmus of Panama, and then sail westward, wrote to his king and queen that if he could but do this, he would have arrived as near as man could come to "la Paradisa Terrestrial," or "paradise on earth."

Montalvo evidently knew of this letter by Columbus, for in his romance he wrote:

"Now you are to hear the most extraordinary thing that ever was heard of in any chronicles or in the memory of man. Know, then, that, on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called *California*, very close to the side of Terrestrial Paradisa."

This statement, entirely fiction, and the invention of Montalvo, is the first known appearance in print of the name *California*. Printing of words having now been invented, Montalvo's novel was soon read by men, women, and children in all Europe. It became particularly popular with young and romantic adventurers, because of its stories of the unknown. Copies of the book were carried by sailors on many expeditions. It is not strange that Hernando Cortez, the first white man known to have set foot on this most southwestern soil, should have had the fable in mind. Nor is it strange that, as a token of his high hopes and of his high admiration for the land to which he had so lately come, he gave to it that name, *California*. To his sailors, this was an appropriate action, for whether they could read or not, all knew the contents of the book, and believed that they had reached the long-sought channel.

Scholars of today, as they study the original writings of Montalvo, see in them, as in those of Lobeiro, the Portuguese, a likeness to the old English legends. *Amadis*, the perfect knight, and King of Gaul, in the earlier stories, suggests the legends of King Arthur and his legendary Court; while the idea of *Esplandian*, his son and heir, brings to mind the story of *Parsifal* and of his son, *Lohengrin*. With all these, the translator-author was doubtless familiar. Montalvo, wishing to maintain the deception of his own book's authorship, used a plan not uncommon in the field of writing, and assumed that it was written or dictated by another. The name *California*, he coined, by combination of two Greek words.

* * *

JUST CALIFORNIA*

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peak of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

—*John Steven McGroarty.*

* By gracious permission of the author.

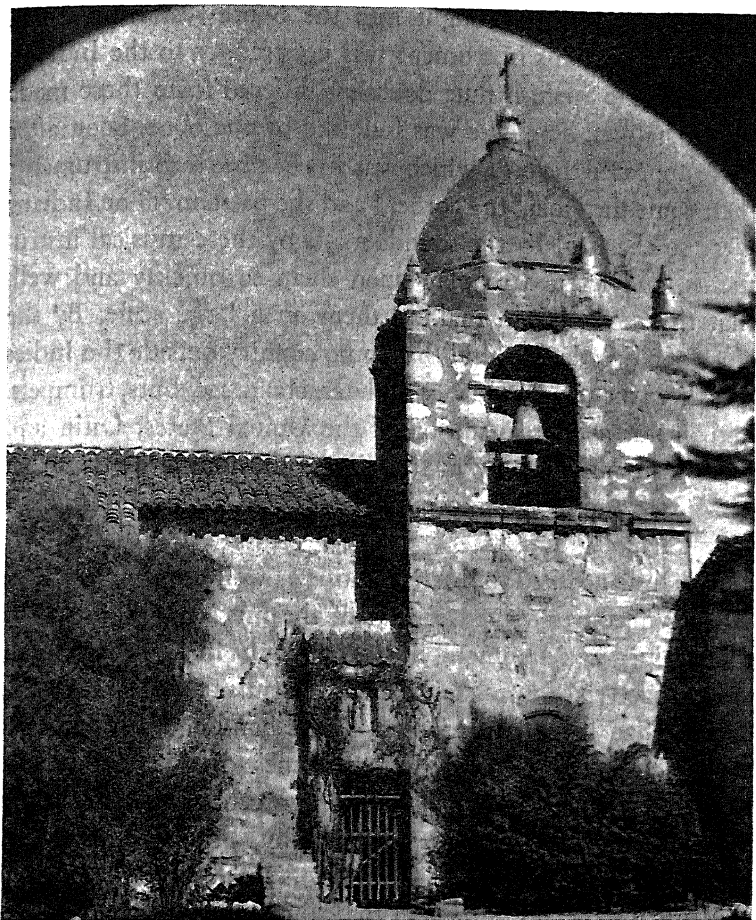
MUSIC IN THE MISSIONS

THE Conquistadors of Cortez had two main aims when they took possession of the promising provinces of "New Spain" in 1521. These aims were to civilize the Indian, and to colonize the country. All along the Border, from what is now Texas, on west, Missions sprang up, until, between 1769 and 1823, twenty-one were founded in California alone.¹ The instructions issued to the missionaries, from the Old World, included a provision that the Indians should be taught "good manners."

To accomplish all this, it was necessary that the missionaries keep the Indians together for some little time. Pueblos, or villages, were therefore built up around the church by directed labor on the part of the Indians. Here the Indians were instructed in the arts of reading, writing, and singing, while at the same time much attention was given to the practical arts. They learned how to mix *adobe*, how to construct strong walls, and how to decorate these when finished. To shape the tiles with which all the roofs were covered, Indian boys would take lumps of already prepared clay, flatten them out into oblong slabs, and then shape these by hand, one at a time, over the upper portion of the leg. This produced the almost half round tile which has been copied in California to the present day.

In the course of the singing lessons, the Indian youths became so proficient that they could provide the music for

¹ The Mission *San Diego de alcala* was the first one formed, July, 1769. Eighteen of these California missions were established before the end of the eighteenth century, and were most active in their pioneer educational enterprises during the years immediately preceding and following the War of the Revolution on the Atlantic Coast.



Courtesy Del Monte Press Bureau

THE MISSION AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

the church service. On completion of residence at the Mission, they would return to their native villages and teach others. The result was that soon not one village in a hundred was without trained musicians.

Organs were not introduced until a later period. The first

musical instrument brought into the Southwest from Spain was the flute. This instrument was no stranger to the Indians, although the Spanish flute doubtless differed from those made by the natives. The flute was followed by the oboe. Soon after there appeared the *orlo*, which was an old-time reed instrument; then came the viola,¹ the cornet,² and the bassoon.³ The Indians were so charmed by the sounds made by these musical instruments, and learned to play upon them so quickly and well, that they soon began making them on a large scale. By the close of a decade, it is said that in no country outside the Indies was there such an abundance of flutes, oboes, sackbuts, trumpets, and drums as in this section of the United States. Latin and Spanish hymns became as familiar to the Indian as his tribal melodies, and singing groups were often accompanied by instrumental groups.

The Indians liked to listen to music as well as to make it. So, when Vancouver visited several of the missions, in 1792, the most valued present among the many that he brought with him, was a good-sized mechanical hand organ. The visitor to the Mission San Juan Bautista may see this hand organ today, and will be able to hear it play the same tunes to which the Indian boys and girls listened, more than two centuries ago. At the same Mission there is also preserved a huge double-bass which was a common possession of the scholars in those first years.

Music which had no part in the church service also seems to have been encouraged. There were singing and dancing in the patios in the evenings and on holidays. Old tales of the Mission

¹ The viola is an older instrument than the violin, is larger, and has its compass a fifth lower.

² The cornet, as we know it, is simply a development of the old-time post-horn.

³ The bassoon is an instrument of great antiquity, having been given a detailed description in a learned writing of 1539.

at San Gabriel remind us of the serenades in which the boys and girls used to take part.

* * *

THE TWENTY-ONE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

(With dates of their foundings.)

- San Diego de Alcala, July 16, 1769.
- San Carlos Borromeo, June 3, 1770.
- San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771.
- San Gabriel Arcangel, September 8, 1771.
- San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, September 1, 1772.
- San Francisco de Asis, October 8 or 9, 1776.
- San Juan Capistrano, November 1, 1776.
- Santa Clara, January 12, 1777.
- San Buenaventura, March 31, 1782.
- Santa Barbara, December 4, 1786.
- Purissima Concepcion, December 8, 1787.
- Santa Cruz, August 28 or September 25, 1791.
- Nuestra Senora de la Soledad, October 9, 1791.
- San Jose de Guadalupe, June 11, 1797.
- San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797.
- San Miguel Arcangel, July 25, 1797.
- San Fernando Rey de Espana, September 8, 1797.
- San Luis Rey de Francia, June 13, 1798.
- Santa Ines, September 17, 1804.
- San Rafael Arcangel, December 14, 1817.
- San Francisco Solano (Sonoma), July 4, 1823.

INDIAN BOY'S INSTRUCTION BOOK

ONE of the first, if not *the* first, "instruction book" in music ever written in what is now the United States of America was written by an Indian lad, a school boy at an early California Mission.

The missionaries knew that the Indian boys must be able to read music if they were to play the instruments provided at the Missions, or to help with the singing during the church service. It was necessary that some kind of instruction book be prepared. One day, a boy, whose name is now forgotten, set to work. He had no paper on which to write and so he had to make pages for his manuscript book. It happened that the Mission butcher was skinning a beef for food. The boy begged for the hide, and after he had worked it for several days, cleaning, stretching it with cords and pegs pounded into the ground, he scraped it until the skin was smooth on both sides. This skin he soaked and rubbed until it was clean and soft and almost white.

After he had cut the hide into oblong pieces about twelve by eighteen inches in size, for the pages of his book, he set to work. Carefully he drew the lines of the music staff across the page. For ink he used the juice of berries which he had gathered on the hillside behind the Mission. Since he did not know the rules of music very well, his staff had sometimes five, and sometimes six lines. Only a few staves were drawn upon each page, and the lines were quite far apart. This made it possible to draw fine large notes. In fact, the notes were so big that several boys could practice from a sheet at one time as they stood about the stand upon which it was hung.

The first page had on it nothing but the scale. Underneath

Canon
Voz
Tenor
Soprano

men.

1. Virgen Divina, Virgen Sagrada, Virgen hermosa, Virgen suave.
2. Pues soys tan buena, pues muy tan Santa, pues soys tan linda, pues soys tan blanda.
3. Vuestra dulzura, vuestra fragancia, vuestra ternura, vuestra abundancia.
4. La Santa Iglesia, de Dios os llama, de peaca do res pia do sa Ma dre.
5. La mis ma Iglesia, con voz sua ve, por lle na de gracia, gustosa os clama.
6. Pues Virgen Santa, Hija del Padre, Madre del Hijo, Pa lo ma San ta.

1. Vos sois el ampa ro, que siempre busca mos, que siempre bus ca mos,
2. De Vos es pe ra mos, muerte su a ve, muerte su a ve,
3. To do nos pro me te, que nues tra de man da, que nuestra de man da,
4. Pues llenad de gra cias, ó bue na Ma dre, ó bue na Ma dre,
5. Pues con gran dese o, y con so nan cia, y con so nan cia,
6. Pues a ti suspi ra mos, con gran des an sias, con gran des an sias,

-
1. Y vuestras ansias, y vues tras ansias, son siempre encon traros, son siempre encon traros.
2. Y des pues de lla, y des pues de lla, por siempre go za ros, por siempre go za ros.
3. Sé ra o i da, se ra o i da, por pu ra gracia, por pu ra gracia.
4. Quien os llama a quien os llama con con fi an za, con con fi an za.
5. Os in vo ca mos, os in vo ca mos, los des ter ra dos, los des ter ra dos.
6. En esta va lle, en es ta va lle, gi mien do y llo ran do, gi mien do y llo ran do.

t

s.

a.

t A PAGE FROM AN INDIAN BOY'S INSTRUCTION BOOK

e.

h

each large note was written one of the old Latin names, *ut, re, mi*, from which we now take the names of our syllables. On the second page, the young bookmaker wrote the simple melody of a church song. Day by day, the music on a new page was practiced and mastered. Only then was a new page written and added.

Presently there were enough pages written to make a book two inches thick. Then the Indian boy took out his sharp knife, and whittled smooth two pieces of wood, each the size of the sheets of music. Over these he sewed a piece of hide, the hair side out, and then with leather thongs bound the wood to the collected pages as a cover.

As you look at this reproduction can you see the bright eyed Indian lad, drawing the lines, copying the syllables and showing it to the good padre who nodded his approval?

This, one of America's priceless relics of early days in music, is preserved in the Bancroft Library at the University of California in Berkeley.

. . . Perhaps the living still may look
Into the pages of this book
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape gleam,
And their own faces like a dream
Look up upon them from below.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LOS PASTORES

TONIGHT is *Los Pastores*—all will be there,” said Mrs. Rodriguez, who was getting her back yard ready. “You too, please.”

So it was that we received our invitation to *Los Pastores*, that quaint outdoor celebration of the Christmas scene at the Manger which was, in the olden days among Spanish and Mexican Californians, an annual event. Although we celebrate the coming of the Shepherds and the Wise Men to the Manger on Christmas Eve, there need be no certain time within holiday season upon which *Los Pastores* is celebrated. This is somewhat in keeping with our present custom of singing carols throughout the season.

“I do not know when we start—and Antonio might be late, for he must keep his fruit stand open until all customers are served. . . . The songs, too—the young folks do not know them so well—we may repeat some many times, or some verses we may have to leave out. Juan forgets, but in the olden days it was different. It was then a feast.”

When we arrived at the Rodriguez back yard we found the stage set. At one end of the yard a Manger had been erected. The walls surrounding it were covered with bright blankets. About its base the family had set up, as before a shrine, many of the things they held most dear—some little statues and a row of last year’s Christmas cards. A bright tin star was fastened at the top of the scene where it would reflect the lights in the yard. Streamers of gold paper and tinsel, and garlands of paper flowers hung from a tall pole. Then directly before the Manger

were arranged the family treasures, plaster figures of sheep, a dog, donkey, and a cow.

Over toward the fence, a small tent had been set up. We were told that this was put there for the devils who were to take part.

At last everyone had arrived. Older folks sat on some benches and wooden chairs which had been carried from the houses near by. Children stood behind their parents. A sudden dark had fallen and the air was clear and cold. A bonfire had been lit in the corner of the yard for heat and light. Although there was no curtain to raise, and there were no lights to dim, as in the theater, a sudden silence fell upon the little group.

Then from a convenient doorway came a little girl in white, repeating verses which told of the festive scene. Following her, came a dozen shepherds, each with staff topped with tinkling bells. All were softly singing ancient carols of the Old World. Friends or relatives among the children waved to their playmates among the shepherds as they passed, but the players gave no sign of seeing them. Strangely enough the shepherds were followed by a clown, who wore a fantastic costume and the face-mask of an old man.

From the tent now dashed the seven devils. The devils were chased away by the shepherds and by the little group of angels who came, singing, upon the scene. Then came the Wise Men with their gifts. Then, as though reminded of a duty undone, each shepherd took from the small satchel which he wore strapped to his shoulder, a tiny present which he laid before the Manger.

All now joined in the singing of the familiar old *pastorales*, some singing so quietly that it was as a whisper but faith and hope was in their song.

Little Jose fell asleep on a blanket laid on the ground beside his mother. Shortly, everyone got up from their chairs and fol-

lowed the singing shepherds and wise men into the house where each was given a piece of meat and a little cake.

The *fiesta* was over. Some of the old Spanish words which the actors had spoken or sung, and which had been taught them by ear by their parents, were so old that even those who taught did not know their exact meaning. It had taken nearly three months to prepare for the little celebration, but, as Mrs. Rodriguez said, as we went away, "Better it is for me than ten operas—it belongs to my own people."
—S. E.

THE ANGELUS

(Heard at the Mission Dolores in San Francisco, 1868)

Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance!

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream, at last!

—Bret Harte.

THE BELL OF SILVER VOICE

THERE is a legend among the bell makers of the Old World which tells of a quaint custom of the olden days. In those times, bells were often molded and polished entirely by hand. The legend is that just before the molten metal was poured into the mold, anyone who wished might toss something in, and the more precious the article thrown into the metal, the sweeter would be the tone of the bell. Many pieces of rare and beautiful jewelry were sacrificed in this way. People took pride in being able to say that they had taken part in the making of a bell.

Once upon a time, in a very old city in Spain, some workmen were getting ready to pour a bell. Not far from the open kettle of seething metal stood the earthen shell into which the hot metal was about to be poured.

"Who wants to give to the bell?" called the men to the little group of onlookers, for in those days, as in these, people always crowded around to watch when something very exciting was happening.

"I do!" shouted one, and threw in a trifling toy.

"And I!" called another, and threw in something equally worthless. Both of these articles disappeared, as by magic, in the boiling liquid.

"And who else?" asked the workman.

No one answered, and the pourers prepared to tip the kettle. Just at this moment a small boy stepped forward.

"Is it true," he asked the nearest workman, "that if I give my greatest treasure, its sweetness will sound out in the bell?"

"Yes," answered the man, with a smile, "and you may make a wish, too."

Miguel stood for a moment, thoughtfully. Then he reached under the cape of his coat, and drawing out a small object and taking it from its cord, from which it had hung about his neck, he straightened his arm, and with a quick toss, sent a small silver token into the mass.

"And I wish," he said to himself, "that I may follow the bell wherever it may go to ring."

With a quick *zip* the bit of silver touched the liquid, then vanished beneath the moving surface with a bubble. The big kettle was carefully tipped, the metal poured into the mold, and there it was left to cool, for many days.

Presently it was possible for the bell maker to break the mold from the bell. There it stood, still rough and dingy, but a bell, all ready for its clapper. For several days thereafter Miguel hurried to the foundry, after his lessons were finished, to watch the men at their work polishing the sides of the bell.

Then Miguel forgot about the bell for a week, and when he thought of it, and went back to see how it was getting on, it had been sold. It was already on its way to be hung in the belfrey of a great church.

"But you'll know it if you ever see it," the workman told him, as the boy stood there, disappointed. "For before we let it go we named it, *Ave Maria Santissima*, and carved its name, and ours, and the date on its side."

Small comfort this, thought Miguel. What chance had he of finding the carving on some far-off bell. One did not climb into bell towers to look at names.

"And don't forget that it had a right sweet tone, either," called the maker, as Miguel turned away.

Years passed. Miguel grew up, went to school, became a well-educated man. One of the most interesting things during those days was the reception in Spain of news brought back, from time to time, from the New World. Each sailing vessel returning from the oversea ports brought tales of a rich new land, of the people who lived there, and of their needs, as well. Presently there came a call for volunteers to go to the New World to teach the Indians. Over there, in the place which they called California, missions had been set up, not only for the teaching of religion, but also to teach the Indians how to live in a civilized manner. About each of these Spanish missions was set up a little town, or pueblo, as they called it, in which the Indians lived while they were being taught the arts of civilization.

Miguel listened to all these stories. One day he came to a great decision. He, too, would go to New Spain and help to teach the Indians.

So, one day, he set sail for the New World. Days and weeks passed before the first shores of the New World were sighted. Then more weeks elapsed before Miguel came to his mission in a sunny California valley.

An Indian guide had been given him to bring him to San Gabriel, for that was the place where Miguel was to be stationed. As the two men, Indian and Spaniard, walked across the miles of California soil, they passed fields in which the mission Indians were working. Here and there on the hillsides they saw boys and men at work in the vineyards. On other hills large herds of cattle were grazing.

Suddenly, across the valley, there came the sound of a bell ringing. Miguel saw that all the workers stopped. It was the angelus, ringing the hour for prayer. Sweetly the bell tolled, and Miguel thought that he had never listened to so beautiful a

sound. And to think that it was here on the "other side of the world."

Presently he and his guide started on. It was but a short way now to the Mission. Soon they arrived, and Miguel was given a cordial greeting, and had good food set before him.

But through all the conversation of the evening, and of the next forenoon, Miguel kept thinking of that bell, and listening to it as it rang again.

"I must see it, and touch it," he said to himself. "The bell speaks to me as though it were a living thing."

So, when in the early afternoon, all the others at the Mission went to take their siesta, Miguel climbed the tower. This was not difficult, for steps led upward into the belfrey.

There hung the bell. Miguel gazed at it. Suddenly his attention was drawn to the carving on its side, now partly covered with the dust of years. He rubbed his hand over it, then brushed it with the end of his girdle. There, before his eyes, lay a strange story! For it was the very bell into which he had tossed his silver token as a child. On its surface was inscribed the name of the bell, of its maker, and the date upon which it had been cast.

"And I wish that I may follow the bell wherever it may go to ring." Those were the very words that he had spoken that day so long ago, in Spain.

Strange things do happen. And this strange story of a boy and a bell is one of the oldest legends of the Spanish missions in America.

—*Retold from a California Tale.*

A WEDDING FANDANGO

THE word *fandango* really means a lively dance, and one of Spanish character. In the early days when California was under the power and protection of the Spanish, the word meant a party, or a celebration, at which there was certain to be dancing. In this story of a wedding celebration in old Santa Barbara, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., describes such a fandango of a hundred and more years ago:



Courtesy Del Monte Press

COLTON HALL IN MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA. THE FIRST CONSTITUTION OF CALIFORNIA WAS WRITTEN HERE IN 1849

“Upper California has the seat of its government at Monterey where is also the custom-house, the only one on the coast, and at which every vessel intending to trade on the coast must enter its cargo before it can begin its traffic. We were to trade upon this

coast exclusively, and therefore expected to go first to Monterey, but the captain's orders from home were to put in at Santa Barbara, which is the central port of the coast, and wait there for the agent, who transacts all the business for the firm to which our vessel belonged.

"The bay, or, as it is commonly called, the *canal* of Santa Barbara, is very large. It is formed by the main land on one side (between Point Conception on the north and Point Santa Buenaventura on the south), which here bends in like a crescent, and by three large islands opposite to it and at the distance of some twenty miles. These points are just sufficient to give it the name of a bay, while at the same time it is so large and so much exposed to the southeast and northwest winds, that it is little better than an open roadstead. The whole swell of the Pacific Ocean rolls in here before a southeaster, and breaks with so heavy a surf in the shallow waters, that it is highly dangerous to lie near in to the shore between the months of November and April during the southeaster season.

"Arrived at Santa Barbara (Sunday, January 10th) and on the following Wednesday slipped out cable and went to sea, on account of a southeaster. Returned to our anchorage the next day. We were the only vessel in the port.

"Great preparations were being made on shore for the marriage of our agent to Doña Anita de la Guerra de Noriego y Corillo, youngest daughter of Don Antonio Noriego, the grandee of the place, and the head of the first family in California. Our steward was ashore three days, making pastry and cake, and some of the best of our stores were sent off with him. On the day appointed for the wedding, we took the Captain ashore in the gig, and had orders to come for him at night, with leave to go up to the house and see the fandango.

"Returning on board, we found preparations being made for a

salute. Our guns were loaded and run out, men appointed to each, cartridges served out, matches lighted, and all the flags ready to be run up. I took my place at the starboard after gun, and we all waited the signal from on shore.

"Nearly an hour intervened, when the great doors of the Mission church opened, and the bells rang out a loud, discordant peal. The private signal for us was run up by the captain who was on shore. The bride, completely dressed in white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession. Just as she stepped from the church door, a small white cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was in full sight, the loud report echoed among the surrounding hills and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern. Twenty-three guns followed in regular succession, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each, when the cloud blew off, and our ship lay dressed in her colors all day. At sundown another salute of the same number of guns was fired, and all the flags run down. This we thought was pretty well—a gun every fifteen seconds—for a merchantman with only four guns and a dozen or twenty men.

"After supper, the gig's crew was called, and we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniforms, beached the boat, and went up to the fandango.

"The bride's father's house was the principal one in the place, with a large court in front, upon which a tent was built, capable of containing several hundred people. As we drew near, we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great motion of the people within. Going in, we found nearly all the people of the town—men, women, and children—collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers. On these occasions no invitations are given, but every one is expected to come. There is always a private entertainment

within the house for particular friends. The old women sat down in rows, clapping their hands to the music, and applauding the young ones. The music was lively, and among the tunes



RANCHO ZORRO, SHOWING THE CATTLE AND A CORNER OF THE ANCIENT ADOBE HOUSE BUILT BY THE ORIGINAL OWNER

we recognized several of our popular airs, which we, without doubt, have taken from the Spanish.

"In the dancing I was much disappointed. The women stood upright, with their hands down by their sides, their eyes fixed upon the ground before them, and sidled about without any perceptible means of motion. Their feet were invisible, and the

hem of their dresses formed a circle about them, reaching to the ground. They looked as grave as though they were going through some religious ceremony. On the whole, instead of the spirited, fascinating Spanish dances which I had expected, I found the Californian fandango, on the part of the women at least, a lifeless affair. The men did better. They danced with grace and spirit, moving in circles about their nearly stationary partners.

"After the supper, the waltzing began, which was confined to a very few of the "*gente de razon*," and was considered a high accomplishment, and a mark of aristocracy. Here Don Juan figured greatly, waltzing with the sister of the bride (*Doña Angustiam*, a handsome woman and a general favorite) in a variety of beautiful figures, which lasted as much as half an hour, no one else taking the floor. They were repeatedly and loudly applauded, the old men and women jumping out of their seats in admiration, and the young people waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

"I was for a time at a loss about another of their games. A pretty young girl was dancing when a young man went behind her and placed his hat directly upon her head, letting it fall down over her eyes, and he sprang back among the crowd. She danced for some time with the hat on, then she threw it off, which called forth a general shout, and the young man was obliged to go out upon the floor and pick it up. Some of the ladies, upon whose heads hats had been placed, threw them off at once. A few kept them on throughout the dance, and took them off at the end, held them out in their hands, and the owner stepped out, bowed, and took it from them.

"I soon began to suspect the meaning of the thing, and was afterwards told that it was a compliment, and an offer to become the lady's gallant for the rest of the evening, and to wait

upon her home. If the hat was thrown off, the offer was refused, and the gentleman was obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. Much amusement was caused sometimes by gentlemen putting hats on the ladies' heads, without permitting them to see by whom it was done. This obliged them to throw them off, or keep them on at a venture, and when they came to discover the owner, the laugh was turned upon one or the other.

"The captain sent for us about ten o'clock, and we went aboard in high spirits, having enjoyed the new scene much. We were of great importance among the crew, because we had much to tell, and because of the prospect of going every night until it was over; these fandangos generally last three days.

"The next day, two of us were sent to the town. We took care to come back by way of Señor Noriego's, and take a look into the booth. The musicians were there again, upon their platform, scraping and twanging away, and a few people, apparently of the lower classes, were dancing. The dancing is kept up, at intervals, throughout the day, but the crowd, the spirit, and the *elite* come at night.

"The next night, which was the last, we went ashore in the same manner, until we got almost tired of the monotonous twang of the instruments, the drawling sounds which the women kept up, as an accompaniment, and the slapping of the hands in time with the music, in place of castanets.

"The last night they kept it up in great style. The captain called us off to go aboard, for, it being a southeaster season, he was afraid to remain on shore long. It was well he did not, for that night we slipped our cables, as a crowner to our fun ashore, and stood off before a southeaster, which lasted twelve hours, and returned to our anchorage the next day."

—Abridged from "*Two Years Before the Mast*"
by Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

THE CASCARONE BALL

THE Cascarones looked very pretty huddled in the hollow of Susan's blue-checked apron. They were eggshells, emptied of their contents by means of a small hole in one end, over which was pasted a patch of bright paper, cut into various forms—a star, or flag, or stripes, or encircled with bands, like the rings of Saturn. Some of them were colored, one half blue, the other red or yellow. Altogether, they were a gorgeous collection. No sober-minded, respectable hen would have claimed them. She would never have dared to sit on them, for fear of hatching a brood of frivolous chicks, too erratic in their tastes to earn a living by plain scratching.

"Aren't they gay?" said Susan. "Look here!" She pushed back her bonnet and smote herself smartly on the head with one of the eggs. It burst with a crash and scattered a shower of bright bits of tinsel paper over her sun-bleached hair. "They are for the ball tonight. There's barrels of them up at the Mexican camp. They have been cracking and smashing them up there all day." And Susan darted off as Alec came out of the shop.

Alec shouldered his box of flowers and as we went down the trail he told me about the games of the day. There had been a "flour-fight" on the high, rolling plain which stretches between the hills of New Almaden and those of Guadeloupe, four miles distant. We were told by the young Spanish Californian that this game originated among the mountains of Spain, where the peasants of neighboring villages met on Shrove-Tuesday and threw snow at one another until one side or the other cried quarter. The custom had wandered, by way of Mexico and lower California, to the colonies of the foothills, but in its

wanderings had left the snow behind, flour being used instead. Seventy-five dollars' worth of it was thrown away that day by men who earn their daily bread with hammer and drill in the caverns of the hills, and who, in case of a discharge, had scarcely a penny to take them to another camp.

There was some irregularity about the sport that afternoon, but it all ended in the usual scene of wild confusion and gaiety, in the midst of which the captain of the Guadeloupe men was taken prisoner after being half smothered with flour, and was brought in triumph to grace the cascarone ball at the camp that night.

"We must go up," said Alec. "It will be a thing you ought to see."

So at eight o'clock we started, with a lantern to guide us through the shadows of the live-oak scrub. However, on the high, clear profile of the hills above, we needed no other light than the wide arch of starlit sky, the lights of the Cornish camp twinkling below us, and the constellation of the Campo della Mejicana beckoning from above. We kept our lanterns swinging beside us, however, and watched all the other shifting, dancing lights which flickered along the many foot-paths converging at the hostinero de los Mineros. At the Cornish camp, our Spanish friend joined us, and we made three shadows instead of two, flitting diagonally up the trail. We passed many other groups—sometimes a huddle of shadows talking and gesticulating, with sharp touches of light on bronzed faces and gleaming eyes.

The windows of the hostinero were alight, and the piazza was thronged with noisy young men when we reached the camp, but the dancing had not yet begun. We crossed the street to the quiet restaurant, kept by a Franco-Mexican family, where there were two pretty daughters. Madame Barique entertained

us with that gentle, cordial manner, which makes speech almost unnecessary to the women of her race. Her mind was evidently wandering toward the room, down two steps, and across the passage, from which came sounds of girlish voices and laughter. It was pretty to see her face light up with a mother's pride, when the girls came out, arrayed in stiff, ruffled muslins and bright ribbons, with their dark hair piled rather higher than usual.

Merced, a child except in height and figure, could not repress her smiles, but Aurelia greeted us with a shy, half-conscious dignity. They joined their escorts at the door, and now the bursts of music from across the way settled into a steady, inspiring rhythm, and the dancing had begun! Chairs were taken across to the hostinero, as the benches were by no means "reserved," and were also very narrow. Madame Barique put a shawl over her head, and went across with me. She kept her place beside me all the evening, though weariness showed very plainly under her valiant smiles.

The room was long and low, with rows of little windows on either side, like port-holes. The walls and ceiling were covered with thin muslin, nailed over the unplastered boards, and white-washed. There were Mexican and American flags hung about, and colored prints of various patriots, in uniform, who had distinguished themselves in the last Mexican war for independence. The side walls were lined with benches, and here sat the dusky ranks of dowagers, each with a bag of cascarones in her lap, from which her own particular *senorita* was supplied with ammunition for the fray.

The music was excellent of its kind—two violins, a guitar, a flute, and one or two brass pieces. During the waltzes one could hear but a single united shuffle, as if all the dancers in the room moved with one pair of feet. Full dress for the young men was a short velveteen coat, black trousers, white vest, and a bright

silk scarf, knotted with particularly happy effect over the shoulders, outside the coat. Some of the young men wore the uniform of the flour-fighters—red flannel shirts, black trousers with a red stripe down the sides, and a silver star on the breast. The crowd was too great, and the motion too rapid and incessant, for any attempt at study of individuals. One received an impression of extreme vivacity of speech and manner—bright ribbons, scarfs and serapas, waving heads and hands, swaying lines of figures joined in the dance, circling lines of figures, winding and separating into couples, waltzing away in a maze of color, music, and laughter. When the dance flagged, cries of "*Viva, Viva!*" sounded from all parts of the room, and gave new life to the music. . . .

The war of cascarones did not fairly begin until the *danza del guerro*, at midnight, but there were scattering shots and sallies, and skirmishes in all directions. Then the cascarones were crushed over the heads of the señoritas. The prettiest girls got the most salutes, and looked all the prettier with the tinsel powder sparkling on their dark braids. The Mexicans save egg shells all the year for this ball. Improvident as butterflies, they are capable of great forethought where pleasure is the object.

We stayed to see the beginning of the war dance, when the Guadeloupe captain was led into the room and greeted with cheers and a storm of cascarones. He was a tall, black-bearded young fellow, and looked as if he had plenty of fun and fight in him. He waved his hat and called, "*Viva Guadeloupe!*" whereupon all the girls set upon him with cries of "*Viva Nuevo Almaden!*" The young men laughed and cheered them on, and supplied them with cascarones.

The captive held his felt hat down over his head with both hands and continued to shout "*Viva Guadeloupe!*" A wild and merry scuffle ensued. His hat was dragged off, the Philistines

were upon him. He darted about the room, pursued by the crowd of girls and the storm of cascarones; at last he threw up his hands, crying: "*Mucho gratias, señoritas,—viva Nuevo Almaden!*"¹ Then the dance began with the vanquished guest as leader. There was no ill-temper, or intentional rudeness. What the later (or earlier) hours of festivity developed, we did not wait to see, but made our way out of the crowd into the cool night air.

The moon had risen—it seemed to me I had never seen whiter, stiller moonlight. We took our way along the narrow, shadowy street, and down the hills, while fainter and fainter sounded the music and tumult of the ball. The streets of the Cornish camp, as we passed through, were empty and silent—two or three young men lingering on the trail above, were singing:

"In the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

—*Author Unknown.*

* * *

SPANISH-MEXICAN PROVERBS

Kind words and a gay song wear not the tongue.
For a good companion be good company.
A pair of light shoes is not all that is needed for dancing.
Amusement to an observing mind is a good study.
A good song is all the better for being sung twice.
The fiddle makes the feast and the song the dancing.
There is no end for a good time.
Nothing falls into the mouth of a sleeping fox.
The willing dancer is easily played for.
Two sparrows and one ear of corn never agree.

¹ Many thanks, ladies,—Hurrah for New Almaden.

NOW COMES THE DAWN

SUPPOSE you had lived in the early days of California and had been there on your birthday. You would, no doubt, have been awakened by a "rooster song," so called because it was sung at daybreak, when the roosters were crowing. There were two kinds of dawn songs, one which was sung any and every day of the year in the manner of a morning prayer set to music. It was the custom for the first person of a household to waken, open his shutters and begin to sing. He was soon joined by others of the family and by any guests or servants in the house. Such a morning song is charmingly described by Helen Hunt Jackson in her story of *Ramona*.

The birthday song or serenade was quite different. In those days it was the custom in the homes of gentler people for many friends to come with guitars and celebrate this personal holiday. In the Spanish language this song was known as *las Mananitas*. So popular was this friendly greeting that in later years it was often heard on the great ranches of California as it was sung at dawn by the *vaqueros* or cattlemen, as they saddled their horses and rode away:

"Awake, my beloved, awake!
See, now comes the dawn.
The birds already are singing,
The moon has left the sky."

—*Old History.*

SONGS OF THE SAILOR¹

RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr., wrote *Two Years Before the Mast*. He had been a student at Harvard. Having had trouble with his eyes, and being told that an outdoor life for a time would make him a stronger man, and improve his vision, he set sail on a small boat. He worked as a common sailor on the brig *Pilgrim*, and was at sea two years, from 1834 to 1836. During all this time he kept a diary, setting down, almost daily, entries which had to do with his experiences on the sailing boat and descriptions of things he saw and heard. Later, while a student at the Harvard Law School, Mr. Dana expanded these notes into the book, which has remained, for over a century, one of the great masterpieces of American literature.

In contrasting the skills of the American seaman and the boatmen of other lands, Mr. Dana calls attention to the use of music on the part of the Yankee, and of men from foreign ports:

"There was only one point in which they had the advantage over us, and that was in lightening their labors in the boats by their songs. The Americans are a time and money saving people, but have not yet, as a nation, learned that music may be 'turned to account.' We pulled the long distances to and from the shore, with our loaded boats, without a word spoken, and with discontented looks, while they (men of other countries) not only lightened the labor of rowing, but actually made it pleasant and cheerful by their music.

"The sailors' songs (at work on the boat) are of a peculiar

¹ Sea Chanteys, or songs of the sailor, reflect the rhythmic movement of the waters of the sea and the related swing and rocking of the boat. For centuries, when all boats were propelled either by oarsmen or by the winds of heaven, the sailor lightened his labor and kept up his spirit by singing.

kind, those for capstans and falls having a chorus at the end of each line. The burden is usually sung by one alone, and, at the chorus, all hands join in, and the louder the noise the better. With us, the chorus seemed almost to raise the decks of the ship, and might be heard at a great distance ashore. A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier. They must pull together, as soldiers must step in time, and they can't pull in time, or pull with a will, without it. Many a time, when a thing goes heavy, with one fellow yo-ho-ing, a lively song, like *Heave, to the girls! Nancy O! Jack Crosstree, Cheerly, men*, has put life and strength into every arm.

"We found a great difference in the effect of the various songs in driving in the hides. Two or three songs would be tried, one after the other, with no effect, not an inch could be got upon the tackles; when a new song, struck up, seemed to hit the humor of the moment, and drove the tackles 'two blocks' at once. *Heave round hearty! Captain gone ashore! Dandy ship and a dandy crew*, and the like, might do for common pulls, but on an emergency, when we wanted a heavy, '*Raise the dead pull*,' which should start the beams of the ship, there was nothing like *Time for us to go! Round the corner; Tally high ho! you know; or Hurrah! hurrah! my heart, bullies!*

"Loading hides was the most lively part of our work. A little boating and beach work in the morning; then twenty or thirty men were sent down in a close hold, where we were obliged to sit down and slide about, passing hides. The work was as hard as it could be.

"We had now been nearly seven weeks in San Diego, and had taken on the greater part of our cargo. We were looking every day for the arrival of the *California*, which had our agent on board; when, this afternoon, some Kanakas, who had been over the hill hunting rabbits, came running down the path, singing

out, 'Sail ho!' with all their might. Mr. Hatch, our third mate, was ashore, and, asking them particularly about the size of the sail, and learning that it was '*Moku-nui Moku*,' hailed our ship, and said that the *California* was on the other side of the point. Instantly all hands were turned up, the bow guns run out and loaded, the ensign and broad pennant set, the yards squared by lifts and braces, and everything got ready to make a fair ap-



THE FIRST CUSTOMS HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA. BUILT IN MONTEREY, IN 1814, IT HAS BEEN UNDER THE FLAGS OF SPAIN, MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

pearance. The instant she showed her nose round the point we began our salute. She came in under top-gallant-sails, clewed up and furled her sails in good order, and came-to within swinging distance of us.

"Among her crew were two English man-of-war's men, so that of course we soon had music. They sang in the true sailor's style, and the rest of the crew, which was a remarkably musical one, joined in the choruses. They had many of the latest sailor songs, which had not yet got about among our merchantmen, and of which they were very choice. They began soon after we

came on board, and kept it up until after two bells, when the second mate came forward and called 'the *Alert's* away!' Battle songs, drinking songs, boat songs, love songs, and everything else, they seemed to have a complete assortment of, and I was glad that *All in the Downs; Poor Tom Bowline; The Boy of Biscay; List, ye landsmen!* and other classical songs of the sea, still held their places.

"The next day the *California* began unloading her cargo; and her boats' crews, in coming and going, sang their boat songs, keeping time with their oars. This they did for several days, then a gang of them were sent out on board the *Alert* to help us steeve our hides. They had a set of new songs for the capstan, and ours were nearly worn out by six weeks' constant use. I have no doubt that this timely reenforcement of songs hastened our work several days."

—Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

"JOHNNY PARROT"

"Johnny Parrot, Johnny Parrot! I'll not hear you again,
That old voice of yours a-ringin' down the windy rain,
When the ocean mornin's clearin' an' the gale is past,
An' we're all a-yo-heave-ho-in' by the big main mast.

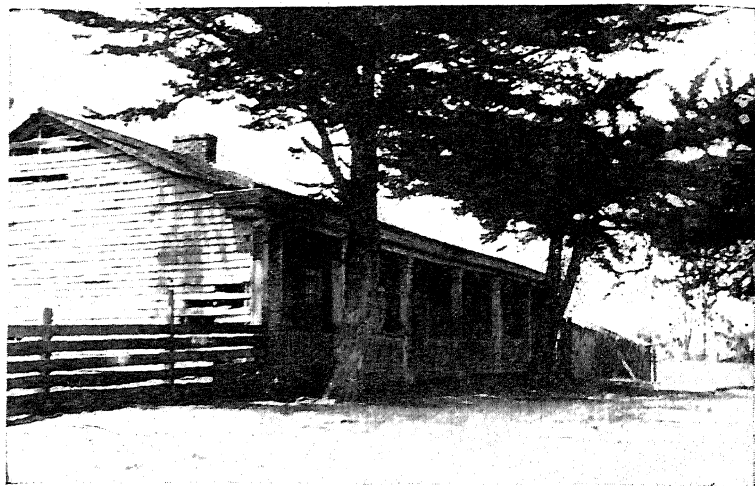
"Johnny Parrot, Johnny Parrot! I can see 'em now,
Southeast trade-wind seas a-breakin' high above the bow.
I can see the yellow oilskins of a shoutin' crew;
Hear the roarin' of their chanty chorus led by you.

"I can feel the clipper tremble as she lifts her feet,
An' her dainty bows are dancin' down the sea's wide street.
I hear Johnny Parrot singin'—singin' 'Roll an' go'
An' the sons of forty seaports roarin' 'Yo-heave-ho!'"

—Old Chantey.

LA FIESTA

FIESTA or festival time in early Mexico and California was one of the happiest times of the year. Spanish-speaking peoples played an important part in the founding of California and so it is not strange that the first families of that Western state continued the customs of celebration which their ancestors had so enjoyed. There, nearly everyone sang and danced at any appropriate time and place. Much of the fiesta music was so dramatic it would almost carry the dancers away into a world of fantasy and legend.



GOV. ALVARDO'S HOME IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

Native Mexican-Californian dances should be classed in two general ways. Some are social and may be danced by anyone who wants to dance them, at any time, and just for the fun of

doing so. Then there is the ceremonial dance which is appropriate at only certain seasons, or occasions. The best known of all these dances are the social dances, and many of them take their names from historical events.

One of the oldest and favorite of the Mexican-Californian folk dances is *el Jarabe*, or Hat Dance. This dance is so general in all the Mexican states that it has been, for many years, a required item of education in most of the Mexican schools. To understand its steps it must be remembered that the first horses known on this continent were brought to the New World by the earliest Spanish soldiers, and the appearance of trotting steeds must have been very exciting to the Indians and Mexicans when they first sighted them. So, it is thought, *el Jarabe* was made up to imitate the prancing horses, and the sounds made by their hoofs. The Mexican state of Jalisco is thought to have been the birthplace of the dance. Whatever its beginnings, *el Jarabe*, a partner dance, is now a courtship dance and is often nicknamed "The Hat Dance."

The costumes of the boys and girls in *el Jarabe* are very gay and colorful. The girl will probably wear a short sleeved blouse of thin white goods much adorned with embroidery and beads; and a long, full, and beautifully embroidered colored skirt. The skirt is so worn as to display the most beautiful lace trimmed white petticoat that it is possible for the dancer to have. The boy's costume is as colorful as the girl's, and his greatest pride is in his large, and often beautiful sombrero. During the course of the dance, he throws his sombrero before his partner. She immediately dances with lively and coquettish steps about its brim.

Another fiesta dance, or singing game, is *la Sandunga*. This pretty dance is thought to have originated in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the vicinity of Oaxaca, and probably had its beginnings at the time of the first trade routes between Tehuante-

pec and California. The costume of the girls in this dance is especially beautiful and their headdress unique. A legend associated with the headdress says that once, long ago, a ship was wrecked on the shores of the Tehuantepec during a terrible



Courtesy of Padua Hills Theatre

A TEHUANA COSTUME WORN IN THE LA SANDUNGA DANCE

storm. When the storm was past, natives went out along the shore to search for treasure which might be found among the wreckage. Among the things they found was a white, lace-trimmed baby dress, the like of which they had never before seen. When the next fiesta day came around, a girl, to whom the dress had been given, slipped the neck opening of the dress over

her hair, letting the little dress hang down over her shoulders as a scarf. Ever since that day, the *Sandunga* headdress has been made like a little baby dress, including sleeves, and each wearer sees to it that hers is as pleated and starched as possible.



LOS VIEJITOS—THE DANCE OF THE OLD MEN

The boys have a dance that is all their own. It is called *los Viejitos*, or the Dance of the Little Old Men. *Los Viejitos* is very dramatic and highly comical. A great deal of the fun is caused by the appearance of the dancers who dress themselves like little old men, wearing funny masks, wigs made of rope, red serapes over their shoulders, and carry canes in their hands. On their heads they wear large flat hats with colored ribbons dangling from the broad brims. Then, with the tallest man at the head of the procession and the shortest boy at its end, the dancers proceed to totter about in time to the gay music, shaking

their funny faces at each other, and tapping with the canes that support their feeble steps. Bystanders sometimes furnish vocal accompaniment, or keep time by clapping to the rhythm of the dance.

Another gay fiesta dance, the tune of which is one of the best known airs of Mexico, is *la Cucaracha* or "Little Cockroach." This does not necessarily refer to a little insect, but, through the centuries, has been put to many uses. During the Revolution of Pancho Villa, the tune was used for a marching song by the Mexican soldiers. Many other times words uncomplimentary to the current enemy have been improvised to it. In the most popular version of the song, *la Cucaracha* refers to a hero, a cockroach who couldn't walk any farther because he was without his money.

"Cucaracha, you must hear your silly doom,
For you can never go this distance
With the money from the moon."

A fiesta dance that may have been brought to California in the early nineteenth century by Hajar and his colonists is *la Varsoviana*. This, however, resembles formal court dances of old France, Spain, or Russia, rather than a folk dance, and may have had its beginning in an Old World court. The words of a familiar verse might be given thus:

"My Juana, dear Juana,
How came you here?
I am sad and lonely, sad and lonely,
Lonely came I here.
Come, Juana, we will dance today
The Varsoviana, with its tune so gay."

There was never a fiesta in the old days, but that some time during its course every one sang *la Golondrina*. *La Golondrina*

is a composed, rather than a folk song. It is known to have been written by Narciso Seradell, a Spanish composer. It has been loved and sung for so many years by all Mexican and Spanish peoples that it is thought of by them as a "home" song. Its title refers to the swallow, a bird often mentioned by early Spanish-speaking poets as a carrier of loving messages. The tender melody which Seradell has set to the verses is in keeping with this romantic sentiment.

CIELITO LINDO

C*ielito Lindo (Beautiful Heaven)* was a popular song of the pioneer days of California when this land belonged, in turn, to Spain and to Mexico, when it was a separate republic, and after it finally became a part of the United States. The syncopated rhythms, lilting melody, and tender words are still happily sung as a reminder of the historic beginnings of the "Golden State."

I'm waiting, dear, 'neath thy window here,
While the stars in the heavens are shining,
Thou art my star and heaven,
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, beautiful heaven.
I am here beneath thy window,
Singing to my Cielito Lindo.

—*Mexican Early-Californian Song.*

SONGS OF HOPE AND FANCY

IN THE case of the songs of the California gold fever, and the "forty-niners" these songs of hope and fancy might be divided into two general classes. First, are those songs which tell of the wealth to be had for the seeking, gold for the taking; secondly, the songs which aimed to reflect the free and happy life of the prospectors.



ARRIVAL OF FIRST OVERLAND STAGE-COACH IN SAN FRANCISCO

There were few real "opera houses" in the West at that time, and yet traveling troupes of singers, and traveling medicine men were common. Some of their "concerts," were held in the open, in tents, or in the dance halls of the mining settlements.

Many songs inspired by current events were printed in advertising pamphlets, or were distributed on single leaflets as

souvenirs by dealers. Special little books of songs, usually the words only, were published, almost always in a size convenient to be carried in a man's pocket. More than 1200 of these "songsters" were published between 1840 and 1890. They contained local parodies on well-known songs, anonymous songs, songs written for or about the stage, and a few real folk compositions.

One of the finest of these "songsters" was known as "Put's," and was put out by D. E. Appleton & Co., in 1868. Its frontispiece reads:

PUT'S
ORIGINAL
CALIFORNIA
SONGSTERS

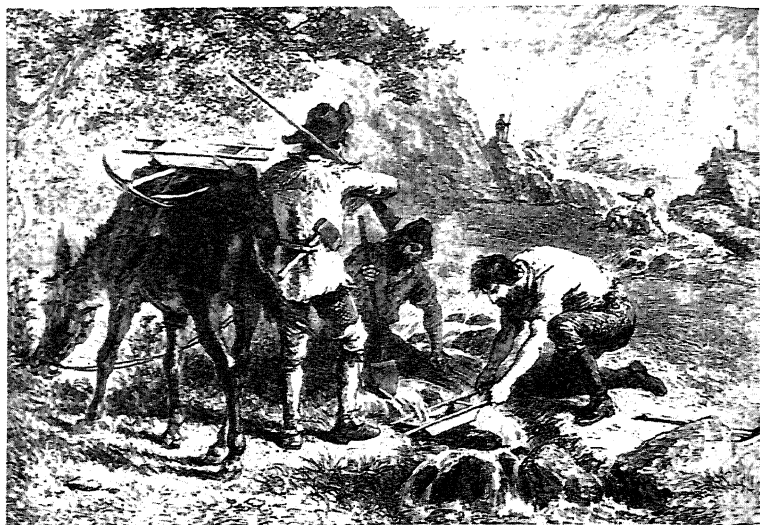
Giving in a few words what would occupy
volumes, detailing the

HOPES, TRIALS AND JOYS OF A MINER'S LIFE.

San Francisco, Sept., 1863.

In 1848, when gold was discovered in California, the territory which included what is now called the state of California, was just *barely* the possession of the United States. The Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo which ceded the land to the States was signed on February 2, 1848. California was isolated from the Eastern Coast by over 3500 miles of land, and by a journey of from four to five or nine months, if taken by sea around the Horn, according to the winds and the season. News did not travel fast in those days. There were no coaches farther west than St. Joseph, or Independence, in Missouri. San Francisco

was a town of about thirty-five buildings with a population of about a thousand people. Those who lived on this remote American frontier were accustomed to a simple kind of life, and one whose social affairs were colored by customs of old Spain.



After a woodcut by Darley. Bettmann Archive

SCENE FROM THE DAYS OF THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH. PANNING GOLD

To reach California, the traveler might take his choice of several routes. He might go around the Horn, or he might use a combination land-and-water route, by which he crossed the Panama Isthmus. If he came overland he must cross the Rockies and the fearful Sierra Nevadas. The Ox-Bow Route swung out from St. Louis, going far to the south through Arkansas and Texas to El Paso, and on to Yuma. There it divided, one branch of the trail going to Los Angeles and San Diego, and the other northwards to the gold fields and Sacramento. This was a long route, but in some ways easier because of its lack of snow. The central route, which struck out almost due west from St. Joseph

or Independence, was hundreds of miles shorter, but the travelers had often rugged passes and deep snow to face.

Fifty per cent of all the songs sung while on the way to the California gold fields, whether the travelers went by boat or through mountain passes, were parodies on something already familiar. There were travel songs, and chanteys, sung by groups of men who took the long way round the Horn. These came in slow sailboat from the shores of New England, down the Atlantic Coast of South America and up the western side. Here they soon heard the sailors, accustomed to helping themselves with song, chanting their rhythmic working songs, most familiar of which was the old *Blow a Man Down*. Within a few days of the beginning of the trip, this tune would be sung by the gold seekers, but with their own words. A verse familiar to all who traveled on American Clipper ships to Sacramento said:

“And it’s blow, boys blow!
For Californio!
There’s plenty of gold
So I’ve been told
On the banks of the Sacramento!”

Another version, less cheering, but no doubt true, said:

“There’s plenty of stones
And dead men’s bones
On the banks of the Sacramento!”

One of the greatest of the “farewell chanteys” sung by gold seekers of forty-nine, came from down in Texas. It was known as *Rio Grande*, and was appropriately sung as the crew got anchor up on some old-time square rigger. The men would start tramping about the capstan, which was a vertical revolving cylinder much used on sailboats for exerting power by traction



Harpers Magazine. Bettmann Archive

PIONEER MINERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MINING FIELD

on a cable drawn around it. The leader, or chantey man, would pipe up:

“Oh say, were you ever in Rye-O Grand?”

To this the crew would reply:

“Way, you, Rye-O!”

The leader would again ask,

“Oh, were you ever on that strand?”

And the answer would come, without a pause,

“For we’re bound for the Rye-O Grand!”

Many of the forty-niners came to California by land. In 1849, at least 124 organized companies left Massachusetts for the West. A careful historian of the day estimates that at least four thousand men, most of whom were well-read and educated, each of them carrying with him an average "stake" of five hundred dollars, left that state in a single year. One of that group's songs was a parody on *O Susanna*, by Stephen Collins Foster, a melody that has served many a need throughout the history of America.

"I come from Salem City¹
With my wash bowl on my knee,
I'm going to California
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
O brother, don't you cry.

Refrain:

O, California,
That's the land for me.
I'm going to Sacramento
With my wash bowl on my knee.

I soon shall be in 'Frisco
And then I'll look around,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll scrape the mountains very clean,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of gold bring home,
So brothers, don't you cry."

Such gay words show the traveler's need for courage, and his attempt to inspire it by the singing of nonsense words. The

¹ Salem, Massachusetts.

actual journey was seldom so good or so easy as expectation had led the men to hope for, even when they knew something of the dangers and difficulties to be overcome. Many of those who crossed the deserts of the West suffered greatly from heat and drought. Longing, no doubt, for the simple comforts of home, they sang away their discomfort and loneliness by parodies on the familiar and favorite hymn, "Beulah Land."

"We've reached the land of drought and heat,
Where nothing grows for man to eat.
We do not live, we only stay,
We are too poor to get away."

Then came the chorus, and in it the singer mentioned whatever state he might happen to be traveling through. It must be remembered that many states now familiar to all, were then but territories, or not divided as at present.

"_____land,
_____land,
As on thy burning soil I stand,
I look away across the plains
And wonder why it never rains;
Then Gabriel speaks with trumpet sound
And says the rain has passed around."

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE

JENNY LIND sang and danced and played in the garden of the Old World home where she was born, until one day, when she was eight years old, her voice was heard by an actress who was spending some time in Sweden. This was no common voice. This child had talent and talent must be developed properly. The actress set about to have these things done. At the age of nine, Jenny was enrolled in the Stockholm Conservatory of Music. She made her debut at the age of 18 and her voice thrilled and amazed all who heard her.

Soon Jenny Lind was singing in Europe with unequalled success, her voice was a clear, rich coloratura soprano, and her ability to improvise and sing the cadenzas has not, as yet, been surpassed.

In 1850 she came to the United States under the management of P. T. Barnum, and she won all who heard her with her simplicity, generosity, and exquisite singing.

An eye witness used to tell this story of the Swedish Nightingale, as she was called.

"In 1851, San Francisco was a mining town. Rough, wild men had flocked there in search of gold, and these large camps and the great amounts of gold dust that was spent attracted an even rougher element, but Jenny Lind was booked to sing in San Francisco and the word spread to the 'diggin's.' Men shaved, changed their shirts, filled their belts with gold dust, and traveled 50 to 100 miles to hear a woman sing.

"The opera house was redecorated, and a red carpet was spread from the train to the hotel, so that the golden-haired Nightingale of the North would not have to step on the ground.

"The night came and the hall was filled long before time for the program to be given. The audience was made up largely of men, and they were expecting to be entertained. They were restless and noisy, until slowly the curtains swept apart and there she stood. She was tiny, she was golden-haired, and she wore a white dress.

"Jenny Lind threw back her head and started singing—singing the songs of the great composers which she knew and loved so well, and her voice rang out like a flute, sweet and high and clear. For an hour she sang, sang the program which had been planned by her sponsors to suit an audience who knew and understood classical music. Then the program was over, and she was bowing and nodding and smiling at the applause. But she looked out at the great group of men, and who knows why she did what she did? Maybe she was homesick for her own people; maybe she sensed the loneliness in every man's heart for home and family; maybe she could see through the shell around these rough, wild men and see the fine qualities in each one.

Suddenly she began singing again, the dear songs, the old songs, the songs of home. One after another she sang the songs the men loved, and the great audience was silent—very silent—for who wants to applaud when throats are tight and the face is wet with tears? Here and there a boy sobbed—but the lovely voice went on, singing, singing, singing.

"Then it was over, the concert was finished, but the applause shook the hall to its rafters; it echoed all over the city; it spread into the farthest mining camp, and that is one of the reasons why an old timer will shake his head when you talk to him about great singers, and say, 'There never has been and there never will be another singer like our Jenny Lind—she with the golden hair, she was a Nightingale, you know.'"

—*Elsie Smith Parker.*

NATOMA

THE Santa Barbara Mission was founded on December 4, 1786. About it were clustered an Indian pueblo, and, presently, homes of some of the most influential of California's Spanish families. About it, too, grew up a wealth of romantic lore in which tales of happenings among Indians, sailors, and Spanish gentry were often strangely interwoven.

It was upon one such story that Victor Herbert, Irish-American musician and composer, wrote his celebrated grand opera which he called *Natoma*. Victor Herbert was the grandson of Samuel Lover, who wrote such favorite Irish ballads as *Rory O'Moore* and *The Low Backed Car*.

Natoma was written to an English libretto, and first produced at Philadelphia in 1911. The scene was set in Santa Barbara. Natoma is a young Indian maid and the companion of Barbara who is a daughter of a wealthy Spaniard. Natoma loves Lieutenant Merrill of the Navy; he in turn loves Barbara. Alvarado, a young Spaniard of an old and prominent family, also loves Barbara and with the help of a half-breed, Castro, he plans to abduct her.

The most dramatic moment of the opera is in the second act upon the Square of Santa Barbara as it appeared in the olden days. Here the people have gathered before the Mission Church to welcome Barbara, as she returns from school. An open-air dance begins and in order that they may divert attention and so have a chance to carry Barbara off, Castro issues a challenge to anyone who will dance with him the traditional dagger dance of the Indians. Meanwhile, Natoma has been quietly watching and thinks she knows what is about to happen. Hoping to pre-

vent it, she rushes up, thrusts her dagger into the bare ground beside that of Castro, and the dance begins. As opportunity presents itself, she springs forward, dashes Castro's dagger aside, grasps her own, and with it stabs Alvarado, just as he is about to seize Barbara. This is the true climax of the opera, the third act showing the renunciation of Natoma.

* * *

THEY COME NOT BACK

Remember, these three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee,
In vain thou weep'st, in vain dost yearn:
These three will nevermore return.

—*Anonymous.*

A SINGING WELCOME

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK came to the Northwest in March 1778, with two sailing vessels, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. He arrived about two years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He had orders to look for the Northwest Passage. Captain James Cook made a wonderful discovery. This was that furs, for which his men would pay with things valued at only a few cents, could be sold in China for sometimes a thousand times as much. As he traveled North, he saw a broad low stretch of marshy land extending out into the water. At first he "flattered" himself that this was a great waterway. When he learned his mistake, he called the piece of land *Cape Flattery*. There it lies, still called by that name, on the southern side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

On Captain Cook sailed, his ship's grey sails billowing in the breeze. At last he did come to the opening of a large sound, and to this he gave the name, King George's Sound, after the reigning king of England. The Spanish had already seen this and called it San Lorenzo. Later settlers named it Nootka Sound, as it is called today. It is located about half way between north and south on the western coast of Vancouver Island. Here they anchored off shore, admiring the majestic beauty of the forest slopes and water reaches. That night many Indian canoes paddled about them but there were no exchanges of greeting.

Next day, at rising of the sun, an Indian ceremony of greeting began. Old diaries tell of this ceremonial of the West Coast Indians. The tribesmen came from the land in canoes which moved with almost military precision. All were dressed in

robes of fur, their faces painted in stripes and squares, and their heads ornamented with green from the native spruce.

As the distance between Indians and the "white-wing" ships became narrow, the chief arose in his canoe and began a speech



Courtesy Alaska Steamship Co.

TOTEM POLES OF ALASKAN INDIANS

in his own tongue, shaking a rattle all the time, while his companions strewed the water with armfuls of white feathers which floated toward the English ships with the moving tide. Presently an Indian melody was heard across the water, soft and monotonous, and many times repeated, while the singers kept time to



Courtesy Alaska Steamship Co.

ALASKA INDIANS IN CEREMONIAL ROBES

it by striking on their canoes lightly with their paddle handles.

So friendly a welcome spoke well for peace, and the English, under Captain Cook, spent several days in the Sound, resting and trading with the Indians. These red men would have none

of the beads and similar trinkets, as was the custom of such trade. They seemed to know the value of metal, and traded their sumptuous furs for metal only. When, at last, the English sailed away, their ships were piled with exquisite furs of all kinds—sea otter, deer marten, bear, and fox; and the sailors had stripped the ships and even their own clothing, of everything that had even a shine of metal to pay for them.

Captain Cook and his men sailed on to Alaska, where they met Russian fur traders and sold them a part of the furs for a mere trifle, not knowing their value. Then they went on to China, still on an expedition of exploration, and there they learned the true value of their “find.” The Chinese were as anxious for fur as the Indians of Nootka Sound had been for metal. For a pelt that had cost a few coat buttons, the Chinese would pay a hundred dollars!

On the way back to England, Captain Cook was killed, in the Sandwich, now Hawaiian, Islands, but his journals remained. The stories to be read in them, or in copies of them, and the tales of the returning sailors, opened the eyes of the Old World to this new source of wealth in the fur trade. Northwest America was being introduced to the world.

Captain Robert Gray, the American, came and discovered the mouth of the Columbia River. He found Chinese carpenters, who had sailed to the American shore on English ships, helping to build new fur-boats out of Pacific Northwest lumber. This was three hundred years after the first voyage of Columbus to America. The United States was just nine years old, and its banner ¹ now flew over both shores of North America.

¹ Captain Robert Gray sailed from the Pacific Northwest to China, being the first person to take the flag of the new United States around the world.

SACAJAWEA, THE BIRD WOMAN

(A RADIO SKIT)

(Theme song, "In an Indian Village"—Kinscella)

ANNOUNCER. Here is a story about Sacajawea, an Indian girl, one of the most romantic of all characters connected with the early history of the Far West. Meriwether Lewis, kinsman of General George Washington, and William Clark, a member of the distinguished families of early Virginia days, had been sent out by President Jefferson to follow the Missouri to its source. This they did, exploring, also, to the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific Coast. Pierre Crusatte, an old-time Indian trader and French-Canadian voyageur, was one of their trusted helpers, and, with his precious fiddle, which did so much to while away loneliness and discontent, is the first recorded musician of the Pacific Northwest.

The facts for this sketch are taken from the *Journals* kept by Lewis and Clark, and by Patrick Gass, the Irish carpenter who accompanied them.

We present, now, the picturesque narrative of the Indian girl who accompanied Lewis and Clark on their famous expedition to the West Coast during the early years of the past century—Sacajawea, the Bird Woman. The characters, as you hear them, are:

SACAJAWEA

SINGING PINE, her sister

NEVER WALKS, her brother

CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS

PIERRE CRUSATTE, oarsman and fiddler

PATRICK GASS, Irish carpenter and boatman

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK

AN INDIAN RIDER

MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

NARRATOR. Could we roll back the years a little more than a century we would find, beyond the Mississippi—then the western boundary of the United States—a vast unknown region. At the frontier village of St. Louis, one May morning in 1804, the French flag was rising above the descending flag of Spain, to the booming of cannons and the tears and cheers of the French settlers. For one night it remained afloat, with a guard of honor watching beneath it. Then, with another dawn, there rose into the air the Stars and Stripes, symbol of the American dominion over Louisiana, the vast territory to the northwest, now an American possession according to the terms of the Louisiana Purchase.

Legend and rumor told of great rivers, vast plains, shining mountains, and, at an unknown distance, of a sea of bitter waters that washed the shores of India. A few woodsmen and fur traders had walked through this land, trading with the Indians, but in many parts of it white men were unknown. Thomas Jefferson was the President of the United States, and now made known his plan to send his young secretary, Meriwether Lewis, on a fascinating expedition to those bitter waters. With him would go William Clark and a carefully selected party to explore this new land, make maps, report on plants, animals, and minerals seen there, study the rivers for future travel and commerce, and the land for trading posts and fortress sites. Above all they were to make friends of the Indians. Starting in the late spring, they came, in the fall of 1804, to a point near the present city of Mandan, North Dakota, and here it was that they met Sacajawea, known to the Indians as “the bird-

woman," who, as guide and interpreter, was to lead them across plains and through the "shining mountains" to the land of their desire.

Who was Sacajawea, and from whence did she come? . . . Listen: . . . It is almost dark, a cold and cheerless winter afternoon. A line of Indian ponies trudges along the rim of a rocky snow-filled canyon in the mountains. On one of them, wrapped in a moth-eaten buffalo robe, rides a shivering, hungry little Indian maid, eleven years old. Her brother, *Never Walks*, and an older sister, *Singing Pine*, ride beside her. Sacajawea speaks:

SACAJAWEA. There goes a rabbit, there—why didn't one of the men—

NEVER WALKS. Night comes on, my sister. We dare not stop in swirling snow to take a rabbit.

SACAJAWEA. With their sticks it wouldn't take them long. . . . And I am so hungry.

SINGING PINE. No good would it do *you*, Sacajawea, did they bring the little thing from its hole. Warriors must first be fed. They are our defenders, and death lurks in every shadow.

SACAJAWEA. I am not interested in shadows. I should like to join a tribe where little girls are fed first.

NEVER WALKS. What says the daughter of the chief? Art really cold? And starving?

SACAJAWEA. Nay, brother, I did forget but for a minute that I was a chieftain's daughter, and a Shoshone, too. I ride with you. Our journey findeth no fault in my eyes.

NEVER WALKS. The men are truly starving. Tomorrow, perhaps, or surely after two more sleeps, shall we have come to the river's forks, where deer are plentiful.

SACAJAWEA. I have much courage. Never may I forget what the old woman said to me. She said: "You shall live to be old.

As a babe you loved spring thunder, and great honor is for such an one. You must never, by complaining, tempt the gods to punish you." . . . What is that sound?

NEVER WALKS. 'Tis but a coyote call, and so good luck awaits us.

SACAJAWEA (*slowly*). A coyote call? . . . Saw you signs to-day, my brother, of Blackfeet, Crows, or Minnetarres? The coyote is the Father of Lies. I shudder when I hear him. Be watchful that our enemies do not surprise us.

NEVER WALKS. No danger threatens here. But, little sister, should you e'er be taken, watch the mountains, rivers, and old buffalo roads, the way you go. The time will come when you can escape and return to your people.

(*Music, Tribal air of Shoshone Indians, fades out.*)

NARRATOR. And so they made camp. Tiny fires were soon lighted. Lulled by the silence of the mountains and the swirling clouds of snow to a false sense of security, the Shoshone slept, while upward curling plumes of smoke and flame, and bands of grazing horses betrayed them to a war party of Minnetarres. Morning came and the women moved to freshen fires.

(*A coyote call.*)

SACAJAWEA. There is that call again. The coyotes like our camp . . . Why do you stare, my brother?

NEVER WALKS. That call is false. No coyote calls at morn.

SINGING PINE (*screaming*). Hide! The tall, high grass! It is the Minnetarres!

SACAJAWEA. Oh, brother! Help me— (*Screams.*)

(*Transitional music, "Scalp Dance"—Kinscella*)

NARRATOR. And when the surprise attack was over and the war whoops ceased, the Minnetarre raiders galloped eastward across the plains, taking with them stolen horses, wet scalps, and a Shoshone prisoner, Sacajawea. In their village she grew

to womanhood. At sixteen she was sold as wife and slave to Charbonneau, a French trapper, and she is introduced abruptly into history by an entry in Captain William Clark's Journal, November 11, 1805, as the Lewis and Clark Expedition came to rest in the Mandan Indian village in Dakota: "Two squaws purchased by a Frenchman came down to help. The one of them, handsome and young, they call Bird Woman."

(Music fades out into "Song of the Minnetarres.")

The winter at the Mandan village yielded to a harsh and windy spring. Green cottonwood canoes were made ready. All the tribe gathered on the shore of the muddy, turbulent Missouri to watch the thirty-two adventurers as they started up the stream. (*Sounds of water and paddles.*) Now Lewis and Clark are on the path toward the sunset. And riding ever before, beside the Stars and Stripes, whether it be by boat or over plains goes Sacajawea, faithful guide, a bright-eyed Indian girl, her baby on her back, her French husband by her side. No one but she, of all the party, ever trod this road before. Will they find the "shining mountains" and the "sea of bitter water"? . . . Three weeks they plod along, then camp one day beneath huge cottonwoods on the bank of a new river, the Yellow Stone, they call it, from the color in the rocks. Evening comes, Lewis speaks:

LEWIS. Crusatte!

CRUSATTE. Oui, mon Capitan!

LEWIS. Bring out your fiddle and give us a merry tune!

CRUSATTE. Oui! We should laugh. We mus' be gay. (*Tunes fiddle.*) What tune you lak? (*Draws bow across the strings.*)

PATRICK GASS. Give us a reel. . . . Come on, me lads, and foot it with the Irish. (*All talk, general shoutings of "Who'll call?" . . . "sets" . . . "Where's my partner?" Crusatte still tunes fiddle.*)

PATRICK GASS. With caps on are men, without caps are ladies.
(*General conversation.*)

(*Music, "Irish Washerwoman"—Old Reel*)

PATRICK GASS (*calling the dance*).

Honor your partner, right and left!

All join hands and circle to the left!

Promenade all around the hall—

NARRATOR. Thus it was that the "spirits of the music box," as Sacajawea called Crusatte's fiddle-music, cheered the men through the long idle evenings, or charmed savage Indians into friendliness. One day, far to the west, the setting sun revealed the "shining mountains." Sacajawea raised her two hands toward heaven, asking benediction on the party . . . Now they came to the forks of the Missouri. Which fork should they take to reach the Great Falls? Said Captain Clark:

CAPTAIN CLARK. Captain Lewis, I am convinced the south branch of the river is the one to take.

(*General murmur of dissent.*)

CAPTAIN LEWIS. I can't agree. The other fork drains from the northwest—

SACAJAWEA. Yes, my captains, that is the one upstream. There lies the falls, toward the Shoshone, then a little south of the sunset from them.

CAPTAIN LEWIS. Here, Sacajawea, is a moccasin I just found on the river bank. Is it Shoshone? Does it belong to your people?

SACAJAWEA. No, my captain, not Shoshone moccasin, but Blackfeet, who come to shoot and scalp. If one is near it is the time for us to hurry on.

(*Sounds of rushing waters, shouting of orders to unload the boats, etc. Faraway sound of French boatmen singing "En roulant, ma boule."*)

NARRATOR. More days of paddling had brought the party to the foot of the roaring cataract, its column of cloud-like spray lifted by the southwest wind. The boats were carried around the falls and launched again, while on land, along the shore, Captain Clark followed an old Indian trail worn deep by dragging lodge-poles and by the feet of Indian ponies. Close behind him followed Sacajawea, until the coming of the dusk.

SACAJAWEA. My captain! Look! My people have been here! See where they had their fires . . . They were hungry. It was winter, no buffalo . . . See, the bark is eaten off the trees . . . A few more sleeps and I shall be at home.

CAPTAIN LEWIS. And will you be glad to be at home again? You were so young when you were stolen away.

(Cry of coyote in near distance.)

What is it, little mother? A coyote?

SACAJAWEA. Bea-idg-apwa! He is father of lies!

CAPTAIN LEWIS. My gun!

SACAJAWEA. No, no, my captain! Put down your gun! True coyote call also a promise of good fortune.

CAPTAIN CLARK. Lay by your gun, Captain Lewis. Our Indian maid is pretty smart, there might be something in it.

(Sound of galloping horses, coming nearer.)

SACAJAWEA. Ah! . . . *Shoshone!*

(Horses are heard to pull up abruptly.)

INDIAN RIDER. Who is this woman?

SACAJAWEA. It is I, Bird-woman, stolen by Minnetarres five snows past. *(Confusion, shouts, calls which announce arrival of a large number of Indians, shrill barking of dogs. Sacajawea is heard as though running from one to another—)* It is I, lost Bird-woman. It is I—

(Confusion continues less noisily.)

CAPTAIN CLARK. Sacajawea, Captain Lewis wants you.

SACAJAWEA. Yes, my captain, I come—

NARRATOR. It was growing dusk as Sacajawea entered the dimness of the circular shelter of willows which took the place of a council chamber. The peace pipe was being passed about. Captain Lewis, sitting on a white buffalo robe, signaled to her.

CAPTAIN LEWIS. What mean these signs, little mother? Why do the warriors pull off their moccasins?

SACAJAWEA. So do they say, my captain: "May I walk forever barefoot through the forest, if I break this pledge of friendship."

CAPTAIN LEWIS. Say to the chief, Sacajawea, that I am much pleased; that the white man wishes to always live in peace with him and his people.

SACAJAWEA. Ah-hi-e¹ . . .

NEVER WALKS. Sacajawea! My little sister!

SACAJAWEA. My brother!

(Music, Tribal air of Shoshone.)

NARRATOR. With a choking cry Sacajawea ran forward and Never Walks, now chief of the Shoshone, embraced her, throwing her robe over his head that the strangers might not see him unmanned before his warriors. Thus did Sacajawea return to her people. Through her aid as interpreter Lewis and Clark obtained from the Shoshones fresh horses and mules to carry their supplies across the mountains.

(Music fades.)

CAPTAIN LEWIS. We are going through your country to the far ocean. We are making a trail for the traders who will bring you guns. Will you lend us a guide?

INDIAN. I go with you. See, I make map on bark.

(Music softly out.)

NARRATOR. It was a nightmare journey over the mountains, with death and hunger ever shadowing them. Toward the end

¹ Shoshone for I am pleased.

of the third week the little party, ragged and half-starving, emerged from the forest and swept down the Columbia, river of the west. Late one night they camped near the mouth of the river. November rains were falling and the air was noisy with calls of wild fowl coming up the river to escape the storms at sea. No one slept and toward morning Lewis called to the men:

CAPTAIN LEWIS. Hear that surge of the waters? The ocean, after 2500 miles. Yet we can't see it. And we dare not move.

PATRICK GASS. 'Tis the devil's own weather—fog you couldn't pierce, you could cut it in slices.

CRUSATTE (*singing, to the tune of "En roulant"*). Bedding wet, food all wet, clothes all wet, the salt is spoiled—

PATRICK GASS. Waves loike small mountains rollin' out in the ocean. And we can't see them.

CAPTAIN LEWIS. I don't care whether we see or not—we've *heard* the ocean. I won't wait here longer. I'm starting home.

SACAJAWEA. You, my captain? *Shame!* You—give—up? I go *alone* to the ocean!

CAPTAIN LEWIS. Forgive me, little mother. You're right. We'll all go on, drown or succeed!

PATRICK GASS. *The Lord be praised!* The fog is lifting!

(*Cheers from all; general talk—"See, the sun," etc.*)

CAPTAIN LEWIS. The ocean—(*Dramatic pause.*)

(*Music softly, "Indian Love Song"—Kinscella*)

SACAJAWEA (*softly*). Is there another bank to it, my captain?

CAPTAIN LEWIS. Yes, little mother, but many sleeps away.

SACAJAWEA. Far as from Minnetarres to Shoshone?

CAPTAIN LEWIS. Much farther. . . . Here, Sacajawea, I brand this pine tree with my name . . . and this date, November seventh, 1805. You, little mother, have led us, and cheered us. Your country is opened to the white man for all time to come. You have brought us through into the Promised Land.

(Music swells, and into Theme Song.)

NARRATOR. And as the sun drops in the western sky Sacajawea stands there, smiling, modest maiden of the Shoshone, heroine of one of the world's greatest expeditions, undefeated by cold, fatigue, or hunger, by mountain, or by plain . . . And though she lived for many years, returning at last to her own people to die as the sunset of her life drew near, her brave spirit still lives on, inspiring those valiant souls who forever go ahead to new frontiers of place or deed.

* * *

A MANDAN INDIAN STORY

(To be told in a whisper)

That is the wind I hear,
Howling, howling, howling!
He is like a gray coyote,
Trying to get in where the fire
Winks a red eye at the darkness.

A buffalo is not afraid of a coyote—

I will lie still beneath my buffalo robe
And the wind can not find me.
He will run away to the river,
He will lose himself in the cedars.

—*Elsie Smith Parker.*

YANKEE IN THE WEST

IT WAS the autumn of 1832. On the Pacific Coast, on the green slope of the north shore of the broad Columbia, not far from the mouth of the Wilamette River, there stood Fort Vancouver, a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Fort lay in the shape of a parallelogram, and was enclosed by a strong wall of pickets made from the native trees, driven into the ground close together, and ending, some twenty feet above the ground, in sharp points. Inside this wall stood the white-painted residence of Dr. John McLoughlin, the Factor; the offices of the Hudson's Bay, the homes of the officers, a chapel, and a building which would soon be used as a school.

It was before this stockade, and to the long green terrace, that the brigade of fur boats came and anchored in the spring of each year. The brigade consisted usually of about twenty white men, skilled in trading, accompanied by about a half-hundred French-Canadian and Indian voyageurs, or boatmen. A few weeks later, in May or early June, they swept away singing their Old World songs.

It was here on the edge of the forest that the first schoolroom of the Pacific North-West was opened on November 17, 1832. One evening late in October, that year, a salute fired before the gate of the Fort brought Factor McLoughlin to his door to welcome a party of eleven strangers—Capt. Nathaniel Wyeth and companions, come overland from Boston to establish a rival trading post. These men, part of a much larger group, who had left Boston in March, had suffered great hardships. Now they were disappointed to be told that the *Sultana*, a ship which was to have brought their trading goods from Boston around the

Horn, was reported wrecked in the South Seas. It was too late to make another start that year, or to return to the East. The rainy season was setting in, and so they remained at Fort Vancouver that winter, 1832-1833, as the guests of Doctor McLoughlin.



Courtesy of Dr. Z. Galloway

Left to Right: FRANCIS XAVIER MATTHIEU, UNKNOWN, JOHN McLOUGHLIN, SON OF DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN

One of the men in the party was young John Ball, a kinsman of George Washington through the latter's mother, Mary Ball. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a lawyer.

"I cannot stay here as your guest and be idle," he is said to have told Doctor McLoughlin a few days after his arrival. "Please give me something to do."

"You are very welcome here," was Doctor McLoughlin's reply. "But if you must do something to be contented, you might

start a school. I have been trying to teach the boys of the Fort to read and to cipher, myself. They speak so many languages—French, Chinook, Cree, and Nez Perce, and some other dialects—and they should know English. I will provide you with books and pens.”

So Doctor McLoughlin set aside one room for a school, and there, John Ball began his task as the first American schoolmaster on the Pacific Coast. He had about two dozen students, the names of some of whom Ball's daughter copied from her father's diary a hundred years later, when she wrote the following letter to the editor of the *Morning Oregonian* of Portland:

“One hundred years ago, about the 16th or 17th of November, the first school west of the Rocky Mountains was opened by my father, John Ball, at the Old Fort Vancouver, Washington, which was then known as the Oregon Country.

“There were a half dozen boys, all half-breeds. Their names were David McLoughlin, Billy McKay, Ranald McDonald, Louis LaBonte, Dominick Pambrun, and Benjamin Harrison.

“We know that some of these boys made big names for themselves and their country. I believe I have their names correct.”

The hardest of all the schoolmaster's tasks was to keep the boys to the English, the “official” language of the school. Teacher Ball found it helpful to have on hand a leather medal which he used, not as a mark of honor, but as a badge of dishonor, hanging it about the neck of any scholar heard speaking any other tongue.

Music had its place in the life of the Fort, one of Dr. McLoughlin's favorite helpers being his Highland piper. That John Ball taught his pupils the songs of his own childhood seems certain. A little over three years later the school, then under another teacher, was visited by Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, wives of the famous missionaries to the West. Mrs.

Whitman, "sweet singer," as she was called by the old fur traders—whose favorite hymn, *Watchman, Tell Us of the Night*, became henceforth a familiar air on the Northwest trails—found the children singing, and wrote in her diary of September 13, 1836:

"This morning visited the school to hear the children sing."

* * *

Talking Sticks and Potlatch: Totem poles, which the Indians called "talking sticks," belong only to certain parts of western Canada and southwest Alaska, although people transplant them to many other places. A totem pole is not an idol, to be worshipped, as some people think; nor is it set up for adornment to house or park.

A housepost-totem, built onto the front of a family home showed, to anyone who passed, the exact social standing of the people living there. Another kind of totem, which might be seen in open or public places, was the memorial pole. This might also be the grave of the person so celebrated, and contain, in the hollow of the tall log, his body or ashes. On it the pictures carved and colored would aim to tell of all the dead person's virtues and brave acts, and might also, in the case of a chief, proclaim his successor.

It required an artist of experience to make a true totem pole, for it took from six months to a year to make a pole that was beautiful from the Indian viewpoint. First a tall straight cedar tree was selected, cut down, and smoothed. The height of the pole depended upon the social station of the people before whose house it was to stand. Bird, fish, and animal figures were used as symbols, and when the carving was finished, the Indian prepared and applied his colors. These all came from nature itself, and so have stood the wear of the winds and rains for scores of years without losing much of their freshness.

THE OLD MISSION PRESS

IN THE Oregon State Historical Society in Portland stands the first printing press that was ever used in the Pacific Northwest. This old Press was not used for printing the English language, but for printing books and pamphlets in Indian dialects. Thus this humble Press takes its place among the really great presses of the world, since it played an important part in the bringing together of two races.

The Mission Press had been used for many years in the Sandwich Islands, where it had been sent from Boston in 1835. Learning that the Indian Missions in Oregon Territory had no press, the friends at Honolulu sent it to Whitman and Spaulding. Edwin O. Hall, a Boston printer, and his wife came with the Press to Fort Vancouver in April, 1839. Later, when the Press had to be carried overland on a pack horse the animal fell down a precipice with it. Part of the type was lost, but the clever printer managed to do with what he had.

The first book had only eight pages. It was a grammar written in the Nez-Perce language, "Designed for Children and New Beginners." Other books followed in quick succession and after three books had been issued, the printer left for the California gold fields. The two missionaries got out books four and five—another Primer and a book of simple laws. Book six was a *hymnal*, and a copy of this, the first hymn book printed on the Pacific Coast, may also be seen in the Oregon Historical Library at Portland. Three other books, a Nez-Perce English Vocabulary, and bits of Scripture completed the series of printing from this famous little Press.

EARLY DAYS IN OLD OREGON¹

OLD Oregon was a mighty sweep of country, and a most romantic one. From the northern border of Mexican California to near Sitka in Russian America it stretched, nearly eight hundred miles. Eastward it reached over a country of mighty mountain ranges from which at regular intervals rose the snow peaks, glistening white, over a country of dense forests, of mighty rivers and foaming mountain torrents. It reached over a country of sand and sagebrush, and still eastward over the cut-rock desert where "men had songs for supper" and where no game could live. Nor did it stop there. It went on and on eastward nearly a thousand miles until the limits of the Oregon country, at the crest of the main range of the Rockies, met the old-time, unknown Louisiana.

The romance lingers. As one stands on the green prairie at Fort Vancouver, for so many years the center of civilization on the lonely coast of Oregon, one hears echoes of the Brigade of Boats coming down the Columbia. One still hears the gay voices of the *voyageurs* singing in time to the dip of the paddle. Romance still lingers in vague tales of the blue-coated, brass-buttoned Hudson's Bay Company men who followed the forest trails. Romance still lingers at old Fort Astoria, where a replica of the famous old fort—a tiny thing for the protection in the wilderness—has been built in memory of the old days of a century ago.

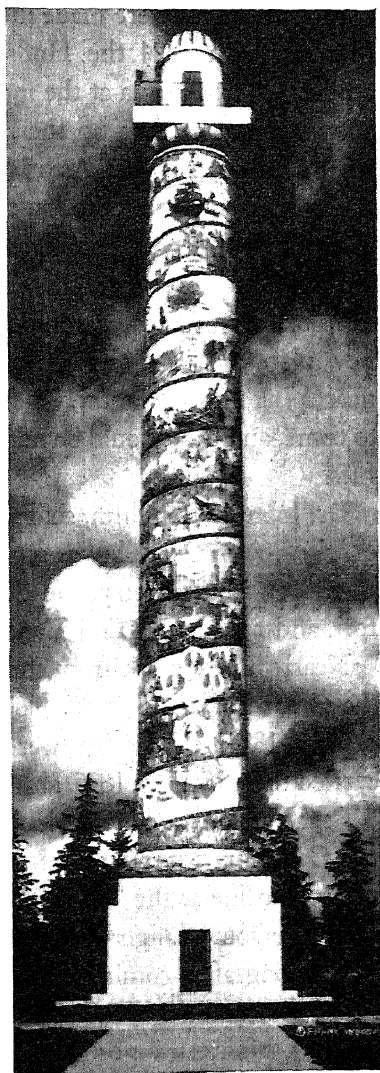
"When my grandfather came across the plains"—(even yet

¹ From *Early Days in Old Oregon* by Katherine B. Judson, by permission of and special arrangement with *Binfords & Mort, Publishers*.

one hears that remark); romance brings to sight the long line of white-winged prairie schooners winding their slow way over the endless green waves of the prairies, then over the long level of the plains, and the crashing and bumping as they plunged up and down the mountain sides—bound for Oregon.

About three years after Donald McKenzie, in the employ of the North West Company of Montreal, had built Fort Walla Walla, his company united with the Hudson's Bay Company. This English company was very famous. Its charter had been granted for a hundred and fifty years,¹ but all its trading had been in the country whose waters flowed into Hudson's Bay. Now by merging with the North West Company, they had a license to trade in the Oregon country.

¹ The Hudson's Bay Company charter was granted in 1670.



Courtesy of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce

FAMOUS ASTORIA COLUMN. A "HISTORY BOOK" IN THE OPEN

Many changes were made in the trading forts within the first few years. In 1824 the Hudson's Bay Company decided to abandon Fort Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia, and build a central fort farther up the river. There were many reasons for this. One was that Astoria was too damp for the furs. In the damp coolness of the lower river, also, farming was poor; therefore all the food supplies had to be sent from England, and this was expensive. Another reason was that furs would keep better in the drier, sunnier climate at the new point. This new place, now the city of Vancouver,¹ on the Columbia, was nearer the upper country. The brigades would not have so far to come, and they would be nearer many Indian tribes who had furs.

Dr. John McLoughlin, six feet tall and more, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, white-haired, was sent to take charge of the fur trade of the Oregon country. He decided where to build the new fort, and he called it Fort Vancouver.

Nearly a mile back from the river, on a broad, high prairie, they built the first Fort Vancouver. This was begun about December, 1824. All the men were there and all the furs had been carried there by May, 1825, although the fort was not completed.

Fort Vancouver had no blockhouses, for the canoe Indians of the Columbia River were rather friendly to them. They were not so warlike as the "horse Indians" east of the Cascades. Still there was some danger in the earlier years of the fort.

Not long after coming to the new fort, Doctor McLoughlin heard that many Indian councils were being held in the forests near by. Many strange Indians appeared. If the Indians could get all those trading goods without bothering to trap beavers, so much the better! Beaver skins were used to pay for the goods. The white men were few; the Indians were countless.

¹ Vancouver, now in Washington State; not to be confused with Vancouver, B. C.

At once Doctor McLoughlin saw the danger. He sent out Indian runners, calling a council of the tribes with whom they traded. The chiefs came. Wild and savage, wrapped in their blankets, they entered the gates of the new fort and squatted on their heels, Indian fashion, in a large semicircle. After a while, in their slow way, they were ready for a council. But Doctor McLoughlin was not. He knew how to manage Indians. He wanted these great chiefs to understand that he was a *very* great chief—so he kept them waiting for him an hour.

However, as they waited, squatting in that circle in the fort yard, he sent out a Scotch trader, who was also a bagpiper. Up and down the fort yard the Scot strode, with those wailing, squeaking bagpipes clapped under his arm, playing for those Indians. They watched that canny Scot with great admiration. The music of the pipes played by that bare-kneed piper charmed them. The great white chief had won. When Doctor McLoughlin came among them, they were ready to promise peace and friendship and furs. The Indians came as enemies. They went away as friends.

This victory was not all due to the bagpipes. Doctor McLoughlin was a man of whom the Indians stood in awe. He was the "White-Eagle Chief," because of his long white hair. He was very commanding in manner, and since he knew how to deal with Indians, he kept peace with them and kept them quiet.

Four years after the building of the first fort, it was abandoned. All the furs coming from the Brigade of Boats, or from the Indians who came to bring them, had to be carried from the river to the fort. All the water used, for washing or drinking or cooking, had to be carried from the river to the fort. The new fort was at the same point, but nearer the river. This second

fort is the one which the Americans knew when they came in as settlers.

The location was a beautiful one. Before them rolled the mighty Columbia, miles wide in the springtime, carrying down great trees, uprooted in the floods, as though they were chips. All around were the dark forests on the rolling hills which bordered the Columbia. And above the blackness of the evergreens gleamed the shining white of the snow-capped mountains, Mount Hood being in full view.

The life of the traders at the fort was a busy one. The gardener was busy in his garden, among the vegetables or among the fruit trees, setting out new trees, pruning the old, and guarding them. Fruit was precious in those days. Eight thousand miles of ocean and two thousand miles of land lay between Fort Vancouver and the fruit trees of England, or of "the States." "America" was a long, long way from Oregon.

The farmers ploughed the plains near the fort. Rye, wheat, oats, peas, and potatoes were planted wherever the soil was good. Swineherds looked after the large droves of hogs. Herders tried to manage and tame the cattle which had been driven up from Mexican California, over the mountains and across the rivers, hundreds of miles, to Fort Vancouver. Some of the best had been sent by ship from London. Loggers were cutting down the trees, so that more land might be cleared for the wheat and rye. The sawmills were busy sawing lumber, which they sold in the Hawaiian Islands.

In the fort itself the men were always busy. There were furs to be beaten and brushed to keep them from becoming mouldy, or eaten by insects. In the Indian shop, the trader stood at his little window and bought the furs the Indians brought in, paying in blankets and kettles and guns. Indians were coming and going, and the bright gleam of paddles from canoes cross-

ing the river, or paddling up and down, flashed in the sunshine. There was even a baker there, with a great outdoor oven, who was busy baking bread as well as meats for the hungry men. Often there were two hundred men busy at the fort and around it.

There were two great events every year at Fort Vancouver. The first one was when the Brigade of Boats came down the river; the second, when the "home ship" came in from England.

The Brigade of Boats came down the river each summer, in June, to Fort Vancouver. It was the fleet of canoes which brought the furs down from the upper country. From far away in the north, on horseback, at a certain date, would start the men in charge of the fort farthest away. They came to the next fort, where more men and furs joined them. So down they came through what is now British Columbia, to the fort farthest north on the Columbia River. Here they left the horses and stacked the furs in the canoes. On they paddled, singing cheerily, to the next fort, and so on down, picking up furs and men all the way to Fort Vancouver. Fort Walla Walla was the last fort on the southern part of the journey, and from there down they stopped only at night.

The Brigade came down when the river was high, in the bright June sunshine. After a year of loneliness, of cold, of danger, sometimes of hunger, in their northern posts among the Indians, the light-hearted French-Canadians were very happy. At each post they came in singing, dressed gayly in their best.

Fort Vancouver knew just when to expect the Brigade of Boats. The watchman was on the alert. "The Brigade! The Brigade!" he would shout as his eye caught the first glimpse of the canoes on the river—just a line of tiny dark specks. And

from white-haired Doctor McLoughlin to the little Indian children playing about in the fields, everyone rushed to the river bank.

Down the broad blue river swept the canoes, sometimes twenty abreast, and in perfect line, led by the single canoe of the officer in charge. The Union Jack of Great Britain floated from the officer's masthead. It was on a scarlet background and at the bottom of it, in white, was a half-monogram, HBC (Hudson's Bay Company). The boatmen were dressed in their finest, hats almost covered with feathers or with bunches of bright ribbon, and their beaded Indian pouches dangling from their gay sashes. Brightly colored handkerchiefs were knotted about their throats.

It was a beautiful sight as well as a striking one—the broad green plains around the fort, the lush green islands in the river, the dark greenish-black forests coming down to the water's edge. Over them rose the snowy peaks of Mount Hood. The river sparkled and gleamed in the June sunlight as the gay fleet of canoes came down with fluttering flags and plumes and ribbons. The dark-skinned, black-eyed boatmen sang together some gay boating song, and sang in time to the dip of the paddles.

Nearer and nearer they came, louder and louder was the chorus of song, while the men on shore shouted their welcome. Then the canoes, still in perfect order, still out in the middle of the blue river, wheeled in perfect line, and came, side by side, in toward the river bank. Once there, with a shout the men sprang to the shore. The danger and loneliness of the year was past. For two or three weeks there would be no hunger, no danger, no loneliness, no work.

The *voyageurs* had a good time lounging about the fort during those few weeks. Busy officers sorted over the furs,

counted them, and had them made into bales. Workmen dusted and beat out the new furs, just brought in. From the storehouse they took the beads and knives, the blankets and guns, the powder and bullets and kettles, as well as the rice and flour and pork which were to go back to the upper country. But the dark, handsome, wild-looking men, dressed still in all their gay finery, played while these others worked.

When the Brigade of Boats went out, everyone was on the river bank again. The cannon at the fort fired a salute. The men's rifles fired an answering one. All was ready. Gay still, in their holiday clothes, the *voyageurs* stepped into the canoes and took their places; their passengers took theirs. The officers and the men going home to Canada or Scotland or England were all passengers, for they went up the river, over the Canadian Rockies, and sailed from Hudson's Bay. At a pistol shot every paddle touched the water at the same instant—and they were off again. Out they swept into the river, singing in time to the dip of the paddles, wheeling in mid-stream in perfect order—off again for another year of danger and hard work. Up the broad, blue river, in full chorus, ribbons fluttering and plumes waving, until one could see only small specks on the blue water, and hear only the faint sound of song—such was their going.

—Katherine B. Judson (*Abridged*).

* * *

SWIFT AS AN INDIAN ARROW FLIES

Time, what an empty vapor 'tis,
Our days, how swift they are,
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

—William Billings in his "Continental Harmony" 1794

“SINGING SCHOOL” DAYS

PIONEER fathers and mothers were a busy, active people, but they had their times for rest. During these restful hours they found much pleasure in song. The violin was often their only instrument. They listened to its melody and they danced to its notes, and those who did not think it wicked, sang with it. They did not all have time to read books, and some of them did not know how to read. They could all sing, however, and they found time for this recreation. In fact they sang more in their homes and in their fields then, than they do now. If at no other time, they sang on their way to and from labor. Every home became a sort of musical conservatory. They had traveled far, and reached their earthly Canaan; and now they were singing of the Canaan beyond, drinking in the poetry that flowed like the milk and honey of the land that they had found.

It is probable that the men, women and children who sing good songs, thrilling the world with their melodies, exert as great an influence in touching the popular heart and in inspiring the nobler sentiments of humanity as do the men and women who write the good songs. The men and women who write the good songs do as much to develop the nation as they who write the good laws. The singers, therefore, are not far removed from the good laws of the country.

In the days of the pioneer, every community had its singing-school. There was a professional singing master in charge, or a leader selected from the membership. For music they were restricted to old melodies found in *Carmina Sacra*, the *New Lute of Zion*, the *Harmony*, the *Triumph*, the *Key Note*,

Golden Wreath, the *Revivalist*, and kindred collections long since out of print. Some of the best books were written in the old square-note system so the people could slowly spell their way through the music. Familiar among those airs were, *The Land of Canaan, I Belong to the Band, Hallelujah, Mary to the Saviour's Tomb, Jesus Lover of My Soul, The World Will Be on Fire, I Want to Be an Angel, There Is a Happy Land, Happy Day, Work for the Night is Coming*, and scores of others, among which were the national odes. Such gatherings—such music! The singers always looked forward to the day when they could join in song. Sometimes the leader stumbled a little, for the singing was more spirited than classical; the songs were few, but the singers learned them well.

Of the effect of these gatherings upon the subsequent life of Oregon there is no doubt. The songs and the elevating associations mellowed men's hearts and set their thoughts to flowing in channels where poetry, music and the softer, sweeter side of human nature are ever present. Deep and wide they laid the foundation upon which the future thought and literature of the community was to be builded. —*John B. Horner.*

* * *

ODE ON SCIENCE

The morning sun shines from the east,
And spreads his glories to the west,
All nations with his beams are blest
Where'er his radiant light appears.
So science spreads her lucid ray
O'er lands that long in darkness lay;
She visits fair Columbia,
And sets her sons among the stars.

—*Jezaniah Sumner, written 1798 for Stoughton Musical Society*

MAKING THE FESTIVAL

ALTHOUGH the pioneers who crossed the Great Plains to Oregon Territory a century ago endured many hardships, both on the trail and after their arrival, they were soon taking time to set up the singing schools, which were, in those days, one of the greatest of social meeting places. An informing letter written to a friend in the far-off East by a pioneer boy whose family had settled in the pioneer settlement of Oregon City, says:

“Oregon City
April 27, 1856

DEAR FRIEND SAMUEL:

I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. I received your last letter with much pleasure. I have delayed writing to you a great while but you must not think I have forgotten you. I like this country very well. The place we live in is thickly timbered but the greatest part is handsome prairie. We have a beautiful climate here. The Summer is not as warm here and the winter not half as cold as in the States. We only have a week or two of cold weather through the winter.

I must tell you something about our singing & School which I have attended over a year. We sang out of Florias Festival and on the Fourth of July we had a great time. We had a nice dinner and sang the Festival at two o'clock p.m. The house was crowded to hear it. There were eighty singers. The boys wore white pantaloons and black Coats. The girls were dressed in white with a wreath of Flowers on their heads. A month afterwards we went down to the city of Portland and had a Festival

there. We went down on the Steamer Jenny Clarke. They fired the Cannon as we landed. We Sang the Festival in the evening in the Methodist Church. The Queen wore a Crown of Roses. The house was nicely decorated with Flowers. We Stayed there over night and came back the next morning to Oregon City, distance 14 miles. Our singing master's name is Mr. Newell.

I must tell you Something about our Farm. We have a nice young Orchard of Fruit trees. We have 300 Apple trees. They grow very thrifty in this Country. They grow 6 Feet in one year and peach trees 7 feet, and we have a young nursery of apple, peach, plum, cherry, Apricot, Almond, and pear trees. We have had plum trees grow 10 feet in one year. My Father and I grafted three or four thousand this year. Fruit trees bear very young here. Apples will bear at two years of age. Almost all kinds bear at three years of age. I expect we Shall have Fruit this year.

I will tell you Something about the Indians. The people are all very much alarmed here. The Indians have burned down their houses and killed the people. They burned down the City of Cascades, 10 persons killed. They are expecting to have a great battle very soon. They have taken the Friendly Indians on the reserve and are having a guard of 40 men over them and are teaching them to work and cultivate Farms. They generally live in bark huts which they get From the Fir trees. They are a very lazy and indolent people. I Should like to Come back and see you. I shall come back as soon as the railroad gets across, if I live. We are all very well excepting my Father. My mother sends her love to your mother. The Children send their love to Mary and Esther. I must now Close. Please write soon. From your Affectionate Friend, A.L.F."

THE AURORA BAND

THE story of the Aurora (Oregon) Band, one of the most important musical organizations on the Pacific Coast in early days, really had its beginnings among the Moravians in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. And the reason is this: In early years of the century there had gone out from Bethlehem and other Moravian centers of Pennsylvania, families trained in religious and musical observances, to settle in various parts of the Frontier. From one such settlement near Pittsburgh, Pa., Dr. William Keil came, in 1844, to found a new settlement in Shelby County, Missouri.

This was not far from Westport (now a part of Kansas City, Missouri), and it was from here, or nearby Independence, that thousands of settlers made their final departure for the journey over the Oregon Trail to the land of the setting sun.

Among the colonists at Bethel in Shelby County were the Finck family. The father, Dr. Henry C. Finck, was a great musical amateur who knew how to play every instrument of the orchestra except the harp. He also composed songs, and when not otherwise busy, organized and drilled bands and choirs among his neighbors.

To see so many wagons and foot-travelers passing each week on their way to Westport and the Trail, was to desire to follow along. And so it was not at all unexpected that in 1844 a small group of nine from Bethel went out to the Columbia River with one of the wagon trains, to spy out the land. They stopped at The Dalles, then went on to Fort Vancouver. Here they spent some time before they continued their journey.

They met Ezra Meeker, Oregon pioneer, and drove on up to Olympia toward the north end of the territory.

Having satisfied themselves as to the opportunities in this new country, they sent back word to Bethel, and soon a group of people from there began to prepare a wagon train. They planned to take thirty-five wagons, and hoped to be ready to start before the end of the next May. Among those most interested in the adventure was Willie Keil, whose father was one of the leaders of the expedition. Willie had sat by the side of the road, days on end, and had seen the covered wagons go past by the hundred. His father now promised that he might ride in the lead wagon of their caravan, directly behind the first yoke of oxen. Two days before the party was to leave Bethel, Willie Keil "took sick" and died; but the father, respecting his promise to his son, had Willie's body preserved in alcohol, and, placing it in an old style hearse, drove it to the head of the little procession. They started out on May 23rd, those left behind, in accord with the old Moravian custom, singing as they saw their friends depart.

Through the hundreds of miles which stretched between Westport and the Columbia River the strange caravan traveled, unmolested at all times by the superstitious Indians, who often viewed the cavalcade from afar, or even rode along beside it in plain view.

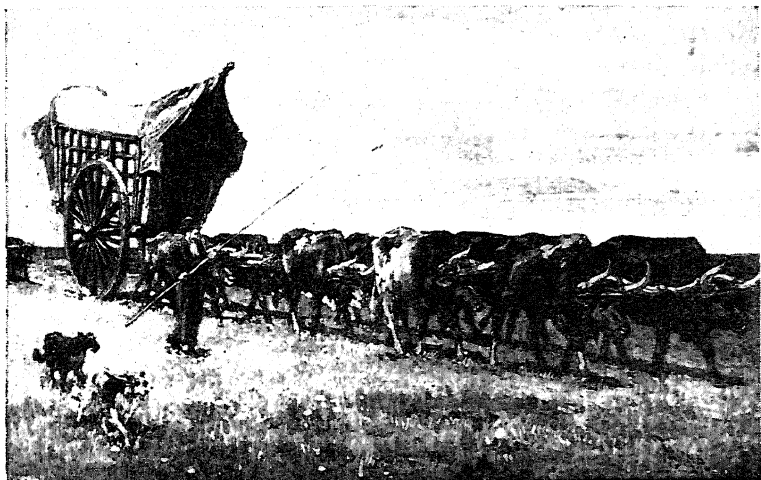
Arrived finally in Aurora, the group of sixty-one adults wrote up and signed a community contract. Doctor Keil then sent for Doctor Finck. It was not until 1862 that Doctor Finck brought his motherless children to Oregon, by way of the Panama Isthmus. There the good Doctor was immediately busy with his music, organizing bands and orchestras, teaching singing schools, and establishing choirs. The new village of

Aurora, about twenty-five miles south of Portland, was soon to have a new church. So Doctor Finck arranged that it should have a fine steeple, and that about the steeple should be built two balconies, one considerably smaller and higher than the other. A chime of bells was set into the steeple and the bells were rung upon appropriate occasions. At other times Doctor Finck stationed his two bands (sixty men altogether) on the two balconies, and gave concerts of antiphonal music which he conducted.

Among the musicians was the Doctor's son, Henry T. Finck, who, when only seven, had given a public concert in Missouri, playing on the 'cello. In Aurora he studied music under his father's direction. Ten years after coming to Oregon he traveled East, and graduated from Harvard in 1876, only twenty-two years old. He had received all his preliminary instruction, both academic and musical, in the pioneer town of Aurora. Following his graduation from Harvard, he hurried to Bayreuth, and was present at the first Wagnerian festival of the *Nibelungen Ring*. He wrote accounts of this for the *New York World* and for the *Atlantic Monthly*. A year was then spent in study in Munich. In 1878, he received the Harvard Travelling Fellowship, and travelled and studied upon the Continent for three more years. There he met all the composers and artists of the day, and learned how to be a wise and discriminating critic of music. Returning to America, he became, and remained until his death, one of the leading professional critics of New York City. His book, *Grieg and His Music*, which told of Grieg as Finck had seen and heard him in concert and at his Norwegian home, is one of the finest books of musical biography ever written in America.

LOG CABIN "SINGS"

MUSIC was always a joy to the pioneer, although many of the early settlers, especially those on the Pacific Coast, with many hundreds of miles between them and the larger cities, had no musical instruments. The Meeker family had always liked music. As a boy, back in Indiana, Ezra Meeker had shown himself a good singer, and was once invited



Engraving, Bettmann Archive

A COW COLUMN ON THE WAY TO OREGON

to be a member of the choir in the church presided over by Henry Ward Beecher. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was Reverend Beecher's sister. The boy became acquainted with the great preacher through delivering to him, each week, an anti-slavery paper which he helped a local publisher to print.

After crossing the Oregon Trail to the Pacific Northwest, as one of the early pioneers to follow the oxen along that now historic route, Ezra Meeker settled, with his little family, in the Puyallup valley in Washington. There others of his relatives soon joined him, among them his brother, John Meeker, known affectionately to scores of boys and girls in no way related to him, as "Uncle John."

"Uncle John" was the schoolmaster in the valley's first schoolhouse, and having learned, in Indiana, how to read music by syllable—that is, by use of the *do, re, mis*—he proceeded to teach this to his pupils. Soon the children of a little one-room school in a clearing of a western wilderness were singing each day by note.

That they carried their joy in music home with them is evident by this little story which "Uncle Ezra" loved to tell:

"We used to have lots and lots of music. 'Uncle John' Meeker took delight in teaching the children to sing and the children took delight in the music, as likewise in the opportunity offered of getting together and having a good time as well.

"Sometimes they would sing without accompaniment, and then again one of them, or most likely 'Aunti,' would play on the melodeon¹ and 'steady them up' in their time as well as in voice.

"Sometimes I would join them with the violin and maybe 'Uncle John' would get out his flute. Then with these three instruments and a dozen or more voices, the cabin would get so full of music that we would open the doors and windows to let some of it out and some fresh air in. 'Uncle John' had one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, and he seemingly had full control of it. And what is more to the point, he was always willing to use it, if by so doing he could give pleasure to others."

¹ Melodeon was the name given to the first types of American reed organ. Because of its sweet tone, and its lightness, which made it easy to carry, the melodeon was greatly valued by pioneers. Often carried from a home to the church service in the schoolhouse, or in the meetinghouse, on Sundays, it was equally prized as an accompaniment to home singing, and at parties.

Many years later, when he was already an old man, Mr. Meeker began a series of dramatic journeys across the country from West to East, for the purpose of marking historic sites along the old trail while these places might still be identified, and to call the attention of the United States to the necessity of national highways across the continent.

In preparing for this first journey, which was begun in January, 1906, Mr. Meeker built a covered wagon, using in it parts of three covered wagons that had come west across the Trail in the fifties. A first camp was made in the dooryard of the Meeker home at Puyallup, Washington. Here in the Meeker dooryard, the equipment was tested for several days, and the oxen accustomed to their new duties. Then the long trek began.

Washington to Washington—the first a state on the Pacific Coast, the second a city on the Atlantic! The trip took twenty-two months. In New York City, Mr. Meeker drove his ox-team from one end of Broadway to the other, to the astonishment of many, who, until now, had not interested themselves in the stirring history of the settlement of the great west.

Arriving in Washington, D. C., Mr. Meeker was received by President Theodore Roosevelt in the Cabinet Room of the White House, and was assured of government aid in marking the Trail.

Mr. Meeker traveled over the old ox-team trail several times. In 1924 he traveled from coast to coast in a very few hours, moving more than fifty times as fast in an airplane as he had traveled with his covered wagon, a little over fifty years before. In Washington, D. C., he was again received at the White House—this time by President Calvin Coolidge. Once more, in 1928, now nearly ninety-eight years old, Mr. Meeker set out from Washington State for the East. This time he traveled in still another way. He went to Detroit, where Henry Ford pre-

sented him an "ox-mobile"—really a covered wagon set upon an auto-truck chassis. Attention was again called, in a dramatic manner, to the glories of the old Oregon Trail, and to the memory of those brave and dauntless pioneers who first traveled it.

In many stopping places along the route, in each of the Meeker journeys across the Trail, the "old Skipper"—as he sometimes called himself—would lecture, or would tell, to interested visitors who thronged about his wagon, tales of the early days in the Pacific settlements. To each he told incidents which answered their questions. At some stops, especially in the West, he talked with "old-timers," and then the conversation usually had to do with Indians. Indian song was frequently mentioned, and some who listened still recall his stories of early days on Puget Sound, when he and his little family, floating along with the tide near the outlet of the Puyallup River, would listen silently to the rhythmic song of the Indian fishermen and the accompanying, time-keeping stroke of Indian paddles against the sides of the small canoes.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

What great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turned so slow and sad to you
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seemed to plead, and make replies,
The while they bowed their necks and drew
The creaking load; and looked at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground;
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

CHRISTMAS IN 1851

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, one of the pioneer cities of the Pacific Northwest, was founded in 1851. The landing of the Pilgrims from the *Mayflower* on the Atlantic Coast in 1620 was no more dramatic than the landing of the little group of pioneers—twelve adults and twelve children—who stepped ashore from the little boat *Exact* at the edge of a Puget Sound forest on the cold, rainy morning of the thirteenth of November. This story, by Lloyd Weir, tells of the celebration of the first Christmas of this far western city.

“Santa Claus, for the founders of Seattle on their first Puget Sound Christmas in 1851, was no jovial old gentleman in red costume and white whiskers. Pioneering for jolly Kris Kringle that first Yuletide was a genial sea skipper—Captain Daniel S. Howard of the brig *Leonesa*.

“Christmas shoppers flocked around the ship’s master as modern shoppers crowd the city’s shops and stores. To him the settlers paid their money, to be converted into food and clothing in San Francisco. Money for that first Christmas shopping season had been earned by cutting timber, 13,458 feet, to be loaded aboard the *Leonesa* as cargo for California.

“From that list of stern necessities handed to Captain Howard, no one can accuse the city’s founders of frivolous buying—unless some critical eye single out an order for pepper sauce.

“Old settlers and their descendants tell of Christmas orders handed to the Captain. Arthur A. Denny, one of the original twenty-four, gave the skipper \$43, with which he was to buy a barrel of pork, flour and batting. The batting evidently was

for quilting. Carson D. Boren ordered a barrel of pork and flour.

"In addition to a barrel of pork and flour, John N. Low ordered '1 stove.'

"'No Santa Claus was ever commissioned with an order as eagerly awaited as that *1 stove*,' writes Mr. Denny's granddaughter * in her book, *Four Wagons West*. 'All during those trying months when Lydia Low's eyes smarted from the smoke as she cooked over her mud fireplace, she knew that relief would come some day when the good ship *Leonesa* came sailing in from San Francisco with her new stove.'

"While the pioneers were loading his ship with timber that first December, Captain Howard acquired a shopping list as follows:

"'25 bbls. pork, 3,500 lbs. flour, 150 gals. molasses, 800 lbs. hard bread, 1 case boots, 1 case Brogan shoes, 1 bale Domestic, 1 doz. pieces prints (calico), 6 doz. hickory shirts (dyed with hickory bark).

"'1 doz. window sash, 1 box glass (8x10), 1 doz. grind stones, ½ doz. cross-cut saws, ½ doz. files cross-cut, 1 case mustard, 1 case pepper sauce, 400 lbs. sugar, 400 lbs. soap.'

"When the *Leonesa* lifted anchor, the settlers knew that it would be many months before their seagoing Santa Claus came sailing back with their presents. And always there was the possibility that the *Leonesa* and their precious gifts might be lost at sea. But anxious pioneer eyes were not disappointed. In April they saw the brig come sailing in from sea and anchor once again in Elliott Bay.

"But while resigning themselves to the long wait for presents, it was no cheerless Christmas in that little cluster of cabins at

* Roberta Frye Watt

Alki.¹ Christmas Day the men worked half a day in the forest. The women were busy in their cabins making preparations. When time for Christmas dinner arrived, all twenty-four of the settlers sat down together. For a main dish, they ate wild duck with cranberry sauce. The cranberries had been picked from nearby bushes.

"Preparing for Christmas, the women took time to mend and sew for the first time since they left Illinois the spring before. There was no new material, but the pioneer wives made over what they had. Here and there a garment of leather appeared, showing how adaptable these pioneer people were. The men had patched and soled well-worn shoes in spare time. Clothes that were clean and whole made everyone appear bright and gay on Christmas Day.

"The children didn't have to go without presents until the *Leonesa* returned. Louisa Boren, who had won esteem by bringing a looking-glass from Illinois, had remembered to tuck in some shell boxes and trinkets for the youngsters. There were a few dolls, whittled out of wood and dressed in leather. It is easy to imagine the joy those little gifts brought to the pioneer children at that wilderness celebration.

"And that was Christmas, many years ago, when the hardy Seattle pioneers were barely with a roof over their heads.

"How the picture lingers in the memory! The flickering lights in the little cabins on the edge of the dark wood; the frosty night; and the happy voices of young and old as they joined in singing carols never heard before on the edge of this Western sea, but remembered from other Christmases at home—*It Came Upon the Midnight Clear* and *Away in a Manger*."

—Lloyd Weir.

¹ Alki was the first name given to the pioneer settlement. A monument at Alki Point shows the site of the first landing.

OLD SETTLER'S SONG¹

(To the tune of *Old Rosin, the Beau*)

I've wandered all over the country
Prospecting and digging for gold—
I've tunneled, hydraulicked, and cradled
And I have been frequently sold.

For one who gets riches by mining,
Perceiving that hundreds grow poor;
I made up my mind to try farming,
The only pursuit that is sure.

So rolling my grub in my blanket
I left all my tools on the ground;
And started one morning to "shank" it
For a country they call Puget Sound.

Arriving flat-broke in mid-winter,
I found it enveloped in fog,
And covered all over with timber
Thick as hair on the back of a dog.

I took up a claim in the forest,
And set myself down to hard toil;
For two years I chopped and I niggered²
But I never got down to the soil.

¹ While there are many folk songs of the Pacific Northwest and West Coast, it is thought that this *Old Settler's Song* is the only folk song which belongs exclusively to the Puget Sound neighborhood.

² Meaning to work very hard.

I tried to get out of the country,
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an Old Settler;
Then you couldn't drive me away.

But now that I'm used to the climate
I think that if man ever found
A spot to live easy and happy,
That Eden is on Puget Sound.

No longer the slave of ambition,
I laugh at the world and its shams,
As I think of my pleasant condition
Surrounded by acres of clams.

—*Folk Song of Puget Sound.*

THE SING GAME

AT THE old timers' picnic, George Bill, a native of Cedar River and a member of the Cedar River Tribe, told me about the Sing Game that was held annually before the advent of the white folk to Puget Sound. He said: "I well remember while living at New Castle, Washington, in 1889, the news came that the Duwamish Tribe had challenged the Puyallups to a Sing Game, at a powwow that was held in the Indian village at the junction of the Black and Cedar Rivers. Some of the Indians present were Dr. Jack, Ben Solomon, Jim Moses, Dan James, Jake Foster, George Washington, Br. Bill and others of the Duwamish tribe.

"The tribe had decided to challenge the Puyallup Indians to a 'Sing Game.' Kultus Johnny, Jim Moses and Dr. Jack called on Frank Hagan, Depot agent for the Columbia and Puget Sound Railway at Renton, and communicated their tribe's wishes. Acting under their instructions, Mr. Hagan wrote a letter to Chief Seatcum on the Puyallup reservation with the challenge. In a few days, several couriers arrived from Renton accepting the challenge and advised that they were glad that the Sing Game had been revived.

"Great preparations were made for their Sing Game. For several weeks the squaws went about the country stripping the bark off dead cedar trees, and after a great pile was gathered, they stripped off the brown, stringy stuff on the inside of the bark and rubbed it between their hands until it got softer and finer than excelsior. The braves gathered knotty saplings of cedar and sawed them in round knots about twice the size of a dollar and rubbed them until they were highly polished. About

five hundred of these counters were made for the great event. Then sixty-six cedar sticks, four inches long and a half an inch wide were made to keep score, that being the number of points the winner would have to score before a victory could be declared.

"The meet was held in Dr. Jack's tepee near where the Indian mine is now located. At the appointed time, about two hundred Puyallups arrived at Renton. They filled sixteen wagons. The two chiefs, Seatcum and John Wrinkles, came in buggies, while others walked. They were met by Dr. Jack, Jimmie Moses and Kultus Johnny, who escorted them to the preserves of the Cedar River about a mile from Renton.

"At eight o'clock on Monday night both tribes were ready to start the game. The dealers of both tribes stood on opposite sides of the tepee while the balance of the tribes stood on the outside in similar order. Each tribe with its tom-toms was ready for the play. In the middle of the tepee, which was about fifty by fifty feet, was a big fire. On one side was Dr. Jack, the Duwamish dealer, with Chief Williams on his right and Joe Foster on his left. Opposite him was Johnny Wrinkles, the dealer for the Puyallup braves. At a given signal, the Duwamish tribes began to beat their tom-toms and the women to chant while all eyes were centered on Dr. Jack, their dealer. The Puyallups were motionless, all straining their eyes to watch the old Doctor's weird movements. When he began to handle the counters and the bark pulp he uttered a cry.

"Then the whole tribe took up the chant and sang it over and over, keeping time with the tom-toms. The Doctor would seize a handful of the bark, then count out eight white counters and one black one. He would take four counters in one hand and five in the other and wrap them in the pulp and shuffle them back and forth with remarkable quickness. In one of the hands

was the black counter and the idea of the game was to guess in which hand the black one was. Suddenly one of the Puyallup braves moved his hand and Dr. Jack ceased moving his hands. The music stopped and upon examination it was found that the black chip was in the hand pointed to by the Puyallup brave, and they won the first point of the great game.

"It was now Johnny Wrinkles' turn. The music started and the noise of the tom-toms was livelier with the Puyallups than with their opponents.

"The game lasted continuously for 120 hours and finally ended in a draw. The excitement during the game was terrific, especially when it was found out that Chief Seatcum had not marked the score on the board."

—*True History.*

EARLY MUSIC IN SEATTLE

AN OLD newspaper says that with the beginning of the second half of the last century there were but three places north of the Columbia River that could be called towns. These were Vancouver, near the site of the old Fort, Tumwater, and Olympia. These, along with trading posts, military garrisons, and a few scattering farm settlements made up the principal population of northern Oregon Territory, now the state of Washington. All this was due for an early change, however, for on a windy November morning in 1851, a little boat, the *Exact*, eight days out of Portland, anchored at Alki Point on Puget Sound. Twenty-four people—twelve adults and twelve children—soon disembarked, and from that small beginning the city of Seattle has arisen.

Music in the frontier settlement, close to the water, and surrounded by dark and towering forests, was not forgotten, and when the first Sabbath came around, it found the pioneers singing. From this time on until about 1870, with the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, people of the Pacific Northwest, in general, Seattle in particular, had to rely on their own talents for musical entertainment. Transportation to and from "the States" was slow and difficult. Much mail and freight and passengers as well came by way of land and water, down the Atlantic Coast, across the Isthmus of Panama, and up the West Coast.

San Francisco in the 60's was already having entertainments by Negro minstrels, and had even seen opera. Soon Portland, Seattle, and Victoria, B. C., asked for the same privileges. The first artist to come to Seattle was the singer, Anna Bishop, who gave a concert there in 1873.

However, there had been much music in the Northwest city long before this. In 1860, twelve young men of the town banded themselves together into a brass band, sent down to San Francisco by boat for music, and when it arrived, began to play. Saw mills might busy them during the day, but at night their enthusiasm and diligence was unlimited and in no time at all they were able to play *Yankee Doodle*. The brass band paraded and played at every possible opportunity, and small boys fought for the privilege of holding the music before the eyes of the performing artists. For many years it was one of the few bands in the Territory and "toured" from Olympia to Canada. When in 1861 the University of Washington was dedicated and a committee from the State Legislature came up from the south to attend the big event, the brass band was playing down on Yesler's Wharf when their boat anchored.

In the lower end of his orchard at the corner of Cherry and Front Streets, Henry Yesler had set up a temporary pavilion for the 4th of July celebration. Now he decided to close it in and make it into a permanent meeting place. And there in the old Yesler Pavilion were held many of the important musical events of the early decades. In 1875 Camelia Urso gave a violin concert there, bringing to town the first Stradivarius violin the Pacific Northwest had ever seen. In 1877 a traveling opera company came there for a series of performances which included *Il Trovatore*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, *Maritana*, and the *Barber of Seville*. In '78 Remenyi, the celebrated violinist, played there.

Meanwhile local talent was presenting such cantatas as *Esther*, and with the early 80's, Seattle heard grand opera at Frye's New Opera House at First and Marion. This fine new building was destroyed in the great fire of 1889. In 1888, Pat Gilmore's Band of eighty men, with soloists, fresh from a Jubilee Concert in Boston, played at the Old Armory at Third and

Union. In the 90's Seattleites heard Patti, Melba, Calvé, and touring opera companies in *Chimes of Normandy*, *Robin Hood*, and the *Mikado*. The Moore Theatre was presently opened, and is to this day the scene of many artists' concerts.

Meanwhile, the women of the city had organized one of the most important music clubs of the West, the Ladies' Musical Club, to which at its first meeting in 1891 each prospective member brought twenty-five cents as dues. The Club shortly approved a plan by which many music lovers might join as "associates"; and the funds thus raised were wisely spent in bringing to the city artists and ensemble organizations of the highest merit. No great names were omitted from the list.

* * *

The first piano was invented in Italy by Bartolomeo Cristofori, a well-known instrument-maker of Padua who had gone to Florence where he had charge of the musical instruments owned by the Medici family. His first piano was made in 1708 or 1709. This is no longer in existence, but the second one he made—thus the oldest piano in the world—may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. Every detail of it was made by hand.

SUGGESTED MUSIC (to be sung, played or heard, in connection with study of *Pacific Coast Tales*):

Spanish-American Melodies

- "Cielito Lindo"
- "Las Mananitas" (Dawn Song)
- "La Fiesta"
- "El Jarabe"
- "La Sandunga"
- "Los Viejitos"
- "La Cucaracha"
- "La Varsoviana"
- "La Golondrina"—*Narciso Seradell*

Sea Chanteys

- "Jack Tar's Farewell"
- "Away for Rio"
- "Blow the Man Down"
- "Bay of Biscay"
- "List, Ye Landsmen!"
- "Johnny Parrot"

Songs of the Forty-niners

- "Beulah Land"—*Old Hymn*
- "Home Sweet Home"—*Payne-Bishop*
- "Days of '49"
- "Oh, Susanna!"—*Foster*
- "Rio Grande"

Natoma (An Opera)—*Victor Herbert*

Singing School Songs

- "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere"
- "In the Sweet Bye and Bye"
- "From All Who Dwell Below the Skies"
- "Broad Is the Road"
- "Come Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs"
- "The Land of Canaan"
- "Happy Day"
- "I Belong to the Band, Hallelujah"

Songs of the Puyallup Indians

Spanish Christmas Carols

- "Pastorale Suite" (Violin and Piano)—*Campbell-Tipton*
 "California" (Tone Poem)—*Converse*
 "Oriental Impressions"—*Henry Eichhem* (Long time resident of Santa Barbara)
 Sonatina (Violin and Piano)—*Carlos Chavez*
 Overture "1849"—*Mortimer Wilson*
 "America" (Epic Rhapsody)—*Ernest Bloch*
 Pageant of California—*Louis Curtis Edgar Hanson*
 "In an Indian Village"—*Kinscella*
 "Indian Love Song"—*Kinscella*
 "Scalp Dance"—*Kinscella*

Tribal Airs of the Shoshone

- "Song of the Minnetarres"—Tribal Air
 "Irish Washerwoman"—*Irish Reel*
 "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night"—*Old Hymn*
 "Columbia's Golden Eagle"—*A Patriotic Song of the 18th Century, by Graupner*
 "There Is an Hour of Peace and Rest"—*Berkenhead* (Blind organist of Newport, Mass., early 18th century, and a pupil of Graupner)
 "En Roulant, Ma Boule"—*Voyageurs' Song*
 "Blue Bells of Scotland"—*Old Scotch Air*
 "The Campbells Are Coming"—*Scotch Air*
 "Weel May the Keel Row"—*Scotch Air*
 "Highland Fling"—*Scotch National Dance*
 "Old Settler's Song" (To the tune of *Old Rosin, the Beau*)
 "A California Suite"—*Jacobi*
 (See also list for Section II)

LIBRARY READINGS:

- "California History," Kennefick
 "Los Angeles, the Transition Decades" (An Exhibition at the Huntington Library)
 "A History of the Pacific Northwest," George W. Fuller
 "Early Days in Old Oregon," Katherine B. Judson
 "Early Schools of Washington Territory," Angie Burt Bowden
 "On Puget Sound," Robert Walkinshaw
 "Four Wagons West," Roberta Frye Watt
 "Ox-Team Days on the Oregon Trail," Meeker-Driggs
 "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," Eva Emory Dye
 "California" (Federal Writers Project)
 "Oregon" (Federal Writers Project)

SECTION IV

FACING NORTH

SKIRL OF THE BAGPIPES

THE story of Nova Scotia's songs is practically unknown and yet one of the most picturesque events in Canadian history is the landing of a group of Scottish settlers from the wooden sailing vessel, *Hector*, in 1773, when they waded ashore through the cold waters of the beach to the stirring skirl of the bagpipe.

The work of settlement in Nova Scotia had long been interrupted by wars, but after 1760 "a boom in real estate" struck the countryside. Fishing villages sprang up along the coast, many of the settlers coming from New England, bringing with them their animals and their boats, and setting up homes and saw mills.

In 1767 the Philadelphia Company, an American land speculation company in which Benjamin Franklin, his friend Doctor Witherspoon, and others, were interested, sent promoters through the British and Scotch provinces. John Dagan, a merchant in Greenlock, Scotland, bought some shares in the company. He owned the *Hector* which even then was known as a "crazy, ill-found ship." To interest people in sailing, he told in glowing terms of the New World, in which one might own a farm without pay.

The sailing, finally, of the *Hector* for America, with a group of Scotch Highlanders on board, dates the real beginnings of

this charming country, Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. The boat sailed first from the port of Greenoch. This was an event of greatest importance to the history of Canada as this was the first immigrant ship to Nova Scotia from Scotland since the days of William Alexander. It began a long stream of Scotch immigration. There were three families and five young men

aboard as it started. Then on to Lochbroon and Ross-shire where thirty-three more families and twenty-five more young men joined the group.

When the ship left the Old World there was a Scotch piper on board. Ordered ashore, he begged and all the others begged that he be allowed to stay. As the hills of home faded from the sight of the homesick passengers, tears started, but games and amusements, and tunes from the pipes, helped to while away the tedious hours and days. It took the sailing vessel eleven weeks to cross the At-



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A SCOTCH BAGPIPER

lantic. When the ship arrived off Newfoundland, a storm beat it back to sea. The food was all gone, but with true Scotch thrift, one man, Hugh McLeod, had gathered into a bag all the scraps left over during the voyage; or all would have starved. Smallpox broke out and many died.

They came at last into the harbor of Pictou and these Highlanders of stout courage, adorned in their plaids and kilts, made

a ceremony of the disembarkation. The Indians were planning to be troublesome, but as they heard the weird strains of the old Scotch tunes as the playing piper led the petticoated settlers through the water to the land, they fled in terror to the forests.

* * *

THE MUSIC OF "EVANGELINE"

In Nova Scotia (New Scotland), where many Scotch people settled, there was also a settlement of French people whose ancestors, generations before, came from France to establish a colony which they called Acadia. For a hundred and fifty years the Acadians spoke French, dressed in the old French costume, and otherwise followed the customs of their forefathers.

Presently the land became an English possession, with the King of England its lawful ruler. The Acadians wished to be neutral and refused to acknowledge the power of the English King. The English, therefore, decided to move the Acadians from the country. In the autumn troops came to Grand Pre and the Acadians were exiled into other parts of the world.

These historic events formed the setting of Longfellow's "Evangeline"—a beautiful love story of a young Acadian couple who were separated on their wedding day by the orders of the soldiers, and placed in different boats, to spend their lives searching for each other. It was a true story, and was told many years later by a French Canadian youth who was visiting a friend in New England. Later, at a dinner which was attended by both Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the pastor retold the touching tale. Turning to Hawthorne, Longfellow suggested that it be used as the theme of a novel. But Hawthorne was not interested. Seeing this, Longfellow said to him: "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem."

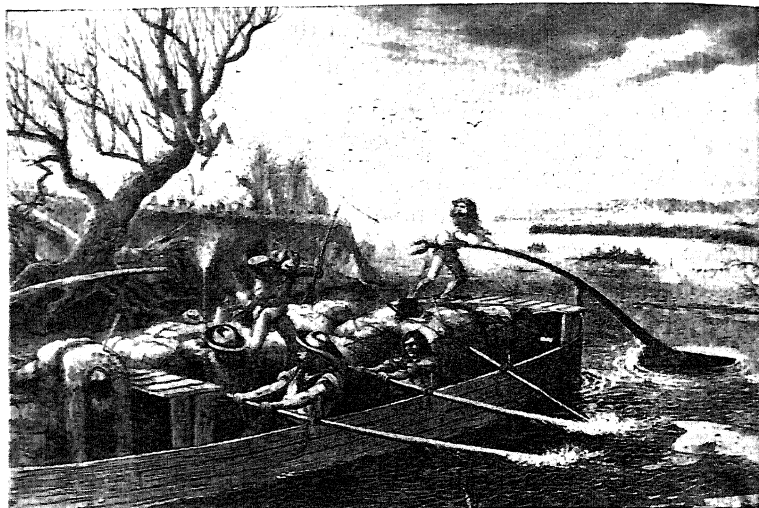
THE VOYAGEURS FROM MONTREAL

MONTREAL, today the chief city of Canada, was, after the union of the Fur Trading Companies, the center of the fur trade in the New World. The old Nor'-Wester influence centered on the St. Lawrence, and while the final court of appeal met in London, the forces that gave energy and effect to the decrees of the London Board acted from Montreal. At Lachine, above the rapids, nine miles from the city, lived Governor Simpson, and many retired traders looked upon Lachine as the Mecca of the fur trade. Even before the days of the Lachine Canal, which was built to avoid the rapids, it is said the pushing traders had taken advantage of the little River St. Pierre, which flows into the St. Lawrence, and over it they dragged their boats to Lachine. To the hardy French voyageurs, accustomed to "portage" their cargoes up steep cliffs, it was no hardship to use the improvised canal and reach Lachine at the head of the rapids.

Accordingly, Lachine became the port of departure for the voyageurs on their long journeys up the Ottawa, and on to the distant fur country. Heavy canoes carrying four tons of merchandise were built for the freight, and light canoes, sometimes manned with ten or twelve men, took the officers at great speed along the route. The canoes were marvels of durability. Made of thin but tough sheets of birch bark, securely gummed along the seams with pitch, they were so strong, and yet so light, that the Indians thought them an object of wonder, and said they were the gift of the Manitou.

The voyageurs were a hardy class of men, trained from boyhood to the use of the paddle. Many of them were Iroquis In-

dians—pure or with an admixture of white blood. But the French Canadians, too, became noted for their expert management of the canoe, and were favorites of Sir George Simpson. Like all sailors, the voyageurs felt the day of their departure a day of fate. Very often they sought to drown their sorrows in the



Woodcut. Bettmann Archive

FUR TRADERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS

flowing bowl, and it was the trick of the commander to prevent this by keeping the exact time of the departure a secret, filling up the time of the voyageurs with plenty to do and leaving on very short notice. However, as the cargo was well-nigh shipped, wives, daughters, children, and sweethearts of the departing canoe men began to linger about the docks, and so were ready to bid their sad farewells.

In the governor's or chief factor's brigade, each voyageur wore a feather in his cap, and if the wind permitted it, a British ensign was hoisted on each light canoe. Farewells were soon over.

Cheers filled the air from those left behind, and out from the Lachine up Lake St. Louis, an enlargement of the St. Lawrence, the brigade of canoes was soon ready to shoot out on their long voyage. No sooner had "le maître" found his cargo afloat, his officers and visitors safely seated, than he gave the cheery word to start, when the men broke out with a "chanson de voyage." Perhaps, it was the story of the *Three Fairy Ducks*, with its lively chorus:

"Derriere chez nous, il y a un etang
(Behind the manor lies the mere)¹

(*Refrain*) En roulant ma boule.
(Roll me the ball)

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant.
(Three ducks bathe in its waters clear)

En roulant ma boule.
(Roll me the ball)

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
(Roll, roll, roll me the ball)

En roulant, ma boule roulant,
(Roll, roll me the ball)

En roulant ma boule."
(Roll me the ball)

And now the paddles strike with accustomed dash. The voyageurs are excited with the prospect of the voyage, all scenes of home swim before their eyes, and the chorister leads off with his story of the prince (fils du roi) drawing near the lake, and

¹ Sea.

with his magic gun cruelly sighting the black duck, but killing the white one. With falling voices, the swinging men of the canoe relate how from the snow-drake, his

“Life blood falls in rubies bright,
His diamond eyes have lost their light,
His plumes go floating east and west,
And form at last a soldier’s bed.

En roulant ma boule
Sweet refuge for the wanderer’s head,
En roulant ma boule
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.”

As the brigade hies on its way, to the right is the purplish brown water of the Ottawa, and on the left the green tinge of the St. Lawrence, till suddenly turning around the western extremity of the Island of Montreal, the boiling waters of the mouth of the Ottawa are before the voyageurs. Since 1816 there has been a canal by which the canoes avoid these rapids, but before that time all men officers disembarked and the goods were taken by portage around the foaming waters.

And now the village of Ste. Annes’ is reached, a sacred place to the departing voyageurs, and here at the old warehouse the canoes are moored. Among the group of pretty Canadian houses stands out the Gothic church with its spire so dear an object to the canoemen. At the shrine the voyageur made his vow of devotion, asked for protection on his voyage, and left such gifts as he could to the patron saint.

Coming up and down the river at this point the voyageurs often sang the song:—

“Dans mon chemin j’ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés;”

(On my road I have met
Two cavaliers very well mounted.)

with the refrain to every verse:

“A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer
(In the shade of a wood I go away to play)

It is said that it was when struck with the movement and rhythm of this French chanson that Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, on his visit to Canada, while on its inland waters, wrote the *Canadian Boat Song*, and made celebrated the good Ste. Anne of the voyageurs. Whether in the first lines he succeeded in imitating the original or not, his musical notes are agreeable:

“Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.”

Certainly the refrain has more of the spirit of the boatmen's song:

“Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.”

The true coloring of the scene is reflected in

“We'll sing at Ste. Anne;”

and—

“Ottawa's tide, this trembling moon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.”

Ste. Anne really had a high distinction among all the resting places on the fur trader's route. It was the last point in the departure from Montreal Island. Religion and sentiment for a

hundred years had consecrated it, and a short distance above it, on an eminence overlooking the narrows—the real mouth of the Ottawa—was a venerable ruin, now overgrown with ivy and young trees, “Château brilliant,” a castle speaking of border foray and Indian warfare generations ago.

None of the many songs of France would be more likely at this stage than the most beloved of all French-Canadian songs, *A la Claire Fontaine*.

The leader in solo would ring out the verse—

“A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,
Que je m'y sois baigne.”

“Unto the crystal fountain,
For pleasure did I stray;
So fair I found the waters,
I bathed without delay.”

Then in full chorus all would unite, followed verse by verse. Most touching of all would be the address to the nightingale—

“Chantez, rossignol, chantez,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur a rire,
Moi, je l'ai a pleurer.”

“Sing, nightingale, keep singing,
Thou hast a heart so gay;
Thou hast a heart so merry,
While mine is sorrow's prey.”

The most beautiful of all, the chorus, is again repeated—

“Long is it I have loved thee,
Thee shall I love away
My dearest;

Long is it I have loved thee,
Thee shall I love always."

The brigade swept on up the Lake of Two Mountains, and though the work was hard, yet the spirit and exhilaration of the way kept up the hearts of the voyageurs and officers, and as one song was ended, another was begun and carried through. Now it was the rollicking chanson, *C'est la Belle Françoise*, then the tender *La Violette Dandine*, and when inspiration was needed, that song of perennial interest, *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*.

A distance up the Ottawa, however, the scenery changes, and the river is interrupted by three leaping rapids. At Carillon, opposite to which was Port Fortune, a great resort for retired fur traders, the labors began, and so these rapids, Carillon, Long Sault, and Chute au Blondeau, now avoided by canals, were in the old days passed by portage with infinite toil. Up the river to the great Chaudiere, where the City of Ottawa now stands, they cheerfully rowed, and after another great portage the Upper Ottawa was faced.

The most dangerous and exacting part of the great river was the well-known section where two long islands, the Calumet (the lower) and the Allumette, block the stream, and fierce rapids are to be encountered. This was the *pièce de résistance* of the canoemen's experience. Around it their superstitions clustered. On the shores many crosses had been erected to mark the death, in the boiling surges beside the portage, of many comrades who had perished here. Between the two islands on the north side of the river, the Hudson's Bay Company had founded Fort Coulange, used as a depot or refuge in case of accident. No wonder the region, with "Deep River" above, leading on to the somber narrows of "Hell Gate" further up the stream, appealed to the fear and imagination of the voyageurs.

We may now omit the hardships of hundreds of miles of pain-

ful journeying, and waft the party of the voyageurs, whose fortunes we have been following, up to the head of the west branch of the Ottawa, across the Vaz portages, and down a little stream into Lake Nipissing, where there was an old-time fort of the Nor'Westers, named La Ronde. Across Lake Nipissing, down the French River, and over the Georgian Bay with its beautiful scenery, the voyageurs' brigade at length reached the River St. Mary, soon to rest at the famous old fort of Sault Ste. Marie.

The river and rapids of St. Mary past, the joyful voyageurs hastened to skirt the great lake of Superior, on whose shores their destination lay. Deep and cold, Lake Superior, when stirred by angry winds, became the grave of many a voyageur. Few that fell into its icy embrace escaped. Its rocky shores were the death of many a swift canoe, and its weird legends were those of the Inini-Wudjoo, the great giant, or of the hungry heron that devoured the unwary. Cautiously along its shores Jean Baptiste crept to Michipicoten, then to the Pic, and on to Nepigon, places where trading posts marked the nerve centers of the fur trade.

At length, rounding Thunder Cape, Fort William was reached, the goal of the "mangeur de lard" or Montreal voyageur. Around the walls of the fort the great encampment was made. The River Kaministiquia was gay with canoes; the East and West met in rivalry—the wild couriers of the West and the patient boatmen of the East. In sight of the fort, up the river, stood McKay Mountain, around which tradition had woven fancies and tales. Its terraced heights suggest man's work, but it is to this day in a state of nature. Here in the days of conflict, when the opposing trappers and hunters went on their expeditions, old Trader McKay ascended, followed them with his keen eye in their meanderings, and circumvented them in their plans.

The days of waiting, unloading, loading, feasting, and contending being over, the Montreal voyageurs turned their faces homeward, and with flags afloat, paddled away, now cheerfully singing sweet *Alouette*.

Bon voyage! Bon voyage, mes voyageurs!

—George Bryce, from "*The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company*."

THE RAFTMEN

Now where are all the gay raftmen?
Now where are all the gay raftmen?
To winter camp gone up are they,
Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!

To winter camps gone up are they,
And at Bytown stopped off a day,
Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!

And at Bytown stopped off a day
To get their suits of clothes
'Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!'

With provender that they purvey
To th' Ottawa they've steered their wa

'Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!'

In bark canoe gone up have they,
And done it with a grand hooray!
'Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!'

When to the camp they came to stay,
Ax-hafts they cut without delay.
'Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!'

All Ottawa, amazed all day,
To hear their tempered axes play!
'Bang on the rim,
Let them pass on, gay raftmen!
Bang on the rim, bang! bang!'

—*French-Canadian Folk.*

IF MY OLD TOP WERE A DANCING MAN

If my old top were a dancing man!
A cowl to fit I would give him then,
Dance, old top, then dance in!
Oh, you don't care for dancing,
Oh, you don't care for my mill, la, la!
Oh, you don't care how my mill runs on.

If my old top were a dancing man!
A sash to fit I would give him then.
Dance, old top, then, dance in!
Oh, you don't care for dancing,
Oh, you don't care for my mill, la, la!
Oh, you don't care how my mill runs on.

There are many other verses to this song, but the only difference between them is in their second lines, as:

"A cap to fit I would give him then"

or

"A gown of serge I would give him then"

—*French-Canadian Song.*

* * *

"Countless numbers of folk songs have existed for generations in our American life, preserved in more or less isolated rural communities and only "discovered" by musicians in recent years. It can hardly be doubted that some Americans will find themselves moved by these sources to write music that springs from the very soil of the country."

—*Howard Hanson*

FRENCH-CANADIAN MELODIES

ALL races have their characteristic national songs which they can at once recognize as their own. This is especially true of those songs which had their beginnings in France. Many of these found their way, centuries ago, to the French settlements in the New World, and here in Canada they may still be heard daily in all their original grace, from the lips of homekeepers, farmers, hunters, tradesmen, voyageurs, and statesmen. They may be said to be true models of folk song for throughout the provinces they are graven upon the memory, have been learned by the folk without their knowing it, and the whole mass of the people love to repeat them.

A splendid tribute to any folk art lies in its appreciation by those who employ it. Such tribute is not lacking for Canadian song in Canada, where several thousand of the melodies have already been collected and placed on file in museums and libraries of the Dominion, and where annual festivals of folk song display its charms to the world at large.

In considering Canadian folk song, it is not forgotten that sturdy Scottish patriots played an important part in the development of Canada. One of the most picturesque events in Canadian history was the landing of Scottish settlers from the wooden sailing vessel *Hector*, in 1773, when they waded ashore through the cold waters on the beach to the stirring skirl of the bagpipes. With the bagpipes came the endearing songs of the homeland, many of which are indebted to "Bobbie" Burns for their lyric texts. For many years no meeting of any kind in Canada, attended by Scottish settlers, broke up without the singing of *Auld Lang Syne*.

It was presently noticed, by both French and Scottish pioneers, that the melodies of many of their songs had much in common. This was credited to the real connection which existed between the French and Scots in early days, when many families from Normandy settled in Scotland. Norman songs were well known at Scotland's court, and several popular Scottish airs—including that of *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*—have recently been found recorded in treasured French manuscripts of the seventeenth century.

In 1832, the population of Lower Canada was approximately 500,000 of whom 425,000 were of French descent and spoke the French language. The general title, "French-Canadian Melodies," seems therefore appropriate, when reference is made to these valued folk songs, for comparatively few of those airs sung familiarly in Canada are truly native to the land.

The first recorded reference to music in Canada appears in a three-hundred-year-old account of Port Royal. The account was written by Marc Lescarbot, a Paris advocate, whose alluring story of life in New France of those early days describes the seventeenth-century garrison which stood on the lonely shores of Nova Scotia. He mentions singing parties, and from his account we learn that the most popular of the songs sung there

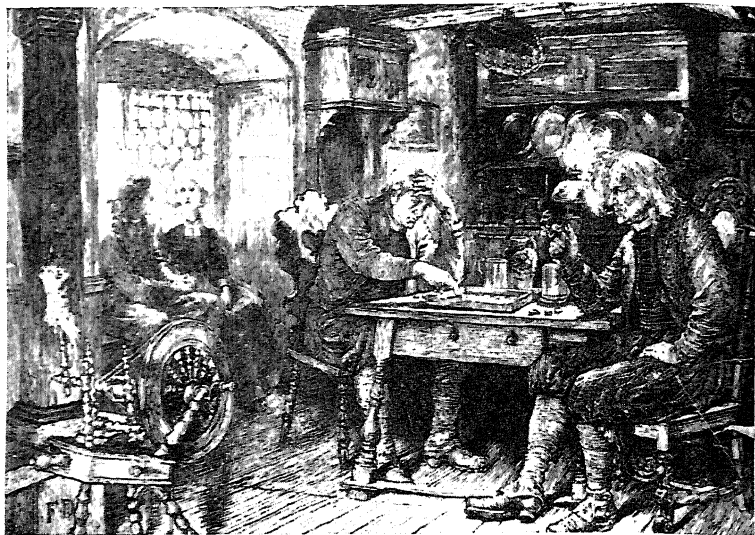


After a painting by W. A. Taylor. Bettmann Archive

VILLAGE SCENE IN AN ARCADIAN SETTLEMENT

were those familiar at the court of Henry of Navarre, and sea chanteys and folk songs from the western provinces of France.

The new Canadian homes, established along the rivers and at the edge of the virgin forests, were so isolated from all turmoils



After an engraving by Darley. Bettmann Archive

TYPICAL INTERIOR IN THE COLONY OF ARCADIA

and commotions of the Old World, and for so many years from the standardizing influences of the New World, that they kept in constant use a tremendous hoard of songs and folk tales. Varied versions of these old songs may now be heard throughout the Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec districts, and while they may differ slightly, one from the other, the central elements are unchanged and are usually of an antique Old World flavor far different from the more universal character of other folk airs.

Some of the songs feature distinctly modal or plain-

song effects, or suggest historic melodies of the Troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Many a Canadian field is plowed today to the rhythm of a song which tells of knights and ladies, or of princes and palaces.

In 1608 Samuel de Champlain, whose native town was Sain-touge, in the west of France, established an "Order of Good Time" (*L'Ordre de le-Bon Temps*) to cheer the men in his Port Royal garrison. Favorite songs of the singing parties are still extremely popular in Canada—"Gai, la, la, gail le rosier" (*Gay is the Rose*) and "*A la claire fontaine*" (*At the clear running fountain*).

Many of these airs have striking individuality, as illustrated by the odd three-measure phrases of the verse of "Gay is the Rose." The two phrases of the refrain, however, are of conventional four-measure length.

"*A la claire fontaine*," from Champlain's home town, tells of the gardens of Normandy, and of a lover who has lost the affection of his Dulcinea. She refuses his flowers. The song is still on all lips throughout the provinces, and was, for many years, considered the "national anthem" of Canada. Its personal note of grief was used to express a national lament when it was sung by the French-Canadians in 1759 after the capture of Quebec.

Another old song of French Canada is "*La Guignolée*," most frequently sung on the eve of special festival days and on New Year's Eve. At these times it is customary for groups of young people to go about the village or parish in search of families who may have "le guignon" (bad luck). To these they bring substantial relief, while at other homes they receive gifts of provisions or clothing to distribute. At each house visited during this "*courir la guignolée*" they sing this song, which is so ancient that its words tell of the sacrifices of the Druids.

A dramatic native song, about two hundred years old, is

"Petit rocher de la haute montagne," which tells of Cadieux, a trapper, who, while bringing a party down the Ottawa River, learns upon reaching Calumet Island that the Iroquois are waiting at the portage. By shooting off a gun he diverts attention to himself while his party shoots the rapids. The war party comes upon him and when rescuers return, his body is found in a shallow grave which he has evidently prepared for himself, and near by is a piece of birchbark upon which he has left a message traced in his blood.

The rivers of Canada have always been channels of song. Jacques Cartier's men sang *"Envoyons d'avant, nos gens"* as they paddled the St. Lawrence in 1534. The Canadian boatman always sings as he works and the work then "takes care of itself." Joliet, who discovered the Mississippi River, was a talented church organist, and utilized folk singing as a stimulant to unison labor among his oarsmen. Gaspé fishermen still accommodate many of their tasks to the rhythms of sea chanteys of the Old World. The *voyageur*, as the picturesque French-Canadian canoemen have been called for centuries, is often chosen for his ability to sing. The sonorous, often weird, strains of melody which echo through the black forests which line many of the water-ways, as the birchbark canoes are sent flying along to their rhythm, have inspired poets. The steersman is often the "solo," and he chooses the song and sets the pitch. Sometimes he sings the verse while the others join in the refrain. Many a lumber raft has come down the river to the tune of *"En roulant, ma boule"* ("Oh, roll on, my ball") which started its career as a fairy tale song of France.

Other songs of labor dear to the heart of the French-Canadians include the *"Moulin Banal"* ("The Feudal Mill"). It was the custom of tenants, in the olden days, to grind their grain at Le Seigneur's mill. So in this song the story of the

undertaking is retold, often accompanied by appropriate gesture and action.

Fun songs include the familiar "*Alouette, gentle Alouette.*"

Tenderness is not a stranger to the French-Canadian Song, as is illustrated by the lullaby "*Une pedriole*" ("The Opening Day of May"). In this unusual song, a present is promised for each new day of the month, and as the singer proceeds through the verses, the second word is changed from "opening" to "second," "third," "fourth," and on up to ten, it being evidently thought that ten verses should put the little one to sleep. As all the presents suggested are renamed with each verse, it is necessary for an extra measure to be added to each stanza of the song.

Lovely Christmas carols of great antiquity feature the holiday season, the melodies possibly varying slightly according to the districts in which they are sung.

Viewing the riches of the Canadian "treasure chest" of song, and its exuberant vitality, it is appropriate that Sir George Cartier, a distinguished son of the Dominion (a descendant of a nephew of Jacques Cartier, and writer of "O, Canada") should have exclaimed, in verse:

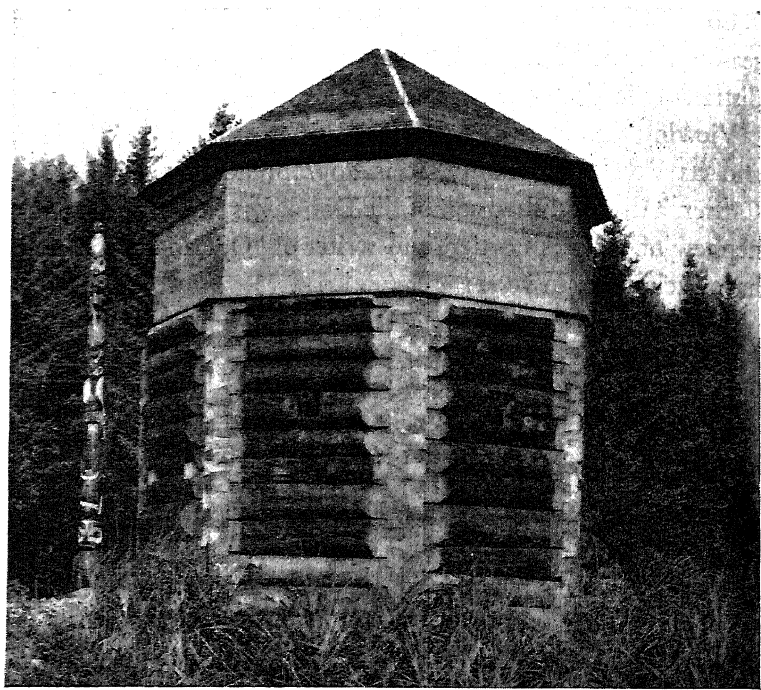
Le Canadien, comme ses pères,*
Aime à chanter a s'égayer.
Doux, arisé, vif en ses manières,
Poli, galant, hospitalier.

"The Canadian, like his forebears of old,
Dearly loves to sing the songs so gay,
Affable, sprightly, joyous heart of gold,
Polite, gallant, and hospitable alway."

* All translations by Dr. J. E. Le Rossignol, University of Nebraska.

BELLS FROM ALASKA

SITKA, one of the oldest towns in Alaska, has a historic background in which linger romance and tragedy of early royal personages, traders, and adventurers from many climes. In the history of its bells alone there is an intensely interesting story. Some of them are a hundred years old, and many bells that were cast there still ring out in California and Mexican missions.



Courtesy Alaska Steamship Co.

A REPLICA OF THE OLD RUSSIAN BLOCKHOUSE, LOCATED AT SITKA, ALASKA

After the establishment of Sitka, the Russian American Company had, amongst its many industries, foundries and blacksmith shops.

In the early days there were three of these blacksmith shops. One, and sometimes two, of the forges were used principally in manufacturing and repairing parts for sailing vessels, especially



Courtesy The Alaska Railroad

SITKA, ALASKA

in the spring when ships were being prepared for summer voyages. Another forge was kept busy continuously making and preparing wrought-iron axes for local workers. If there were any extra time, plows and other metal implements for trade with the missions in California were made.

At the copper foundries skilled workmen were busy making boilers, kettles, copper coffee-pots, and other household articles.

Some of these were sent to the California trade and some to the trade with the natives of the northern part of Russian America. Many bells were made here, the largest being sent to California missions. Other bells weighing less than two hundred pounds were cast for use on the ships.

One of these bells is now heard in Sitka. It hangs above the Sitka Cathedral where its voice gives out a deep and heavy tolling in the quiet city. This bell carries the story of its making in an inscription which was cast into its side. It reads:

"This bell was cast on the shores of America at the Russian American company's forge—New Archangelsk, on Barinoff Island, by Coppersmith Simeon Drimsky, in the month of July, 1811."

—*A True Story.*

* * *

Alaska and Her Flag: Although Alaska did not belong to the United States until 1867, it had been an important possession of Russia for many years.

The discovery of the fact that Asia and the mainland of North America were not united, was made by Commander Vitus Bering, sailing under the orders of Peter, the Great, of Russia, in August, 1728. This was what was called the "first Kamchatka expedition," and the comparatively narrow body of water through which the gallant Commander sailed, on this voyage, still bears his name, Bering Strait; the large body of water connected with it being known as Bering Sea. The large island, which he then discovered, he called St. Lawrence's Island.

The mainland, now Alaska, was not discovered until four years later, and the credit for this is given to a Russian named Mikhail Gvozdef, a surveyor with another Russian expedition.

AN ESKIMO DRUM

THE only musical instrument in use among the Eskimos is the universal drum or tambourine (*kělyau*), consisting of a membrane stretched over a hoop with a handle on one side, and used from Greenland to Siberia. It is always accompanied by the voice, in singing or chanting. The player holds the handle in his left hand with the membrane away from him, and strikes alternately on each side of the rim with a short heavy piece of ivory, or a long slender wand, rotating the drum slightly at the same time to meet the stroke. This produces a loud, resonant, and somewhat musical note. There appears, however, to be no system of tuning these drums, the pitch of the note depending entirely on accident.

Every household possesses at least one drum. They are all of essentially the same construction, but vary in size. The frame is a flat strip of willow about sixty inches long, one inch wide, and about half an inch thick, bent till the two ends meet. The ends are fastened together by a strap of walrus ivory on the inside of the hoop, secured to the wood by neat stitches of black whalebone. The handle is of walrus ivory about five and one half inches long. The larger end is rather rudely carved into a human face. Back of this head and an inch from the large end of the handle is a transverse notch, deep and sufficiently wide to fit over both rim and strap at the joint. It is held on by a lashing of sinew braid passing through holes in rim and strap, one on each side of the handle, and a large transverse hole in the latter, below and a little in front of the notch.

The membrane, which appears to be a sheet of the peritoneum of a seal, is stretched over the other side of the hoop, which is

beveled on the outside edge. The edge of the membrane is brought down to a deep groove near the edge of the hoop, where it is secured by three or four turns of sinew braid. The end of this string is crossed back and forth four or five times round the handle, where it is fitted to the hoop and then wrapped around it and finished off with a knot.

—*Author Unknown.*

SUGGESTED MUSIC (to be sung, played, or heard, in connection with the study of *Facing North*):

"The Campbells Are Comin'"—*Old Scotch Air*

"Auld Lang Syne"—*Old Scotch Air*

"Highland Lament"—*Old Scotch Air*

"Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres"—*French Air*

"Le Carillon de Dunderque"—*French Air*

"En Roulant, ma boule"

"A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer"

"A la Claire Fontaine"

"Alouette"

"Ah! Si mon noime voulait danser"

"Gai, la, la, gail le rosier"

"La Guignolee"

"Moulin Bonae"

"Une Pedriole"

"Canadian Boat Song"

"O Canada"

"Paddling Song"—*French Voyageur Song*

"Eskimo Chant"

"Call of the Seal"

"Incantation for the Healing of the Sick"

Stone Age Dance Song

"Eskimo Dances"—(Idealization of Eskimo Airs)—*Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*

} *French Airs*

} *Eskimo*

LIBRARY READINGS:

"The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company," George Bryce

"Canadian Folk Songs, Old and New," J. Murray Gibbon

"Back Country in Quebec," Henry P. Poler (*Country Life*, June, 1932)

"Maria Chapdelaine," Louis Hemon

SECTION V

THE MIDDLE STATES

DOWN THE OHIO ON A BARGE

FOLLOWING Lowell Mason's first experiments with school music, he organized and taught music "conventions," a type of gathering which was a forerunner of the present-day summer schools of music. His work was spread not only through these "conventions," but also through the teachings of his students.

A distinguished member of one of his classes was Charles Aiken, who, following his study with Doctor Mason, started West to make his fortune. He had been charmed by fascinating tales of the new frontiers along the Ohio and Mississippi, and so took his departure for that region down the Ohio on a flatboat.

At the close of each day the boat was tied at the river's edge, and crew and passengers spent the night ashore. After supper in the log cabin, candles were lit, and each visitor contributed his "bit" toward the evening's entertainment. It is a family tradition with the Aikens that each night, when the turn of Charles Aiken arrived, he would strip the bark from one of the cabin logs. Then, taking a bit of charcoal from the fireplace he would begin to write upon the new white surface—first one line, a note on it and one above it; to which his impromptu class would sing in turn, *one, two*, and *doh, re*. Then adding another line, he would add two more notes, to which his "students" would sing *one, two, three, four*, and *doh, re, mi, fa*. So on he would go, adding lines and notes, until the whole scale and the

whole staff had been mastered. Then he would teach a little song by note. All this was as he had been taught by Lowell Mason. From teaching music in a wilderness Charles Aiken finally came to Cincinnati, where he and his son, Walter Aiken, had charge of the music in the schools for nearly a century.

* * *

SOME SMALL SWEET WAY

There's never a rose in all the world
 But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
 But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
 Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
 To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
 His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
 To set the world rejoicing.

—*Selected.*

PRAIRIE SINGING-SCHOOL SONGS

ONE of the earliest social events in the Prairie States was the Singing School. No settlement was too remote to have a Singing School, which usually met in either church or schoolhouse. In the Middle West many of the songs used were secular, in contrast to the early New England singing school, established for the sole purpose of teaching people to sing the Psalms in a better way.

In these western singing schools, many of which closely followed the example of Lowell Mason's teaching, especially in the matter of drill in syllable singing, the songs were usually found in a little book which had been gotten up and published by the teacher.

Singing schools usually began following the close of Fall work upon the farm, and might continue for ten or twelve weeks. The teacher might also be the country school teacher of the same neighborhood, and it was not at all unusual for him to establish a singing school "circuit," going to a different gathering each week-day evening.

The first fifteen or twenty pages of the singing school book of that day was usually devoted to Preface, Rudiments, General Observation, Lessons for Tuning the Voice, Remarks of Refined Musicians, and Pictures of Scale and Syllable Ladders. Only after long continued and diligent effort, which might include difficult Exercises in Beating Time, did the student graduate to the singing of songs. Many of these, though not religious, were of a very doleful and tragic sentiment, such as the funeral song, *Sister, Thou Wert Fair and Lovely*; or the song about *The Little Gold Ring*.

These were the days which followed the Civil War. Naturally, many War songs of a tender nature, written either for the War or inspired by it, were sung for many years after the close of the War. Such songs include *Just Before the Battle*, *Mother*, *The Battle Cry of Freedom*, and *Tenting Tonight*.

Of these, *Tenting Tonight* was written as a direct inspiration which the author, Walter Kittridge, had during his first night in camp. He wrote both the words and the music. For some years, during this period, *Family Concerts* were much the vogue. Scattered through the country were several musical families which organized themselves and made public tours. Such was the famous Hutchinson family which included Asa Hutchinson, his brother, and several children. *Tenting Tonight* was one of their most popular numbers when they were introduced at a series of Torchlight Concerts in Lynn, Massachusetts.

The Battle Cry of Freedom was written by George F. Root, celebrated also for *Just Before the Battle*, *Mother*; *Tramp*, *Tramp*, *Tramp*, and *The Vacant Chair*. Mr. Root, though born in Massachusetts (1820), and active for a little while as a music teacher and organist in Boston, did his most important work in Chicago where he was also a publisher. He wrote melodies for many poems written by Fanny Crosby.

These were the days of great reforms in the land, such as temperance, education for women, co-education, and women's rights. Songs were written to put forward the aims of each reform.

There were also many popular ballads, such as *Silver Threads Among the Gold* by Danks, and *Sweet Genevieve*, by Henry Tucker, without which few programs ever closed. It is interesting to note that the melody of *Sweet Genevieve* has been either included or suggested in certain recent and important movies in which a sense of the simple charm of olden days

was desired. *Listen to the Mocking Bird* by Winner (who wrote under the name of Alice Hawthorne); *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, words by the famous Emma Willard and music by Count de Choiseul; *Nellie Gray* by Benjamin Hanby; *Stars of the Summer Night* by François Thomas (the words by Longfellow); and *Grandfather's Clock* by Henry Clay Work, were a part of the materials upon which many singing school books were founded. Each had a very important place in the life of the people.

Some songs not written to American words were extremely popular, as, for example, *Oft in the Stilly Night*, for which Abraham Lincoln is said to have had such a fondness that, in times of stress, he would call in his gifted secretary to sing it for him.

During these same days there came into being a great many hymns of a type known as "revival songs." Many of these were inspired by deep religious feeling, although not set to melodies as stately as had been the case of the New England Psalms. Among the best of these were *Bringing in the Sheaves*; *Work, for the Night is Coming*; and *The Little Brown Church in the Vale*. This latter song was definitely inspired by a real church—a "little brown church" which still stands, and is in frequent use, at Bradford, a "shadow town" about two miles from Nashua, Iowa. The song's rhythm is said to have been inspired by the *jog, jog, jog*, of a horse's hooves as its master drove along the country road on his way to a revival.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me,

The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—*Thomas Moore.*

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine no more to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie.
I can't stay here no longer;
I've left the old plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus:

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,

I've gwine where the orange blossoms grow,
For I hear the children calling,
I see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

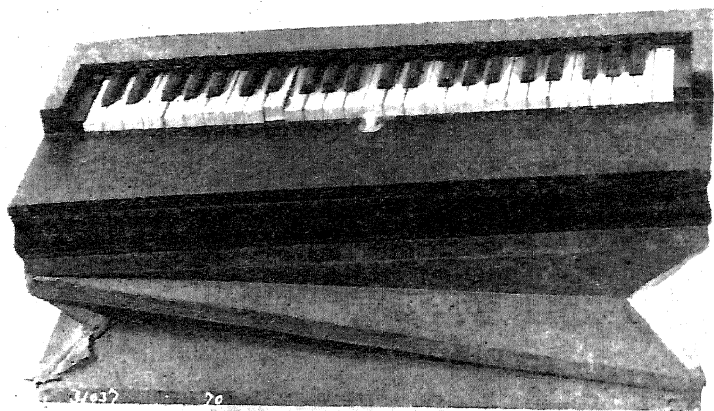
I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon the river,
I used to say if I got off,
I'd go back there no never,
But time has changed the old man,
His head is being low—
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go. (*Chorus*)

I've traveling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And keep me from all evil;
And should my strength forsake me,
Then kind friends come and take me—
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go. (*Chorus*)

—*Author Unknown.*

REED ORGAN AND MELODEON

WHEN Louis Moreau Gottschalk was writing his *Last Hope*, and giving concerts throughout the land, the old fashioned square piano was the instrument upon which he played. It was also a prized possession in many homes, and throughout the Middle States frequent reference is still



Courtesy of The Edison Institute

LAP MELODEON WITH PIANO KEYBOARD

made to such family-treasured "square grands" which were brought by boat up the Mississippi and the Missouri.

However popular the "square grand" may have been, no instruments so wove themselves into the tender regard of a generation of musicians and music lovers as the melodeon and the reed-organ. Both instruments were smaller than the square



Courtesy of The Edison Institute

PARLOR ORGAN

grands, and were often "brought West" in the covered wagon. No real parlor was complete without one or the other.

The possibilities of the reed-organ were immense. Some of its greatest contributions were the facts that it lent itself to accompaniment for home singing, and that it was a stepping stone to better music in the church. A player capable of using the varied stops of the organ could bring into the home a suggestion of the more familiar orchestra of today.

The reed-organ, or American organ, or melodeon, as it was called, according to the choice of its owner, came into being about 1854. Before this time an organ builder in Paris named Alexandre had introduced into organs the stop-handle, or expression device. This made it possible for the player to control the volume and quality of the organ's tone. Coming to America, Alexandre continued his experiments. Partly because of his results there came into being the American melodeon. Many refinements were gradually introduced.

* * *

MY WISH

I ask, O Lord, that from my life may flow
 Such gladsome music, soothing, sweet and clear
 From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear
 Of struggling men,
 To bid them pause awhile and listen; then
 With spirit calmer, stronger than before,
 Take up their work once more,
 I only pray that, through the common days
 Of this, my life, unceasingly may steal
 Into some aching heart strains that shall help to heal
 Its long-borne pain,
 To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain
 And fill the life with harmonies divine;
 Oh, may such power be mine!
 Thus would I live; and when all working days
 Are o'er for me,
 May the rich music of my life ring on
 Eternally!

—M. P. N., in *Wesleyan Magazine*.

TWO FIDDLING SCHOOL TEACHERS

FEW people know, these days," said Old Mr. Bailey, "how we used to teach music to the boys and girls in the 60's." Old Mr. Bailey and Old Mr. Butler were sitting together talking over old times 'before the War.'

"I was born down in Virginia, in June, 1831," said Mr. Bailey.

"And I, in Massachusetts, in September of the same year," said Mr. Butler. "You went to war on the Confederate side, and I on the Union side. But what matter, both of us had the same teacher—Lowell Mason—from whom we learned how to sing and teach the *do, re, mi*. And we've taught music most of our lives within a hundred miles of each other."

"Yes," said Mr. Bailey. "When the War was ended I found myself deprived of all earthly possessions, with a wife and three children dependent on me for support. I did not have much when it began, and when it ended I even had to wear my old uniform until August after the surrender in April. I have never made a shoe in my life, yet my wife was badly in need of shoes and we had no money. She got some cloth and used an old pair of gaiters for a pattern. She made the tops, and I secured sole leather and put soles and heels on the shoes.

"I had no voice for singing, so turned to school teaching. My patrons told me they had no money, but would pay me in provisions at the old prices if I would teach at the old prices. About this time calls began to come from churches where I had taught before the War, asking me to teach singing again. I told them that I no longer had a voice. They answered, 'Come and tell us what to do and we will try to do it.' And so I rode from church to church teaching singing classes, and doing what

I could for music. I soon found my health improving and finally landed in Lynchburg, Virginia; later going to Nashville, Tennessee. Fifty years of my life I gave to music.

"It was in Lynchburg that I got my start teaching free music classes. I had asked permission to use a schoolroom for my church music classes. Soon people began to talk about teaching *all* the children in the schools to sing, and within a short time, I found myself the first school music teacher Lynchburg had ever had.

"In 1873 I went to Nashville and did the same thing over again; singing in public schools was unknown in the early 70's and I simply had to make my own way. One thing, *once started, no one ever turned music out*. And what about you, my friend?"

"I had gone out to the new frontier in Iowa in 1860," answered Mr. Butler. "I got a position teaching school at Mount Pleasant, where, in connection with my day school duties I taught a class in singing, just as Mr. Mason had shown us how to do. This was probably one of the first courses in public school music in Iowa. When the War broke out I found myself playing a tenor horn in the regimental band of the First Iowa Cavalry. A year later the government did away with bands. I went to St. Louis and became a teacher in the old city University, conducting singing classes with three hundred boys, among them two sons of General U. S. Grant. I was presently elected supervisor of music in the St. Louis schools and fourteen years later went out to St. Joseph, Missouri, to start it all over again there. The children of the schools in both these cities could tell you that I was also a violinist. Wherever I went, my fiddle went too. I had little use for pitch pipes. I just started the singing with my violin. When the boys and girls got going nicely, I played a pretty accompaniment to their songs."

"Now we're both eighty-four," said Mr. Bailey. "Teaching music for fifty-odd years is perhaps a record."

"And did I have it to do all over again," said Mr. Butler, "I'd want to do the very same thing."

—*A True Story of John E. Bailey and
Henry M. Butler, Early Music Supervisors.*

* * *

MEDITATION

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of life the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-workings. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL BOOKS OF OLD

BOYS and girls who went to school in America years ago, found the schoolhouse, and its furniture, as well, very simple. Most of it was homemade. In pioneer days, in the West and Middle West, the schoolhouse—where there was any at all—was usually a one room log cabin which had been built by the men of the community. Families often lived long distances apart in those times, and where the settlements were being made in the midst of dense forests, as in the Pacific Northwest, there might be no more than two or three families to the square mile. None of these lived within sight of each other, because of the deep timber and the underbrush. Clearings had to be made before either home or schoolhouse was built.

All the neighbors gathered upon a given day when the settlers decided to build a schoolhouse. Some brought their axes to cut the logs. Others drove their oxen in to haul the logs to the clearing; while still others brought saws and hammers to make and place the clapboards which formed the roof. There was no such thing as a school desk in existence, so, on this same day, if there was time, benches were made of split logs called puncheons. When the school finally started, the older boys and girls sat with their faces to the wall, resting their books or copybooks on the long bench fastened there in front of them. When it came their time to recite they turned about across the log seat. The small children sat on lower benches placed near the middle of the room. For light, there might be one window, with the open door adding a bit during good weather. For heat, should school be “kept” during the coldest weather, there was the open fireplace, or, in later times a simple stove.

Many of the smaller children did not go to the school building at all, but were taught at home by their parents or their older brothers and sisters. In some districts, no school was held during the time of the deep snows. It was not at all uncommon for a family of children to have what was known as a "morning school" at home. Here they would be up and dressed at five o'clock, or possibly half-past four, stand in a row before their father or other older relative, to spell and to read, while breakfast was being prepared. Homemade tallow candles and the gleam of the burning logs in the fireplace gave out the only light.

School books then were very scarce and very expensive. Many were made by hand, the teacher writing new pages as the pupils needed more lessons to study. Most books were quite small, just the size to carry in a coat pocket.

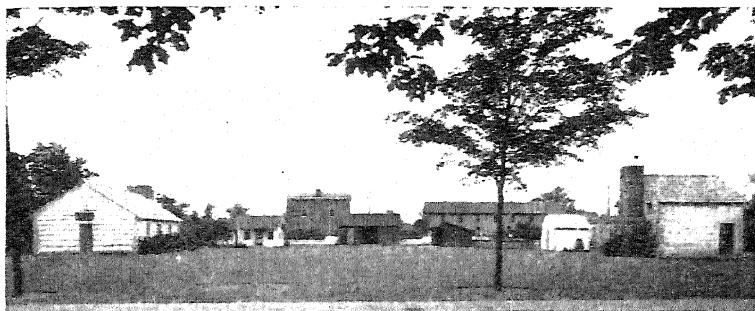
Much of the study in these early schools was done out loud, and for this reason some schools were given the name of "loud schools." While the boys and girls sat with their backs to the teacher's desk, they memorized their lessons by much oral repetition, each student trying to hear himself above the general chatter. Meanwhile, the teacher busied himself by working on his monthly "record"; or, if that were already finished, he might take his fiddle out of its case and practice up some dance tunes, such as *Old Zip Coon* or the *Arkansas Traveler*. He might even sing to himself the syllables of songs which he would have to teach at a nearby singing school that evening.

Special evening schools were held in the school buildings during winter months to teach penmanship, or singing. The teacher in charge of these schools might be the same who taught the day school; or, he might be a man who traveled a circuit of districts, coming to one each week for a term of nine or ten lessons.

THE McGUFFEY READERS

NO STORY of the schools of other days would be complete without a mention of the McGuffey Readers, compiled and written by William Holmes McGuffey and his brother, Alexander H. McGuffey. The books were so famous that copies of them are now kept in museums.

Alexander McGuffey, the father of the McGuffeys, was a Scotchman, and had found a home in Pennsylvania near the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. As a young man, he and Duncan McArthur were employed as scouts to watch the movements of the Indians in Ohio.



Courtesy of Edison Institute

THE McGUFFEY BUILDINGS AT GREENFIELD VILLAGE,
BUILT BY HENRY FORD

William Holmes McGuffey, his son, was born in western Pennsylvania in the year 1800. The family moved to Trumbell County, Ohio, when he was two years old, and so, in his early youth, the boy became familiar with the hardships and trials of pioneer life. His chance to get an education was limited. There

was no such thing as a high school, although several heroic men from the East were trying to establish academies in the wilderness.

A strange story is told of how William Holmes McGuffey finally had an opportunity for schooling. One day in 1818, a Presbyterian missionary minister was riding along through the country, and as he passed a low log cabin, he overheard a woman praying aloud. She was asking the Lord that her son might have an education. Not wishing to disturb the devout mother, the missionary rode on. At the next house, he stopped, and there he heard that an academy was about to be opened, not far away. Turning about, he rode back through the forest and told Mrs. McGuffey that here and now her son might go to school. So the boy worked on the farm in the summer, taught school in the winter, and finally saved enough money to be able to attend Washington College. Again and again he stopped school to go out and earn money. He never lost sight of his wish to be an educated gentleman, and in later life he was chosen the president of Ohio University.

William Holmes McGuffey also tried to help others to a better education, and in doing this, he felt the need for a standard series of books for the study of reading. So as soon as he could, he prepared the first four of the famous readers which bear his name. Later his brother prepared McGuffey's Spelling Book, and a Rhetorical Fifth Reader. This was presently rearranged and put into the series as its fifth reader, and a sixth book added.

The brothers made an agreement with the publisher who printed their books that they were to have a ten per cent royalty on all the sales, until they should have been paid a thousand dollars. After that the publisher was to consider the books his own property. But the sale of this popular series was so large and

so long continued, that the sum agreed upon was soon passed. Then the worthy publisher offered a new arrangement, and settled upon the authors a yearly payment which was to last throughout their lives.

Stories in the books range from the very humorous to the very dramatic, and include some doleful tales which correspond to the texts of songs presented to children of those times. There was reference made to almost every division of art and science, including music. Texts of many songs then new and popular—such as the familiar “Moss Covered Bucket”—are to be found in Book Three. In Book Four a dramatic version is given of a historic tale of Switzerland, that of *William Tell*, Swiss patriot. And in Book Six appears the tragic “Song of the Shirt” by Thomas Hood.

—S. E.

* * *

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

WILLIAM TELL

THIS dramatic version of the historic story of William Tell, the celebrated Swiss hero, is copied from an 1857 edition of *McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader*. Directions for reading, as given in the old schoolbook, the heading of the story as written by McGuffey himself, are here verbatim.

The historic incident upon which the opera *William Tell* was based by the Italian composer Rossini, was a tale of an earlier century in the Swiss Alps. There, in one of the three Forest Cantons, in the thirteenth century, lived a man named William Tell. The reigning Hapsburg Dukes claimed these Swiss highlands, and sent Gesler, a tyrant, to represent the Emperor and receive allegiance in his stead. By nature cruel, Gesler was so tyrannical and overbearing that the Swiss rebelled, and a group of Swiss patriots met, one night, in an open meadow, and pledged each other to work for freedom.

The story of Tell has always appealed to the Swiss people, and in that land the story of this patriot and his proud conduct is required reading in the nation's schools. Artists have been inspired by it to make statues and paintings of the main characters in the events; and a beautiful chapel has been built on the shores of Lake Lucerne, known as the *William Tell Chapel*, at the place where the hero is said to have finally escaped from his captors.

Rossini, an Italian composer, wrote an opera on the plot, and from its first performance in 1829, it was a success. The descriptive *Overture* from *William Tell* by Rossini is familiar to every music lover.

Here follows the version from McGuffey:

WILLIAM TELL

The events here referred to occurred in 1307. Switzerland had been conquered by Austria; and Gesler, one of the basest and most tyrannical of men, was her governor. As a refinement of tyranny, he had his cap elevated on a pole, and commanded that every one should bow before it. William Tell proudly refused to submit to this degrading mark of slavery. He was arrested and carried before the governor. The day before, his son Albert, without the knowledge of his father, had fallen into the hands of Gesler.

Give each letter its full and correct sound. Do not say *gov'nor* for *gov-ern-or*; *come-li-niss* for *come-li-ness*; *e-rec* for *e-rect*; *hon-rer-ble* for *hon-or-a-ble*; *han's* for *hands*; *venge-unce* for *venge-ance*.

SCENE 1. *A Chamber in the castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem, with Tell in chains and guarded.*

SARNEM. Down, slave! Behold the governor.
Down! down! and beg for mercy.

GESLER (*seated*). Does he hear?

SARNEM. He does, but braves thy power.

OFFICER. Why don't you smite him for that look?

GESLER. Can I believe
My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. (*To Tell.*)
Why speakest thou not?

TELL. For wonder.

GESLER. Wonder?

TELL. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

GESLER. What should I seem?

TELL. A monster.

GESLER. Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.

TELL. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?
How came they on me?

GESLER. Darest thou question me?

TELL. Darest thou not answer?

GESLER. Do I hear?

TELL. Thou dost.

GESLER. Beware my vengeance.

TELL. Can it more than kill?

GESLER. Enough; it can do that.

TELL. No; not enough:

It can not take away the grace of life;
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives;
Its port erect with consciousness of truth;
Its rich attire of honorable deeds;
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues;
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.

GESLER. But it can make thee writhe.

TELL. It may.

GESLER. And groan.

TELL. It may; and I may cry
Go on, though it should make me groan again.

GESLER. Whence comest thou?

TELL. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from them?

GESLER. Canst tell me any?

TELL. Ay: they watch no more the avalanche,

GESLER. Why so?

Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

GESLER. What do they then?

TELL. Thank heaven, it is not thou!

Thou has perverted nature in them.
There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee—doth wither to a curse.

GESLER. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

TELL. But they do sometimes smile.

GESLER. Ay! When is that?

TELL. When they do talk of vengeance.

GESLER. Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

TELL. Ay, and expect it too.

GESLER. From whence?

TELL. From heaven!

GESLER. From heaven?

TELL. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

GESLER. Where's thy abode?

TELL. I told thee on the mountains.

GESLER. Art married?

TELL. Yes.

GESLER. And hast a family?

TELL. A son.

GESLER. A son? Sarnem!

SARNEM. My lord, the boy— (*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

TELL. The boy? What boy?

Is't mine? and have they netted my young fledgeling?

Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own me,

And share his father's ruin! But a look

Would put him on his guard; yet how to give it!

Now, heart, thy nerve; forget thou art flesh, be rock.

They come, they come!

That step—that step—that little step, so light,

Upon the ground, how heavy it does fall

Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow which Sarnem carries.*)

'Tis he! We can but perish.

ALBERT. (*Aside*) Yes; I was right. It is my father's bow! For there's my father! I'll not own him though!

SARNEM. See!

ALBERT. What?

SARNEM. Look there!

ALBERT. I do, what would you have me see?

SARNEM. Thy father.

ALBERT. Who? That—that my father?

TELL. My boy! My boy! my own brave boy!

He's safe! (*Aside.*)

SARNEM. (*Aside to Gesler*). They're like each other.

GESLER. Yet I see no sign

Or recognition to betray the link

Unites a father and his child.

SARNEM. My Lord,

I am sure it is father. Look at them.

It may be

A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance,

That they survey each other coldly thus.

GESLER. We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff.

SARNEM. To a dungeon?

GESLER. No; into the court.

SARNEM. The court, my lord?

GESLER. And send

To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!

The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

SARNEM. I did. He started; 'tis his father.

GESLER. We shall see. Away with him!

TELL. Stop! Stop!

GESLER. What would you?

TELL. Time! A little time to call my thoughts together.

GESLER. Thou shalt not have a minute.

TELL. Some one, then, to speak with.

GESLER. Hence with him!

TELL. A moment! Stop!

Let me speak to the boy.

GESLER. Is he thy son?

TELL. And if

He were, art thou so lost to nature, as

To send me forth to die before his face?

GESLER. Well! speak with him.

Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

TELL. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee

Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son

About thy age. Thou,

I see, wast born like him, upon the hills;

If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thralldom, he

May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee

Relate to him what has been passing here,

And say I laid my hand upon thy head,

And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayst thou live, my boy!
To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)

SARNEM. Mark! he weeps.

TELL. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning, eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear?
Now were he by, I'd talk him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye—
I'd talk to him—

SARNEM. He falters!

TELL. 'Tis too much!
And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—

GESLER. Of what?

TELL. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make
A widow of! I'd talk to him of her.
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!

SARNEM. You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.

TELL. So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.
My boy! my boy! Oh for the hills, the hill,
To see him bound along their tops again,

With liberty.

SARNEM. Was there not all the father in that look?

GESLER. Yet 'tis 'gainst nature.

SARNEM. Not if he believes

To own the son would be to make him share

The father's death.

GESLER. I did not think of that! 'Tis well

The boy is not thy son. I've destined him

To die along with thee.

TELL. To die? For what?

GESLER. For having braved my power, as thou hast.

Lead them forth.

TELL. He's but a child.

GESLER. Away with them!

TELL. Perhaps an only child.

GESLER. No matter.

TELL. He may have a mother.

GESLER. So the viper hath;

And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

TELL. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though

'Twere flesh; and know 'tis none. I'll talk to it

No more. Come, my boy,

I taught thee how to live, I'll show thee how to die.

GESLER. He is thy child?

TELL. He is my child. (*Weeps*)

GESLER. I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name!

TELL. My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now;

My name is Tell.

GESLER. Tell? William Tell?

TELL. The same.

GESLER. What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen

For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! Indeed! I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life
Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one
Condition.

TELL. Name it.

GESLER. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

TELL. Name the trial you
Would have me make.

GESLER. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.

TELL. Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed trial
You'd have me make? Guessed it
Instinctively? You do not mean—no—no,
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

GESLER. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

TELL. Is my boy to hold it?

GESLER. No.

TELL. No? I'll send the arrow through the core!

GESLER. It is to rest upon his head.

TELL. Great heaven, you hear him!

GESLER. Thou dost hear the choice I give:
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise

To be escaped.

TELL. Oh, monster!

GESLER. Wilt thou do it?

ALBERT. He will! He will!

TELL. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!

GESLER. Take off his chains if he consent.

TELL. With his own hand?

GESLER. Does he consent?

ALBERT. He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains; Tell unconscious of what they do.*)

TELL. With his own hand?

Murder his child with own hand? This hand?

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?

'Tis beyond horror! 'Tis most horrible!

Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that
you've done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands

Are free from blood, and have no lust for it,

That they should drink my child's! Here! here!

I'll not

Murder my boy for Gesler.

ALBERT. Father! Father!

You will not hit me, father!

TELL. Hit thee? Send

The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,

Mangel the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair

Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart?

GESLER. Dost thou consent?

TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.

GESLER. For what?

TELL. To shoot my boy!

ALBERT. No, father, no!

To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

TELL. Lead me forth;

I'll make the trial!

ALBERT. Thank you!

TELL. Thank me? Do

You know for what? I will not make the trial.

Take him to his mother in my arms!

And lay him down a corse before her!

GESLER. Then he dies this moment, and you certainly

Do murder him whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

TELL. Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.

ALBERT. Father!

TELL. Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice: thou must be dumb;

And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb;

And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me

My bow and quiver!

GESLER. When all's ready.

TELL. Well, lead on!

SCENE 2. *Enter slowly, people in evident distress—Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers—one bearing Tell's bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

GESLER. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL. Is the line a true one?

GESLER. True or not, what is't to thee?

TELL. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing; a yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

GESLER. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace, accords thee life on any terms.

TELL. I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.

GESLER. And what of that?
What matter to or from the sun?

TELL. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I can not see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!

GESLER. Give him his way! Thou has cause to bless my mercy.

TELL. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

GESLER. Stay! show me the basket! there!

TELL. You've picked the smallest one.

GESLER. I know I have.

TELL. Oh, do you? But you see
The color of 'tis dark: I'd have it light,
To see it better.

GESLER. Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

TELL. True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple with all his force.*)

I will not murder him,
If I can help it; for the honor of

The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

GESLER. Well: choose thyself.

TELL. Have I a friend among the lookers on?

VERNER (*rushing forward*). Here, Tell.

TELL. I thank thee, Verner!

He is a friend runs out into a storm

To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.

When once the bow is bent, we can not take

The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be

The issue of this hour, the common cause

Must not stand still. Let not tomorrow's sun

Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!

The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?

VERNER. Yes.

TELL. Does he tremble?

VERNER. No.

TELL. Art sure?

VERNER. I am.

TELL. How looks he?

VERNER. Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it, look yourself.

TELL. No, no, my friend:

To hear it is enough.

VERNER. He bears himself so much above his years—

TELL. I know! I know!

VERNER. With constancy so modest—

TELL. I was sure he would—

VERNER. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you—

TELL. Man! Man! Man!

No more! Already I'm too much the father

To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

VERNER. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

ALBERT. May I not speak with him before I go?

VERNER. No.

ALBERT. I would only kiss his hand.

VERNER. You must not.

ALBERT. I must; I can not go from him without.

VERNER. It is his will you should.

ALBERT. His will, is it?

I am content, then; come.

TELL. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

ALBERT. My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)

TELL. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,
My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;
Go boy; be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!

(*The bow is handed to him.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,
Thou art stanch, stanch. Let me see my quiver.

GESLER. Give him a single arrow.

TELL. Do you shoot?

SOLDIER. I do.

TELL. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather, jagged.
That's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

GESLER. Let him have another.

TELL. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me
see my quiver.

Bring it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

GESLER. It matters not.

Show him the quiver.

TELL. See if the boy is ready.
(*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

VERNER. He is.

TELL. I'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, your prayers, and be my witness
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

GESLER. Go on.

TELL. I will. (*To the people.*)
Oh friends, for mercy's keep motionless, and silent. (*Tell shoots. A shout of exaltation bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself on his bow.*)

VERNER. (*rushing in with Albert*). The boy is safe, no hair
of him is touched.

ALBERT. Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father;
Speak to me! Speak to me!

VERNER. He can not, boy!

ALBERT. You grant him life?

GESLER. I do.

ALBERT. And we are free?

GESLER. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

ALBERT. Open his vest,

And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert and clasps him to his breast.*)

TELL. My boy! My boy!

GESLER. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!¹

¹ Notwithstanding Gesler's promise, Tell was again loaded with chains and confined in prison. Succeeding, however, in making his escape, he soon afterward shot Gesler through the heart, and thus freed his country from the most galling bondage. His memory is, to this day, cherished in Switzerland, as that of one of the most heroic defenders of liberty.

—*From McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader.*

* * *

"We should not bow to everything new *because it is new*; not in the least. But we must approach it with an open heart and an open mind. The gospel of beauty never changes with the times; it is always: THE SAME OLD TRUTH IN A NEW EXPRESSION."

—*Rudolph Ganz*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

NO COMPOSER in the world has more constantly touched the hearts of his hearers and those who sing the songs, through his tender appeal to the love of home, than Stephen Collins Foster.

Stephen Foster's father, Col. William Barclay Foster, came to Pennsylvania from Virginia during the War of 1812, as commissary of the United States Army stationed near Pittsburgh. He established residence for his family soon after, on attractive land which, in 1814, when he bought it, was nearly two and a half miles from the outer edge of Pittsburgh. Now it is nearly in the center of the city. Here Colonel Foster laid out a town and called it Lawrenceville, selling thirty acres of his land to the government for use of the Allegheny Arsenal and other public buildings. When the war ended, Colonel Foster set up as a general merchant in Pittsburgh, dispatching goods on flatboats down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans.

Stephen Foster was born July 4, 1826. He early displayed a fine musical ability. At two he could pick out melodies on his sister's guitar. At eight he played well upon the flute, and it was one of his greatest pleasures as a youth to stroll, with a little party of friends, through residence streets of Pittsburgh on a quiet summer evening, playing flute serenades. Soon came the study of piano. By sixteen he had published a song.

Passing from his school days, Stephen Foster entered his brother Dunning's office, in Cincinnati, as a clerk. While there he wrote *Oh Susanna!* which remains one of America's favorite songs. Not considering himself a professional, Foster gave this



Bettmann Archive

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

song away, and the friend to whom he gave it cleared over ten thousand dollars from its publication.

Foster now gave up his business connections and henceforth devoted himself to the writing of songs. For most of them, he

also wrote the words. Many of his finest works were created in a very informal manner.

In 1852 Foster, now 26 years old, went down to Bardstown, Kentucky, to pay a visit to an elderly relative, Judge John Rowan, United States Senator from Kentucky, and one of the great lawyers of the early and Western period. Arrived in Bardstown, the young man spent some time visiting the choice spots of the village. There was the old Talbott Tavern, one of the first inns west of the Alleghenies known at the present day to have been in continuous operation as an inn since it was built, about the year 1779. Foster was fascinated by the charm of the building itself—the thick stone walls, deep wooden window casings, old built-in cupboards, the heavy ceiling timbers, and the old fireplaces over which some of the cooking was then being done.

The Rowan home, in which Foster was a guest, was known throughout Kentucky as "Federal Hill."¹ This, the original of "Old Kentucky Home," is one of the earliest brick houses to have been built in Kentucky. There is not a nail in the structure, all of the framework being joined together with wooden pegs. The picturesque homestead, about which the happy Negro servants were working and singing, the mockingbird that warbled in the tree above inspired both words and music which came to him as a whole. He jotted down a part of it. His sister took up the paper and sang the lines through—

"Weep no more my lady,
Oh weep no more today,
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home, faraway."

Another favorite Foster song had its beginning on a Sunday when Foster was visiting a brother. He sat whistling. Suddenly

¹ Four generations of Rowans lived at "Federal Hill." It is now a state shrine.

he rose and went to the table where, on a scrap of paper, he wrote some words and a simple tune. Then he called to his niece and together, at the piano, they played and sang, for the first time, *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*.

The Old Folks at Home owes part of its text to the friendly help of a brother. Stephen is said to have rushed into his brother's office one day with the question, "What is a good name of two syllables for a Southern river? I want to use it in *The Old Folks at Home*."

"How about the Yazoo?" asked his brother, with apparent humor.

"No!" said Foster.

"Pedee?" from the brother.

"Oh, no," said Foster. "How that would sound—'Way down upon the Pedee River.'"

Together the brothers took down an old atlas. Stephen waited while the other ran his finger over the map.

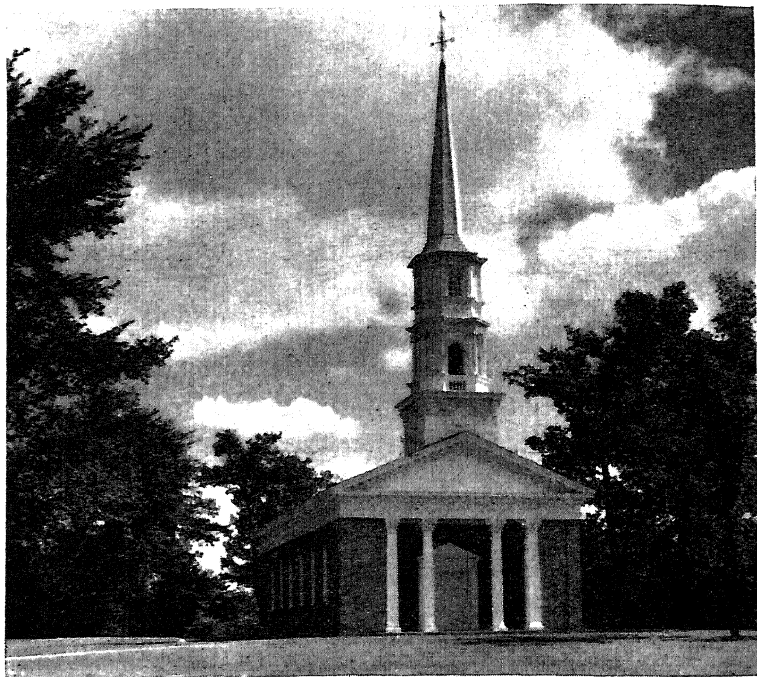
"Here is one," he said. "Suwannee, a little river in Florida, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico."

"That's it! That's it! 'Way down upon the Suwannee River.'"

And so the song remains until this day. School children sang it, recalling the incident, one day toward the turn of the century, when they unveiled, in Highland Park, Pittsburgh, a handsome monument to the composer, for which they had paid by penny contributions taken up in the schools of his birthplace town.

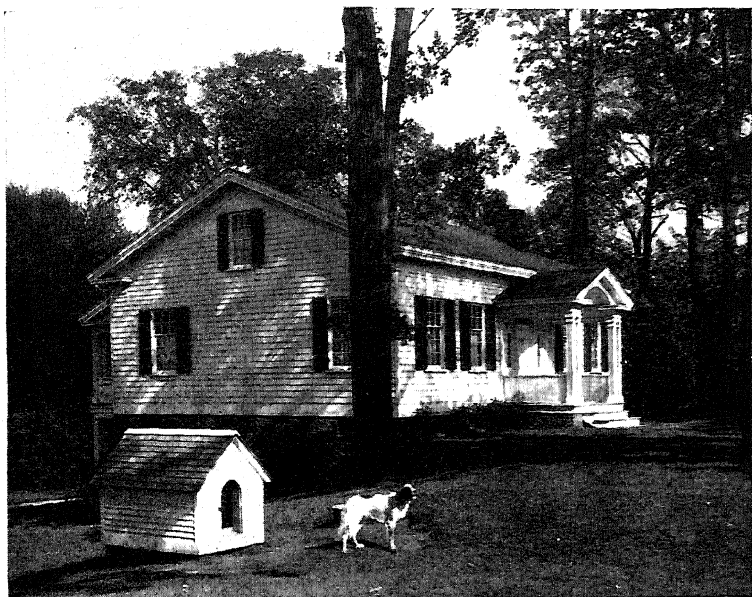
MUSEUM AND SCHOOL IN DEARBORN

GREENFIELD VILLAGE at Dearborn, Michigan, has been set up by Henry Ford as a memorial to his friend, Thomas Alva Edison, the great scientist and inventor. The project has been a progressive one, and here Mr. Ford has assembled many buildings important in the history of American education and science, moving them to the Village as opportunity permitted.



Courtesy of Edison Institute

MARTHA-MARY CHAPEL, GREENFIELD VILLAGE, NAMED FOR THE
MOTHERS OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY FORD



Courtesy of Edison Institute

BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. SET UP BY HENRY FORD,
AT GREENFIELD VILLAGE

Already well acquainted with the McGuffey Readers through having read them in school, and being a great admirer of this pioneer educator, it was with great pride that Mr. Ford presently brought to Greenfield logs from the William H. McGuffey homestead and some of the authentic McGuffey furniture; he then restored it as a school. Although retaining its old time appearance, the building is supplied with indirect lighting and air conditioning. It is now used by the first and second grade classes of the school, Greenfield Village being a part of the city of Dearborn's public school system.

The old home of Stephen Collins Foster has also been moved to Greenfield Village and stands near a lagoon which has been named by Mr. Ford "the Suwannee River." This

house, now used as the music education headquarters of the Village, was built about 1815. It is a single story, low-roofed home, white, and with green shutters. In it, a broad hall stretches across from front to back. The room on the left is now used as a music room, and here, under a picture of the composer, there has been installed an electric organ. Visitors to the Foster house note the whimsy which has prompted the building, on the side lawn, of a dog house for *Old Dog Tray*, which wistful tune was one of Foster's favorites.

In the Edison Institute Museum nearby is a remarkable collection of musical instruments. There are sequences within the collection such as those showing piano-like instruments. Another sequence shows representative types of organs of all periods, beginning with lap-melodeons, and continuing through the reed-organ. Another group traces the evolution of automatic instruments from the tiniest Swiss music box to huge instrument attachments. Still another group illustrates band instruments from the time of the Civil War to the present day.

—*A True Story.*

* * *

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!¹

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!

Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,

Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,

Into the school where the scholar is studying;

¹ This poem, which gives a vivid impression of disturbances taking place at the time of the War Between the States, has been given an equally vivid setting by Howard Hanson, director of Eastman School of Music. Mr. Hanson has used a spirited rhythmic figure in his basses which, combined with martial melodies, suggest the atmosphere of the times. The setting is a section of a three-fold work, the other two numbers being *By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame* and *To Thee, Old Cause*.

Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have
now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearse,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.
—Walt Whitman.

THE PLIGHT OF FIDDLIN' JIM

THE early spring of 1856 saw the completion of a much needed schoolhouse near the pioneer village of Redman, Iowa. It was an important and significant event in the little neighborhood. As such, it deserved proper recognition, by a general celebration and dance. Redman and vicinity determined to "do it up right."

Everyone in the community, men, women, and children, gathered for the "raising." The men worked furiously, laughing and joking, while the women watched, gossiped, and prepared the supper. By late afternoon the work was finished. Loads of good food and the presence of almost everybody in the neighborhood foretold a night of fun and frolic.

The spring evening was still, the sky clear and filled with stars. Surfeited with food, and warmed by work, the crews repaired to a nearby barn. There the floor, a little rough to be sure, had been swept clean. Benches had been constructed, and lanterns hung about. Everything was ready for the dance.

The men, dressed in tight-fitting suits and "boiled" shirts, or perhaps, in clean corduroys, stamped their fresh-greased boots as they "limbered up." Already a few, with huge colored handkerchiefs, were wiping the perspiration from their foreheads. The women, in alpacas and calicoes, with here and there a figured lawn, stood or sat in little chatting groups. The children were everywhere, running, yelling, and whistling. But there was no music.

"Where's Fiddlin' Jim?" someone asked, impatiently.

The cry was immediately taken up. "Jim. We want Jim. Music. Let's start."

But Fiddlin' Jim was not there. Nor had anybody seen him. Questions flew thick and fast. Finally someone volunteered that "Jim couldn't come till evenin'. Said he'd cut over through Salt Creek. Should be here by now, though."

"Come on; let's get him," proposed a voice.

Four of the men left the barn and crossed the fields toward the creek. One carried a lantern, although the rising moon cast a generous light. Soon they entered the woods near the creek. As they progressed, they heard sounds that seemed incongruous.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say that was a fiddle," remarked one of the searchers.

"Maybe Jim is playing himself a tune," suggested another.

The quartet moved on. As they advanced, the sound, unmistakably that of a violin, grew in volume. At last they paused, near the edge of a small clearing. There, seated on the swaying roof of a long-deserted shanty sat Fiddlin' Jim, with his violin tucked under his chin and his fingers flying. His audience consisted of a half-dozen lean and hungry wolves, squatted in a circle around the shack.

With a great deal of shouting, the four ran forward, each brandishing a hurriedly-snatched club. The wolves slunk away; and Jim climbed down.

"Howdy, boys," said he. "You came in right handy. Those wolves meant business, and every time I quit playing, they started moving up. But," he added, "I sure am tuned up good." Fiddlin' Jim was delighted to change audiences and he was welcomed at the dance by a cheer.

So the dance in celebration of the new schoolhouse was a great success.

—*A True Story, Set Down by Walter E. Kaloupek*
Reprinted through the courtesy of Palimpsest,
Iowa City, Iowa.



Courtesy of Irene Carlisle

FIDDLER BY LAMPLIGHT

FIDDLER BY LAMPLIGHT

Half-hidden where the dancing circle swings,
Lamplight upon his old and laughing eyes,
He lifts his bow and tries
Its sweet discordant rasp upon the strings.

A banjo's fine on a moony night
When the young folks fall to singing,
But a homemade fiddle tunes the feet
And sets the floor boards ringing.

A guitar's gay on the side-door step,
With a pretty girl to pick it,
But a fiddle sings like frosty wind
That blows through a black-haw thicket.

Butcherbird up and yellowhammer down,
Swing your partner round and round . . .
Chase the 'possum, chase the 'coon,
Chase that pretty girl round the moon . . .
Ladies in a ring and the gents bow under,
Break away, and swing like thunder . . .

Tangy and clear as elderberry wine
His music rises from the resonant pine,
He calls the changing couples into place,
Laughter and lamplight flickering in his face.

—*Irene Carlisle.*

* * *

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE FIRST NEBRASKA BAND

SOME of the most fascinating chapters of Western history are those which tell of Army Bands in the first forts west of the Mississippi and Missouri. These tell of Fort Atkinson, also called Fort Calhoun and Camp Missouri, founded on the Indian Council Bluff, in 1819. This was just sixteen miles north of Omaha. Lewis and Clark and their expedition had gone this way and had met the Indians in council on the Bluff.



Painted by George Caleb Bingham. Bettmann Archive

FUR TRADERS DESCENDING THE MISSOURI

Other expeditions, as that of a fur trader, Manuel Lisa, and the Astorian expedition, had followed. Now came the Fort and soldiers. It was a strong fort, having fifteen cannon and several hundred soldiers. It also had a band which played there from 1819 to 1825. The Ordinance Book of May 4, 1819 says:

"So soon as the Guard shall have fired their peices [pieces] at the target in the morning, the music will assemble and practice. The signal cauled [called] the drill will then sound when the companies will turn out and drill one hour. The music will assemble again at two o'clock and practise one hour when the signal drill again be sounded and the companies again turn out and practise one other hour. . . ."

On September first, the following year, an order was sent to Philadelphia:

"In order to uniform the Band, I shall want thirty yards of white cloth, one and half yards wide, three yards of red cloth same width; two pounds of red worsted yarn, and one pound of white."

To illustrate the slowness of the mails, a reply to this letter was not received at the Fort until December 15! What an engaging picture the Band must have made drilling in their red and white suits on a wooded knoll of a Nebraska prairie, 1819!

Instruments for the band were brought to them by water down the Atlantic Coast, across the Gulf, and up the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers. Although the Fort has been out of existence for much more than a century it is still possible to find among the stones of this prairie hillside army buttons on which a bugle has been stamped.

THE MUSIC OF A VANISHING RACE

THIS story as told by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, is a record of years of research in real American music. Miss Fletcher has done much for the cause of real American music. She it was, who, nearly half a century ago, came out to what was then a wild and uncivilized prairie, and took up, as the earliest pioneer, the important work of transcribing the beautiful tribal melodies of the Omaha Indians.

"I had been a serious student of the science of ethnology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under Professor Putnam, when I conceived the idea of going West into the field where I could secure firsthand information as to Indian customs and music. I felt that only by living with a people and becoming one with them could I do this. This had never been done before, and when I suggested it to my teacher he said that it was impossible and that I should not go. But being determined, I waited only until a chance came to go West. It finally came, and I journeyed to Omaha—then the end of the railroad. If I had known the hardships and trials, and of the courage needed, I might not have had the pluck to go, and I needed still more to return to the field, after I had returned to civilization for a vacation.

"I reached Fort Omaha, now Omaha, Nebraska, where General Crook was stationed and told him what I meant to do, and he, too, said that it was impossible, that it could not be done, and that I should not go. So I waited at Fort Omaha and picked up many suggestions, until finally General Crook realized that I was determined to go, and so gave me an army ambulance and hammock. With this and a pair of sharp eyes

and ears for my equipment, I went into the reservation, in what is now Thurston County, Nebraska. In this ambulance I lived for many months. I had met one or two Indians in the East, and these were the connecting link. Through them I talked and told the Indians that they should allow their ceremonies and rituals to be preserved. I was finally allowed to attend some ceremonies, after friendly relations had been established.

"After I was admitted to the ceremonies, I found it impossible to write. I would know that a song was being sung but could not distinguish it because of the confusion of drums, singers and strange language. After several months my constitution broke, and for eight months I was confined to my pallet on the reservation, broken in health by the hardships I had undergone. My bravery and determination to stay despite my serious illness, touched the Indians and won their loyal friendship. Every night they would come to my cabin and sing softly to me—without the drum—singing the beautiful songs of their prayers, rituals and love songs, over and over, and thus, little by little, I transcribed them. After my illness of eight months I was left with a permanent lameness, but I felt that personal sacrifice was not too great for what I was able to do.

"I became highly expert in the matter of writing songs from dictation. I had not been trained as a professional musician, and music had been merely an accomplishment. My father had been musical, and my mother was a fine pianist and a possessor of a beautiful voice. My grandfather had also been musical, and thus I had grown up in a musical atmosphere.

"I had to transcribe the song as I had opportunity, for sometimes the song was sacred, and much persuasion was necessary to induce the Indian to sing it, and when he finally did sing it,

he would do so only once. I then had to wait until another opportunity should present itself, perhaps months later, to verify it.

"While Bell was still experimenting with his graphophone, I took several Indians East to his laboratories where experiments were being made and had records made of their singing. These records were made on little cylinders of pasteboard covered with soft wax and are now preserved in a Washington museum. Later—although the graphophone was still incomplete and not yet on the market—I was allowed to take it to the reservation with me, where it was a great help in my work.

"I think that the educational value of the talking-machine cannot be overestimated. We think of looking at photographs and seeing the features of those who are gone, but coming generations are going to put on the records and listen to the living voices and messages of those who are dead.

"The first festival of all-American music ever held in Nebraska was at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha, in July, 1898. Mr. Homer, who had such matters in charge, suggested a program of American music, and finally arranged a whole day of it, the program beginning with Indian music—then a brave and almost unknown thing to do. I read a paper and had a violinist and a girl singer to illustrate it. Francis La Flesche, for many years an important worker in the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, D. C., and the son of the last chieftain of the Omaha Indian tribe, was also on the program; his subject was 'Indian Music of War and Dance.' He brought to Omaha from the reservation seven Indian singers who sang twenty-two songs. Indian music was followed by other American music, down to present-day songwriters. The meeting was held in a church.

"On this occasion a high compliment was paid me on my

transcriptions. In the morning, I had the young American lady who was to sing Indian songs, rehearsing in a home. In the next room, were Mr. La Flesche and the seven Indians, who, upon hearing the singing, crowded to the door and listened. They said to Mr. La Flesche, "You taught her to sing that." Mr. La Flesche denied this, saying that he did not know the young lady and had never met her before. 'But you *must* have taught it to her, no one else knows it, and she is singing it *right*.' Mr. La Flesche called attention to the fact that she was reading it from a paper, but they said 'words were written, but not songs!'

"The questions asked me at this program prompted me to write my book *Indian Story and Song from North America*, published in 1890. It was offered to many publishers but none would accept it because, they said, no one wanted to read anything about Indian music or cared for it. A friend suggested a publisher, and as I thought the time had come when Indian music should be talked about, I paid for its publishing myself.

"Although I have worked among other tribes of Indians, I think my work of several years among the Omahas of Nebraska of greatest importance. Here I gathered more than 1000 songs. One of the first things an Easterner says to one from Nebraska is, "You have Indians out there?" I would reply, "Yes, we do have Indians out here, and we should be *proud* of them!" Future generations will simply wonder at the stupidity of our generation that we did not preserve more of the songs and customs and life of the Indians while it was possible. We have in Nebraska no architectural remains left by Indians as in Southwestern United States or in South America, but here on the Omaha reservation we have the poetry of a race such as is preserved in few other places. The Omahas have not been nomads, but have quietly lived and built around their life a

network of beautiful songs and ceremonials to be equaled or excelled nowhere.

"Indian songs are always short. There is in them no thought of time, note-value or measure bar. The song is a unit. There is no introduction, no formal ending, no intellectual development or rounding out. The preparation for the 'motif' is in the emotion. At some great occasion or ceremony the emotion becomes so great that it must be expressed, the song is uttered, and there it is, to be handed on as a legacy. The older Indians are dying, and the songs, customs, and stories which I have recorded are in many cases unknown to present survivors of the race.

"The words are nothing in an Indian song, simply a vehicle to carry along the melody. Octaves are sung clearly, and, while many of the songs are in the major, many are in the minor keys. The song typifies the emotion of the singer and is always short. The drum is the heart-beat. The drum is always beaten in two-four, four-four, or double time. The song may be in triple time, and syncopated at that; and by the vibration of the voice which is peculiar to the Indian, he gives still another rhythm, so that three rhythms are being carried on at the same time—something impossible to an American. The Indians live out-of-doors, their music is born out-of-doors, and it stands to reason that there is a quality about it not to be found in music made between four walls. The Indian sense of rhythm is keener than that of the white race. There is a certain rhythm for each ceremony.

"The love songs of the Omahas, of which I have made a great collection, are always sung at dawn. There is among the Indians no public courting. Usually the trysting place is at the stream or spring. The young girls, usually accompanied by an aunt or older sister, go to the stream for water in the early morning. The girl knows who her lover is, but must not appear to know.

He, hidden in some bushes, plays his love-call on his flageolet. Each Indian makes his own flageolet from wood or reeds, and is made by thumb-measure or 'no measure at all.' I have witnessed many a little love scene. The aunt may turn her back for a moment and there is a hurried word.

"Mr. La Flesche tells of an Indian boy on the Omaha reservation who played on his flageolet the love song immortalized by Charles Wakefield Cadman in *Far Off I hear a Lover's Flute* over and over and over, until his father was entirely exasperated and tried to stop him. But he seemed to be in a frenzy over that particular song, and continued his playing until the father, in despair, broke up the flageolet. The boy disappeared for twenty-four hours, and then came back with a new flute he had made by hand from some reeds he had found growing, and began again his playing of the melody.

"The flute was never used in a religious ceremony, but only for lovemaking or personal pleasure. The melodies used by Mr. Cadman, who has also spent some time on the Omaha reservation, in *The Land of the Sky-Blue Water*, *The Moon Drops Low*, and *Far Off I hear a Lover's Flute*, are favorites among the Omahas. The last named is probably the dearest to them and has never had any words—is only played. It is said that in early days when the whole band went on annual buffalo hunts it was a pretty thing to hear, at dawn, the young men of the camp serenading the girls.

"Among those great composers who have already made use of Indian melodies is Dvořák. The theme of *Largo* from the *New World Symphony* is not, as is generally thought, a Negro melody, but is an Iowa Indian love song. I have often heard the Indians singing it in the days when they had no borrowed music. I once met Mr. Dvořák and asked him where he had obtained the theme of his *Largo*. He said he got it when he was in

Iowa from some Indians, and had had the *Largo* all blocked out before he left the State. This is the true source of the well-known theme, despite other claims that have been made by various writers.

"Indian children are born to the 'game songs.' They do all their playing to rhythm. When grown they do their grinding and washing and other work to a rhythmical song. Mr. La Flesche told of the 'game songs' he used to sing in the 'Black-bird Hills,' as the Indians speak of the reservations. Of these, one known as *Follow My Leader* is most sung, and has been a favorite of the Omaha children of many generations.

"There is a certain standard among Indians as to singing. Sometimes when I would have a singer singing for me, other Indians would say, —'Don't hear him, but hear ——, he's a *good* singer.' The songs, though not written, were handed down accurately, and those who had the right to sing them would painstakingly teach them to those who were to follow in their footsteps. Certain songs were really 'copyrighted,' and must be paid for, a horse being sometimes the price of such a song.

"Each singer who is chosen to help in the sacred ritualistic ceremonies regards his work as a sacred duty. As songs form a large part of the service, he learns these accurately first, and is given a 'record stick' to help him. On this smooth stick, about a foot in length, are cut little notches over which he runs his fingers to remind himself of the songs. Three short songs which are near together in the service are represented by three notches close together. Then may follow one song (one notch), and then seven songs (seven notches) together.

"Indian drums are tuned. They are made of a hollowed-out tree, which is filled with water with charcoal in it to keep it

sweet. Then the skin is drawn over the top, and alternately dried and wet until it has just the right tension and pitch.

“At dances, particularly the ‘Hedhuska,’ a choir of ‘picked singers’ sits around one drum. The dancers, of whom there are many in this dramatic dance (also called the ‘grass dance’ or ‘Omaha dance’) act out their own experiences to the peculiar rhythm. This dance and rhythm have been borrowed by the Osage, Pawnee and Sioux Indian tribes.

“Many years ago the general belief was that Indian music was haphazard in its form, and that the Indians had no definite melodies which they could repeat at will. The misapprehension and questionings with which I have had to contend are things of the past, and those who study Indian music today may follow the trail I have blazed in hardship and difficulties.”

—*Alice C. Fletcher.*

“BY THE WATERS OF MINNETONKA”

MINNESOTA has always been the land of song. Its Indian legends, customs, and songs have attracted the attention of artists everywhere. Four names of Indian tribes are here familiar—Dakota, Chippewa, Ojibway, and Sioux—and are found in almost every frontier tale. For many years the state has been the home of industrious settlers from the Old World, many of whom have brought with them treasures of folk song from their own lands. As in the Dakotas, Scandinavian folk song has lent its melody to everyday lives of many people.

Many fine composers have found in the songs of the Minnesota Indians, thematic material of great charm. Charles Wakefield Cadman found here his *Land of the Sky-Blue Waters*, for Minnesota is a land of beautiful lakes. A quaint legend of Lake Minnetonka (about twelve miles from Minneapolis) and tribal airs with which it was connected, gave Thurlow Lieurance the romantic background and picturesque materials for his widely popular *By the Waters of Minnetonka*.

The story is that Indian lovers, one of the Sun Deer clan, the other of the Moon Deer clan of the Sioux tribe, not being permitted by their parents to marry, fled together. They were pursued to the shore of Lake Minnetonka where both plunged into the waters of the lake, preferring drowning to separation. The old Sioux legend says that the rippling waters of the lake still repeat their names. In his piano accompaniment Lieurance has suggested the movement of water.

By Weeping Waters, also by Thurlow Lieurance, is based upon another Indian legend from Minnesota. It is told by the

tribes that in ancient days the Chippewas and the Oneidas had a battle at the Falls of Minnehaha. So many warriors were wounded and killed that the waters turned red with blood. Ever since that day, the legend says, the waters of the Falls sing a mournful song, and it became a custom with the women of the nearby tribes to go there frequently to mourn.

Ski-bi-bi-la means "Spring Song" to the Indians. This charming number by Lieurance is a setting of a "Wishing song" or "charm song" known and loved by the Indians. Toward the end of the winter they watch for a little grey bird of which, when seen, they ask, "Has spring returned?" To this *Ski-bi-bi-la* (the little bird) says, "Not yet" and flies away.

* * *

THE ECHO IN THE HEART

It's little I can tell
About the birds in books;
And yet I know them well,
By their music and their looks:
When May comes down the lane,
Her airy lovers throng
To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train:
Each minstrel weaves his part
In that wild-flowery strain,
And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

—Henry Van Dyke.

A BLIND SINGER

FRANCES JANE CROSBY was born in the village of South East, Putnam County, New York State in 1820. When she was six weeks old, she lost her eyesight. Her parents sent her to school in New York City where she attended the Institute for the Blind. After attending school for nine years, she became an instructor in the school, teaching Greek and Roman history.

After her marriage to Alexander Van Alstyne, Fanny Crosby gave up her teaching and turned her attention to her music. Out of her darkness she was able to write some of the great hymns of the Christian church. Moody and Sankey, two well-known evangelists of her time, used them in their great revival meetings and her songs were sung around the world.

Not all the songs Fanny Crosby wrote were religious songs. She wrote two numbers that were considered "popular songs" at that time—*There's Music in the Air* and *Hazel Dell*. But her religious compositions will be remembered long after her popular songs have been forgotten. Some of her religious songs have had strange and touching histories. This story is told about early pioneer life in western Nebraska, and shows how these songs moved west with the pioneers.

One of the early missionaries came to Nebraska from Pennsylvania, bringing a little cottage organ. Church services, weddings, and community gatherings were brightened, and took on a little of the atmosphere of home, when there was music. The oldest daughter of the missionary played the organ and often she would glance out of the one-roomed schoolhouse, which she attended, to see her father coming, the team just beginning

to settle down to the long trip ahead of them. She would know it was time to get her wraps, for she was to go with her father. She helped drive and she would play the organ which rode in the back of the spring wagon, swathed in quilts and a tarpaulin to keep out blowing sand, snow, or driving rain.

Sometimes the minister and his daughter went to a house of sorrow, where two or three bright geraniums might be the only note of color in the little home; but the organ would come in and then they would gather and sing the old songs for comfort and solace. Fanny Crosby could not know that her tender songs were being sung on Nebraska prairies. But when the missionary would lift his white head and, with one hand resting on the plain little board box say—"Let us sing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus,'"—one by one the voices joined in and comfort came in and dwelt among them because of a blind woman who spoke her faith in song.

—*Bess Gearhart Morrison.*

* * *

PRAYER

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

PIONEER MUSIC IN UTAH'S DIXIE

JOHAN STAHELI says: I was born in Amersville, Thurgau, Switzerland, May 28, 1857. We lived just on the outskirts of the city, where my father, George Staheli, had built a small factory where he made cotton yarns. The factory was really Father's sideline, as his main occupation was teaching music. He, with three companions, comprised a quartette of players who traveled not only over Switzerland, but often crossed the border into Germany to play for dances, festivals, and celebrations.

Presently my father sold his factory and prepared to embark for America. I was only four years old, but I well remember the seven weeks' voyage across the ocean in a sailing vessel. Upon our safe arrival at New York, we, with some five or six hundred other emigrants, took a train to Florence, Nebraska, from which place, with ox teams and wagons, we set out across the plains to Utah. The company consisted of about fifty wagons with two families to each wagon. Father was appointed bugler and gave the signals for the various orders of the day.

Arrived at Salt Lake City, we were temporarily located in the old Tithing Block where Hotel Utah now stands. Soon the entire Swiss company was sent to Dixie to help raise cotton. Because of Father's special ability, he was asked to remain in Salt Lake City to teach music. But since he could not speak English and wanted to be with his relatives and friends who were going south, he joined them, coming happily, even though he understood it would mean greater hardships.

We had left our homeland well supplied, but the long journey had exhausted our supply of money. We had now no teams and

wagons for transportation, so it was arranged that the people of each community should take the company on to the next place. The trip was a difficult one, the roads often being so rough and



ANGELS LANDING IN ZION NAT'L PARK. SCENE IN
UTAH'S "DIXIE"

sidling that several men would have to brace against a wagon to prevent it from tipping.

. Father had his cornet tied to the wagon bows and one day, while traveling over these rough roads, the cornet was jarred

loose and was crushed under the wagon wheel. The entire company felt this was a great loss as it was the only musical instrument in the southern territory at that time.

We arrived at Santa Clara, Utah, in November, 1861. There were about thirty families there, living in the old fort, located about a mile above the present site of Santa Clara. Some of them had been there long enough to have some land under cultivation and some orchards and vineyards started.

About a month after our arrival, heavy storms set in which brought a large flood down through the valley. The fort was surrounded by water and a large part of the stream was running between the fort and the hill. My mother, and a new-born babe, were in an upstairs room in the fort. My brother, two sisters, and I stood at the window of mother's room watching the raging torrent. The west wall of the fort had already fallen and there were great trees and boulders battering down the place.

At last Jacob Hamblin strung a heavy rope from the high post in the center of the fort across the stream to the high ground on the opposite bank. The men clung to this with one hand, crossing the swirling waters time after time to carry us to safety. It was thus that Jacob Hamblin carried Mother and the baby across the flood. The fort, grist mill, and all other buildings were washed away, forcing the people to move down and build the present town of Santa Clara.

This was not much of a welcome for people who had come so far to build a new home. But they had the Swiss tenacity of purpose plus faith in their religion and their leaders and though they lost practically all their possessions in this flood, they were not disheartened.

We lived in dugouts for several years until materials and tools could be procured for building better homes. When spring came we had a very difficult time cultivating the soil. As we had no

oxen or implements, we spaded a garden and planted what few seeds we had brought with us. Food was very scarce and we were compelled to live on pigweed greens cooked in water with no seasoning except salt. Flour was twenty-five dollars a hundred, and as we had no money, many months passed that we had no bread. Father worked vary hard to provide for his family, often walking to St. George, a distance of five miles, to work all day for a few pounds of corn meal. I well remember how glad I was to herd oxen all day Sunday for a piece of white bread. When harvest time came, we went out into the fields and gleaned wheat. Then, with half a sack of wheat in a cart, we pulled it by hand to Washington, Utah, which was ten miles away, to have it ground into flour.

Our first clothing was made out of sail cloth that was much thicker than canvas. It was so thick that holes had to be punched with an awl to sew it. When the girls' dresses were made, they would stand alone in the middle of the floor; and it was anything but pleasant to wear shirts and trousers with seams as thick as your finger. I was twenty-two years old before I had my first tailored suit of clothes.

Soon after the settlement of Santa Clara, Father organized a Swiss choir, and taught its members the songs he had known in Switzerland. When the publication of Sunday School songs was begun, Father taught these songs to the choir as they were published. He was an excellent singer, and since they had neither organ nor piano with which he could teach them the notes, he made use of his voice for that purpose.

After the Swiss settlers had been in Santa Clara about three years, John Eaton, a member of the community, received word that there was due him a portion of an estate in the Old Country. The word of this came to him from New York, and the information also brought with it a request that he accept in

settlement of the estate, a set of second-hand band instruments in place of the money. This he consented to do, allowing a value of eighty dollars for the instruments. As I remember, this included about ten wind instruments—a tuba, two B-flat cornets, a tenor horn, an alto horn, a bass, and a vale trombone, being the ones I especially recall. There was much musical talent in Santa Clara and these instruments were a veritable gift from the gods to these people hungering to express themselves in music. And to them John Eaton became a great benefactor, for he made a gift of the entire set of instruments to this town, and with them was organized its first band.

This gave Father an opportunity to acquire another cornet, and he also took over the responsibility of being leader of the band. His natural gift, and training in music, were such assets as few communities of that time possessed. But when the band was organized, they had no sheet music from which to play, and none of those enrolled in that first band had any training in music.

Taking small notebooks, Father proceeded to write the score for each instrument; and then devoted hours of time teaching the individual members to read the notes. This was the Staheli band that became so well-known in those early days, and eventually they had *one hundred and eight selections* which they could play in a creditable manner. My brother George and I became members of the band at the ages of thirteen and ten, respectively.

At the age of fifty-six, my father became ill and died shortly after. I was appointed leader of the band and also chorister of the choir. After the church was able to get an organ, I often played the accompaniments in church as well as conducting the singing. I organized a dance orchestra and for many years

we furnished the music for the dance parties that were held on this desert frontier.

As my children grew up, we organized an orchestra within our own family, with the following instrumentation—organ, two violins, two cornets, a baritone, and a bass. Some of the



Courtesy the Staheli Family

JOHN STAHELI, AN EARLY UTAH MUSICIAN

children presently attended University, but happy indeed was the vacation time when we could again all circle around the organ in orchestra and in song . . . And so from this humble beginning, music has developed in this section, until now it is taught in all elementary schools as well as in high schools and colleges. —*From a Pioneer Autobiography of John Staheli.*

SONG WRITER ON THE DESERT

DURING the days of settlements on the frontiers, many a man educated for a special profession or calling found it necessary to lay aside his personal interest and devote himself to the welfare of the crowd. Such a man was Alexander Neibaur, one of the first pioneers to the territory which is now the state of Utah.

An old Bible, still in possession of one of his descendants, Dr. J. W. Hayward, says that Alexander Neibaur was born January 8, 1808, at Ehren-brittenstein on the Rhine, where he was given one of the highest forms of University education then offered in the world. Because of political events, he went to England, and later, in 1840, he sailed to America.

In 1848 he came to the Utah country and following the precedent established in the settlements, did the work appointed to him. This was to make matches. Chunks of yellow pine were first chopped by hand into small squares and these, in turn, were partly split, the splinters being left together at one end of the block. Taking the split block into his hand, Neibaur would dip what was going to be a bunch of matches a half inch or so into rosin; next he dipped it into brimstone—his own mixture of sulphur and phosphorus—making sure that there was enough rosin on each little stick to insure burning. These bunches of matches were sent all over the territory. The man who used them simply broke off one splinter from the pack, drew it along a rough surface, and it was usually aflame.

But while Alexander Neibaur was gathering and splitting his chunks of yellow pine, he was thinking of the songs of faith to which he had listened in his old Homeland. While he did not

write the music, he did write words marked not only by strength and beauty of sentiment, but also by rhythmic charm and balance; and the poems resulting have been made the inspiration for several inspiring church songs. One of these, the melody of which was written by A. C. Smyth is entitled *Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise*.

* * *

IN COMMON THINGS

Seek not far for beauty. Lo! It glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet:
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet.
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see
It is a flower that blossoms at thy door!
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought:
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command:
Life's common duties build all that saints have thought,
In wonder-workings or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy him concealed;
But in earth's common things he stands revealed,
While grass and stars and flowers spell out his name.

—Minot J. Savage.

PIONEER MUSIC PUBLISHERS

THEODORE PRESSER

ONE of the best known of the early music publishers in America, and one of the most philanthropic, was Theodore Presser (1840-1925), whose life story reads like an old-time "success tale." He was born in Pittsburgh, his father a glue maker. For a while the boy worked for his father; then, during the Civil War, in a munitions factory. His first music position was as clerk in a music store in his home town. Next he went to College, studied music in Boston and abroad, then came home to teach. Presently he started the *Etude* music magazine, one of the best known magazines in the world. Teaching music in various schools and colleges, he saw the need of the rural and small town teacher for a chance to select music for students. So he organized a publishing house, and through it, a music mail-order service. Mr. Presser organized the Music Teachers' National Association and other important musical groups. Before his death, he had already given largely to needy musicians, and the Presser Foundation now distributes, from the fortune he left for the purpose, hundreds of thousands of dollars to the support of the Presser Home for Aged Music Teachers, music scholarships, the building of music buildings at colleges, and for the relief of needy musicians.

JAMES FRANCIS COOKE

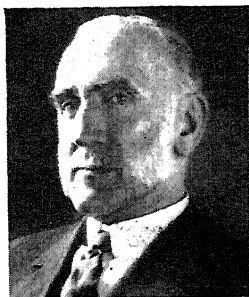
James Francis Cooke, editor of the *Etude*, and president of the Presser Foundation and the Theodore Presser Company, is known also as musician, editor, composer, and author. His ancestors include Francis Cooke, who built the third house in



JOSEPH FISCHER



GEORGE FISCHER

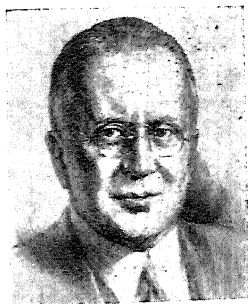


THEODORE PRESSER



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GUSTAVE SCHIRMER



DR. JAMES F. COOKE

Plymouth Colony. After a musical education in America and abroad, and some years of teaching, Doctor Cooke became associated with Mr. Presser. Many honorary degrees and decorations from foreign nations have been bestowed upon him for the services he has rendered to music.

GEORGE FISCHER

George Fischer, President of the J. Fischer & Bros. publishing firm, is of a family long a part of musical America. His father, Joseph Fischer, began his work as a musician in Toronto, but soon came to the States, where he was prominent in Ohio and Indiana during the trying days of the Civil War. In 1864, he organized his publishing house, moving with it to New York City in 1875. The Fischer firm has always sponsored music by American composers.

GUSTAV SCHIRMER

Gustav Schirmer (1829-1893) was founder of the famous New York music publishing house that bears his name, with which have been associated such celebrated editors as Carl Engel, Lawrence B. Ellert, and the late Oscar Sonneck.

DVORAK AND SPILLVILLE

ANTON DVORAK, whose *New World Symphony*, written in 1892-1893, was one of the earliest of the important larger orchestral works written in America, was a native of Old Bohemia. Dvorak was born in 1841, the son of a village butcher and innkeeper who was also a band-master. By the time he was eight years old, Dvorak could play various instruments in his father's band, and was already known for his true singing voice. At twelve he was sent to school in another town where he would be taught languages of other countries, so necessary for trade in the Old World. His schoolmaster was also a very fine musician, who proceeded to train the lad in the fundamentals of music, as well as playing.

Years passed, during which Dvorak studied, as he had opportunity, with first one teacher and another, being often so short of funds that he could only hear concerts when smuggled onto the stage by professional musician friends, and hiding there behind the big drums.



ANTON DVORAK

In his first series of compositions, Dvorak copied the style of

earlier masters, but at last recognized that his finest music would only be written when he established his own personality, and when he should use, either for its spirit or its actual folk-tune material, the native music of his own land. His *Slavonic Dances*, written originally for piano duet, were his first important writings after he made this definite decision, and they were a sensational success immediately.

In 1892 Dvorak was invited to come to New York City, to be a guest teacher in composition at the National Conservatory of Music, then a flourishing institution there; and to conduct a number of concerts.

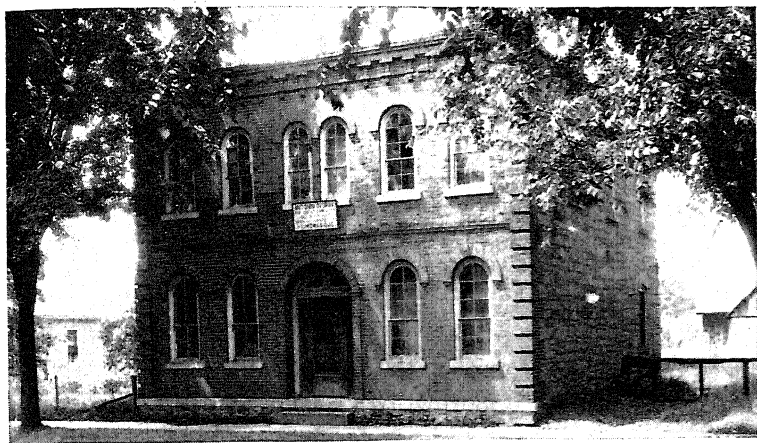
While a resident in New York City, Dvorak numbered many distinguished pupils of a later day among his students. One of these was Harry Thacker Burleigh, whose singing of his racial Negro Spirituals first attracted Dvorak to this source of folk material upon which he drew so openly for inspiration and thematic material when writing the *New World Symphony*. In that popular work the second theme of the first movement is taken directly from the old Negro air, *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, as can be easily recognized by singing first the folk tune, then listening to or singing the Dvorak theme. In using it, the composer omitted the first measure of the old song. Other Negro songs are suggested during the progress of the work, as well as the spirit of characteristics of these songs.

On May 24, 1893, in the city of New York,¹ Anton Dvorak—"Eminent Composer and Director of the National Conservatory of Music of America," as he was called—signed his name to the concluding page of his *New World Symphony*, which, together with his *American Quartet*, Opus 96, and the famous *Quintet* in E Flat, Opus 97, are the outstanding results of his labors on this continent. Then he and his family set out for the

¹ Note conflicting opinion of Alice C. Fletcher.

Middle West, to spend the vacation months in Spillville, a restful inland village which lies along the banks of the Little Turkey River in Winneshiek County, northeastern Iowa.

Some of the people who lived in Spillville then still live there, and almost all the townspeople are descendants of the sturdy



ANTON DVORAK, THE GREAT COMPOSER, LIVED IN THIS HOUSE WHEN HE COMPOSED "HUMORESQUE"—SPILLVILLE, IOWA

Bohemian settlers who were pioneers on this expanse of Iowa prairie. Gentle in manner, devout and faithful in friendship and religion, they recall with honest pride the visit of "the master" in their midst.

The chance that led Dvorak to Spillville, as recorded by the Iowa State Historical Society, is of interest: "That winter (in New York) was very trying for Dvorak. He was by nature a country gentleman, used to the serenity of rural life and accustomed to the solitary enjoyment of nature. In contrast to such an environment he was suddenly the center of great attention in New York. His social engagements were scarcely less numerous than his musical appointments. After meeting

these private demands, in addition to his duties as Director of the National Conservatory, he had little time left for composing. And when he did try to make a tune, it was invariably accompanied by the roar of elevated railway trains and the general clamor of traffic.

"As spring approached, Dvorak wanted more than ever to escape from the noisy city. He was anxious to work on some new music that he had in mind. One day Josef Kovarik (son of the Spillville schoolmaster, and assistant and secretary to Dvorak) suggested that Dvorak accompany him on a visit to Iowa. Apparently his master did not hear, for he paid no attention to the remark and made no comment.

"A few days later, however, he quite unexpectedly asked Kovarik about Spillville. Kovarik explained that Spillville was a little Bohemian settlement, where his native language was spoken on the street; that it was peaceful and quiet, as well as beautiful; and most important of all, there were no railroads in Spillville. Several days passed. Then Dvorak asked his assistant to draw a map of Spillville, indicating every house, every street, every person who lived in each house, and what he did. That was all; Dvorak made no comments. But when some friends of his from South Carolina tried to persuade him to go there for his rest, he said, 'No, I am going to Spillville.'

"So it was that a lovely day in June saw Dvorak, his wife, their six children, a sister, a maid, and his assistant, alight from the train at the little station of Calmar, eleven miles from Spillville. Kovarik sent the family on to the village while he remained to look after the baggage. Upon his arrival, he found Dvorak strolling around, smoking his pipe, quite at home, and apparently very much pleased with his surroundings."

The story of what happened in a musical way is best told by

Prof. J. J. Kovarik, who, with a son and daughter, had the honor to join with Dvorak in the first playing of the *American Quartet* when it was completed. Prof. Kovarik says:

"It is erroneously believed by many that Dvorak composed the *New World Symphony* at Spillville, but this is not so. Dvorak had this symphony practically completed before he came to Spillville and it was only some minor details, namely the finishing of the trombone parts to the score of the *Finale*, that he did while at Spillville.

"Dvorak was a very plain man and a great lover of nature. During this visit at Spillville, a morning walk through the groves and along the banks of the river was on his daily program and he particularly enjoyed the warbling of the birds. In fact, he admitted that the first day he was out for a walk, an odd-looking bird, red plumaged, only the wings black, attracted his attention and its warbling inspired the theme of the third movement of his string quartet.

"Neither I nor my son were pupils of Dvorak. When my son was at the Conservatory of Prague in the violin department, Dvorak was an instructor of composition there, and, when my son was returning to America, Dvorak also came to America. You ask whether I ever heard Dvorak talk of the source of the material he used in his *New World Symphony*. I must say that Dvorak was very reticent in regard to his compositions. He gave one the impression that he did not like to discuss them and I never gathered enough courage to ask him directly about them and cannot, therefore, make any authentic statement. I can say, however, that Dvorak was greatly interested in the Indians, and one day while he was still at Spillville, a band of Indians came to town selling medicinal herbs. We were told they were the 'Kickapoo' and belonged to the Iroquois tribe.

Every evening they gave a little performance of their music and dancing, and Dvorak was so interested that he made it a point always to be present.

"The *Humoresque* was not composed at Spillville. This seventh of the *Humoresques*, which has become so popular with the public at large, was composed on August 16, 1894, a year after Dvorak's visit to Spillville."

Of the *Quintet*, the Spillville friends say that the theme and variation of the third movement are based upon an air written by Dvorak and first intended as a new melody for our "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," which he had thought to score thus for tenor solo, chorus, and full orchestra. But he changed his mind. The writing of the *Quintet* took so much longer than that of the *Quartet* because it was interrupted by preparation for a visit to the Chicago World's Fair,¹ where he conducted his *Symphony in G*, a group of *Slavic Dances*, and an *Overture, My Country*.

"Dr. Dvorak liked nothing better than to get a few of our Spillville 'old settlers' together every afternoon and listen to the narration of their struggles and experiences in the Middle West," says one of these friends. "They so allured him that he would ply the speaker with question after question. He, in turn, would tell stories of mutual friends in the Old World, or of the New Yorkers whom he could not entirely fathom. . . . At our house, Mother was the first to rise. When, the morning following the Dvorak arrival, she saw the master strolling before the school building, she thought something had gone wrong. When she ran out to ask what had happened, not knowing he was an early riser, he said, 'Why, nothing has happened. And yet—a great deal. I have been rambling in the wood, along the brook, and for the first time in eight months I hear the birds

¹ This was the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

sing. But I must go home now to breakfast. Afterwards I shall come again.' ”

In the front of the cottage to the north of the Dvorak house, Frank Benda had the village shoe repair shop and on his way home from his daily communion with nature, Dvorak never failed to stop in, after which composer and cobbler might talk for hours, discussing everything from world affairs to pigeons



ST. WENCESLAUS CHURCH—ERECTED 1860—SPILLVILLE, IOWA

and cucumbers. The Spillville pigeons Dvorak once playfully called “down-and-out scrubs,” yet when presented with a pair, he prized and cared for them as though they were pedigreed. Mrs. Benda had a garden patch of cucumbers parallel to the cottage. In Bohemia they water cucumbers at high noon, but in Iowa the sun at this hour makes this impossible, and Dvorak knew this. Nevertheless, when he saw his neighbor near the noon hour, he would always shout to her from street or upper window to water the cucumbers.

On September 8, 1893, the village celebrated the composer’s

ifty-second birthday. First there was the church service, then a feast at which it delighted Dvorak to dispense cheer and mirth, as well as cigars, for which he had sent to New York.

The remainder of the visit except for the trips to Chicago and Omaha was spent leisurely. Sometimes he would sit for hours at his second story window as though again in an Old World village, gazing down silently at passers-by and listening to the sounds of nature. Sometimes, the neighbors say, he would sit that way all evening, then, late at night they would hear him playing his violin, songs of the far-off homeland, or melodies which had come to him as he pondered.

* * *

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

QUEST OF THE "LONESOME TUNES"

EARLY in the spring of 1916, an expedition into the Cumberland Mountains in the southeastern corner of Kentucky was planned. During April we busily prepared for our approaching trip, the object of which was to be the quest of the old "song ballets" of the mountain people in the Appalachian region. These preparations took the form of riding lessons (on my part), of inoculation, of vaccination, and of the purchase of suitable equipment for outdoor life. Everything had been looked to, I thought, as the "Memphis Special" drew out of the Pennsylvania Station in New York that Saturday night. But—I had made one mistake of omission! I had not prepared myself for the astounding fact that I was to find myself transported back into the eighteenth century! Within forty-eight hours I became aware of the miracle that had taken place, and after a few days had adjusted my mental processes to the strange conditions. We stepped out of New York into the life of the frontier settler of Daniel Boone's time!

Here are people who know naught of the advance which has been made in the world outside of their mountains. It surpasses belief. Many of them neither read nor write, and their knowledge is summed up in the facts of their daily life. In woodlore they shine, in planting and cultivating their corn, raising "razor-back" hogs, carding, spinning, weaving, and the distilling of their white "moonshine." Their land is a land of tumbled foothills—Pine Mountain, the highest in the Kentucky region, has an altitude of 3,000 feet. It is a land of primeval forest, "creeks" which are the larger streams, and "branches," their tributaries. There are no roads up in the hills, and no vehicle with wheel

is seen except in the vicinity of a town. Trails lead down a creek, and at intervals actually descend into the bed of the stream; one jumps from stone to stone for a mile or two before regaining the solid ground of one side or the other. When a "tide" (freshet) comes, one remains at home, as all communication with one's neighbors is at an end. "Nagging" is the mode of transportation—that is, riding mule or horse. I did not call upon the skill acquired in one riding lesson, but welcomed the opportunity to walk through such beautiful country, rough as the going was. We soon forsook the horse and tramped some three hundred miles during our six-weeks' stay.

Amongst these people the folk song exists today as it did in Great Britain centuries ago. Not as an accomplishment, but as an ever-present mode of daily emotional expression. In the seventeenth century their ancestors brought the songs from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and they have been handed down orally from generation to generation. Songs that died out in the old country a century ago are still sung every day in our Appalachian region. The statement has been made that amongst these people one can find nearly all the folk songs ever sung in the British Isles, and perhaps the claim is not far wrong.

It was with a thrill that I heard my first "song ballet"! It was sung to me by a little girl of twelve who was too shy to sing alone. She engaged the services of three sisters, all younger than herself, and even then insisted upon withdrawing into the "dog-trot," which is a passage running through a log cabin, covered but doorless. After a few minutes of whispered instructions, the quaint old melody with its Elizabethan text came quavering to my ear, and stanza by stanza the Choir Invisible grew more confident. The melody was perfect as to form, the intonation true, and the story unfolded itself verse after verse with but



HOWARD BROCKWAY

slight deviations from the ancient original ballad. I sat in the rough little room which had no window and was lit by the daylight that entered by way of the door, and back and forth underneath my chair scuttled a tiny razor-back shoat. The mother of the choir sat on the opposite side of the open fire and spat tobacco juice into the flames with unerring aim and range. Strange setting for the performance of an Elizabethan ballad! But I could only think: from many a frontier cabin has this old "Pretty Polly" sounded out into the night, to echo and die away in the stillness of the virgin forest.

The next day a young matron, perhaps some twenty-five years old, sang for me the beautiful old ballad of "Sweet William and Lady Margery." Here again both tune and intonation were perfect and the text but slightly altered. It is intensely interesting to hear these people sing of things that lie entirely out of their ken. Had they the power of reading, one could not wonder at anything, but to hear these mountain folk, born into the frontier life of the eighteenth century and spending their days among these isolated hills, sing of "ivory combs," of lords and ladies, of castles and moats, of steeds and knights, is an astonishing thing. It brings home to one the whole process of transmission, stretching back through the generations into the period when such things were of the Present. One old man had sung a ballad which contained the word "steed." He was asked what the word meant. He scratched his head for a moment and slowly replied, "Wall, I reckon hit is some sort o' hoss-animil." The context had assured him of that! We were told, in answer to a similar query as to a certain word: "Shucks! Hit jus' comes that a-way."

These people are the real simon-pure Americans! They are the "mountain whites" and are not to be confounded with the "poor white trash." A sturdy race, with individual characteris-

tics, isolated in a unique way from the rest of the great teeming land, which has been covered by a network of railways and telegraph and telephone wires. Perhaps nowhere in the United States can one find a community so absolutely innocent of any knowledge of the progress of the world at large. One hears of ranchers in our West who live in utter isolation, with rides of a hundred miles to reach the nearest flag station on a railroad. One hears also that the man owns a phonograph and calls upon Harry Lauder, even perhaps Caruso and Farrar, old-time favorites, to entertain him of an evening! But here in the Appalachian region it is not so. Here a man may live but twenty miles from the nearest railroad and close his eyes for his last sleep without having once rested them upon a locomotive or a car! Those twenty miles may contain six or eight mountain ridges to be surmounted, their flanks and summits clothed by a very jungle of undergrowth and laurel thickets, all but defying the passage of a man's body. A daughter will marry and move over a mountain, perhaps not more than ten miles from her parents, and not see her parents again for ten years!

Life is a simple matter in these mountain wilds. The daily functions are few but imperative. The great staple article of diet is corn. From this is made the "corn-pone" and "hoe-cake" which are regular features at each meal. Razor-back hogs, which run wild and are to be met constantly as one tramps over the mountains and through the woods, need little attention. The planting and cultivating of the corn crop, on the other hand, calls for energy and perseverance to an almost superhuman degree. Someone has told of the Appalachian mountaineer who slipped while working on his corn crop and fell out of his cornfield and broke several ribs! After a few days in the depths of Harlan County, I recalled the tale and acquitted it of any divergence from strictest truth. Corn is planted on mountain

sides sometimes at an angle of fifty degrees, and the plow must find its way through such a maze of stones that one is appalled by the patience and physical endurance demanded on the part of the farmer. The women play their part in the work of the cornfield, and one sees frequently the entire family of father, mother, and an army of children of graduated sizes busy high up on the rugged flank of a mountain. They sing at their work with lusty lungs and the sense of limitless space about them. The songs they sing are the old "song ballets" which were the object of our search and many times during our tramps we were thrilled by the strange and haunting melodies which were borne to us from on high, sometimes across the intervening valley.

It was with a peculiar sense of the fitness of things, almost too good to be true, that I found that the people themselves call these old songs "Lonesome Tunes"! Never was more apt title bestowed! It sums up the pathos and mournful quality of many of them perfectly. We found that the songs are roughly divided into three classes. The old ballads of a narrative and sad character are "Lonesome Tunes." Those which deal with such a theme as the favorite one of a lover who departs, is absent "seven years" and then returns to marry his lady, are called "love songs." The third class contains all songs of a rollicking character and these are known as "fast music."

Our experiences in collecting the songs were varied and interesting. We were at first looked upon with undisguised suspicion. The presence of a "furriner" (anyone who comes from outside the mountains) at first makes the mountaineer suspect a government revenue spy in new guise. The wilderness in which we were tramping is full of the "moonshine stills," and our first endeavor was to free ourselves from this suspicion.

"Where do you come from? What are you a-doin' here?" These queries were fired at us point blank with no moment's

hesitation. After my invariable reply, "We are from the Pine Mountain Settlement School and we are looking for the old song ballets," the air was instantly cleared, and in spite of a wonderment which was all-consuming, they showed a spirit of hospitality and courtesy which no words could describe.

The poise and innate dignity of these mountain people made a deep and increasing impression upon us, as the weeks of our stay among them mounted up. They are illiterate but not uncultivated. Their ignorance of the outer world is absolute, but, as the preservation of the "song ballets" shows, they have a culture all their own. To one old man I said, "We have come all the way from New York to get these songs." I saw in his face no evidence of any sense of surprise at the journey we had undertaken, and repeated, "New York, you know." Again no answer. "You know where New York is?" To which he seriously replied, "No. I never heard of hit." Another man told me he knew where New York was, but "didn't know hit war nigh the water." These astonishing instances are the result of isolation, of lack of the power to read and thus keep in touch with the world outside; yet the conversation which I held with these very two men was significant proof to me of thinking minds and a philosophy of life both broad and trenchant.

Our regular process of accomplishing our purpose rarely failed, just on account of this very quality in the mental equipment of the mountaineers. They were interested in our quest as soon as they felt our serious point of view. This established, they entered into the matter with zest and enthusiasm, and often we spent many hours at a stretch, exchanging songs and recalling the stories of ballads which might frequently run into twenty-odd stanzas. The hunt for particular and rare old Elizabethan ballads was one which made us thrill oftentimes as the gold-seeker must thrill when he finds proof of the presence of

the precious metal. Perhaps it might be some ballad the mother had sung years ago as she worked about the little log cabin, when the present singer was a tiny "bar-footed" child, "rocking" an improvised target just outside the door with the ever-present stones. Verse by verse it would emerge from the "hinterland" of memory, and we would almost breathlessly await its reconstruction, afraid to suggest, for fear of breaking the thread which led away back into the past. It seemed sometimes to me as though I were groping and feeling my way with the singer's mind through the generations back into the England of the seventeenth century from which his forefathers had journeyed forth into the fabulous New World! They brought with them these priceless old treasures and the vital quality of them has kept them alive through all the generations in spite of obstacles which would have killed any oral heirlooms of less significance.

These songs as I found them were simple melodies unaccompanied. The mountaineers have none of the instinct for part-singing which one finds so marked in the case of the Negro, for instance. I heard, at different times, singing by large groups of men, women, and children and they sang strictly in unison. Not even the familiar second part so customarily sung as the "alto" by impromptu choruses in our communities was ever attempted.

—Howard Brockway.

“ROBIN HOOD”

ROBIN HOOD, by DeKoven, is a classic of American comic opera. It is based upon an historic tale of early days in England, the scene being laid in the Sherwood Forest of Nottingham, England.

Although the story of the opera comes from England, the composer, Reginald DeKoven, was very definitely an American. An early DeKoven was a Crusader to the Holy Land. A later relative, Captain John Louis DeKoven, was a British officer before the Revolution and commanded a regiment of Hessian soldiers hired to come to America and fight for the English. Captain DeKoven came to the Colonies and was later taken prisoner. He lay for many days a captive on board his ship, the *Badger*, in New York harbor; then was paroled and went with some friends to Connecticut. There he married and there his descendants continued to live.

Reginald DeKoven, fourth in descent from the British captain, was the only American of his day to seriously attempt a career in comic opera. He was educated in Europe, took a degree at Oxford University, and studied music with Old World masters. Returning to America, he and Mrs. DeKoven spent some time in Chicago, where in exactly three months during the winter of 1888-89, he wrote *Robin Hood*.

The new opera had its first performances in Chicago, where it had a trial season of two weeks. Old costumes and old scenery were used, as the work was an experiment, and the entire cost of production was less than a hundred and fifty dollars. The merry tunes and the gay atmosphere of all the scenes won every heart. Many of the songs sold separately into the millions and

have retained, until the present day, a high popularity. Shortly after these first performances, DeKoven went to Europe for further study. There he found that the fame of *Robin Hood* had preceded him, and he was asked to produce it in London. The opera was there renamed by the British, "Maid Marian" after the heroine.

In 1890 the DeKovens returned to America where the tuneful opera was again a success, being heard in Chicago, Boston, and New York.

The New York appearance seemed, at first, destined to be a failure. For two weeks the theater was empty at every performance, the New Yorkers seeming to prefer an opera in which a "star" appeared. In *Robin Hood* there is no star who stands overwhelmingly above the other players. Here each role—*Robin Hood*, *Maid Marian*, *Little John*, *Will Scarlet*, and *Sheriff*—is of vital importance. Then suddenly the theater was crowded to the doors, the alluring, lilting lines, and the sparkling music having won the day.

One of the best known lyrics sung during the performance of the opera is *Oh, Promise Me*. This was not originally part of *Robin Hood*. DeKoven had written it as an exercise to take to his composition lesson, and it was at first merely interpolated for a single performance. The tender song took the audience present at that single performance by storm, and ever since that night, it has been a regular part of the music.

—S. E.

SUGGESTED MUSIC (to be sung, played, or heard in connection with The Middle States):

Singing School Songs

"Tenting Tonight"—*Walter Kitteridge*

"Battle Cry of Freedom"—*George F. Root*

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—*George F. Root*

"The Vacant Chair"—*George F. Root*

"Oft in the Silly Night"

"Oh, Have You Heard Geography Sung"—*Old Song*

"Silver Threads Among the Gold"—*Hart Pease Banks*

"Sweet Genevieve"—*Henry Tucker*

"Listen to the Mocking Bird"—*Septimus Winner*

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"—*Count de Choiseul*

"Stars of the Summer Night"—*François Thomas*

"Little Brown Church in the Vale"—*Pitts*

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"—*Louis Lambert*

"William Tell Overture"—*Rossini*

"My Old Kentucky Home"—*Stephen Collins Foster*

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"—*Stephen Collins Foster*

"Way Down Upon the Suwannee River" (Old Folks At Home)—*Stephen Collins Foster*

"Oh, Susanna!"—*Stephen Collins Foster*

"Beat! Beat! Drums!"—*Howard Hanson*

"By the Waters of Minnetonka"—*Thurlow Lieurance*

"Ski-bi-bi-la"—*Thurlow Lieurance*

"By Weeping Waters"—*Thurlow Lieurance*

"There's Music in the Air"—*Fanny J. Crosby*

"Hazel Dell"—*Fanny J. Crosby*

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus"—*Fanny J. Crosby*

"Black Hills Gold Song"—*Folk Air*

"Come, Thou Glorious Day of Promise"—*Neibaur-Smyth*

The *New World* Symphony—*Antonin Dvorak*

The *American* Quartet, in F—*Antonin Dvorak*

The *Quintet* in E Flat—*Antonin Dvorak*

Humoresques—*Antonin Dvorak*

Settings by Howard Brockway of Kentucky Airs

“Pretty Polly”

“Sweet William and Lady Margery”

“The Frog Went A-Courting”

“The Nightingale”

“Ground Hog”

“Charming Beauty Bright”

Opera—“Robin Hood”—*Reginald DeKoven*

LIBRARY READINGS:

“Stephen Collins Foster,” H. V. Milligan

“Stephen Foster”—“America’s Troubadour,” John Tasker Howard

“In My Own Time,” Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason

“History of Public School Music in the United States,” Edward B. Birge

“Indian Life in Song and Story,” Alice C. Fletcher

“Charles Sanford Skilton,” John Tasker Howard

“McGuffey Readers, I-V”

“Henry Ford and Greenfield Villages,” William Adams Simonds

(See also other Sections)

SECTION VI

MUSIC IN LATER YEARS

WE THINK IT MODERN

WITH the coming of the twentieth century, music in America, and American music took many forward steps. This new music did not aim to displace the old classics, but rather took its part, as has modern art and literature, in describing the spirit and events of the times. Wars, depressions, hard times, advent of radio and television, rapid communication and transportation, use of abruptly vivid colorings—as at the New York Fair and elsewhere—all have had their effect upon music. Polytonality,¹ polyrhythms,² atonality³ are simply musical complexities which, better than the old-time harmonies and rhythms, express modern complexity of life.

Not all contemporary music is new music, however, in the sense of its being modern. Neither is all modern music new. There is in existence a piece of piano music written in 1776, in France, by a composer named Michel Corrette. He had evidently been watching political affairs in the New World with interest, for he called his piece *Echoes of Boston*, and gave it a sub-title "Victory gained by a frigate over a group of privateers." With a realistic viewpoint which might have seemed very modern within the present century, but was doubtless revolutionary 160 years ago, he drew a sign over certain passages of his music to indicate the cannon shots, and added

¹ Polytonality—Combinations of several tonalities at one time.

² The use of several rhythms in combination and against each other.

³ Lack of tonality, or definite key center.

these words of instruction to the player: "Strike all the bass keys with the palm of the hand, to imitate the firing of the cannon—24 pounders!"

Such things are the *obvious* in modern music. Behind such mannerisms is the really modern note—new harmonies, fresh rhythms or combinations of them, unusual instrumental combinations, and, in America particularly, a new and independent temperament and idiom.

This section will call to attention some of the composers, some of the music, and some of the musical trends of the past forty or fifty years. It is not desirable to avoid all mention of other years. Development in any art frequently overlaps time limits.

MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD

AN IMPORTANT feature in the music of the twentieth century is the development of movie music. To trace the history of music in the movies, through the silent pictures and into the "talkies," would be an interesting process.

During the silent pictures many methods of adding musical "entertainment" were employed. In some theaters where the pictures were shown, a local pianist or organist appeared in the theater between showings of the film and either improvised, or played and repeated his or her repertoire of instrumental music. He might also "play" the picture, by which was meant improvising or playing such tunes or harmonies as he might

think appropriate to emphasize or enhance the interest of incidents taking place on the screen.

The desire for help in creating mood brought about the introduction of the cue sheet, which was a set of suggestions as to appropriate music selected from already published works. These were sent out from the studios with the film. That much of this music might be more easily available, Erno Rapee, in 1924, published a book entitled *Motion Picture Moods*, in which he had collected music illustrative of fifty-two different moods. On each page of the music he placed, on the margin, an index of other "moods" given in the book, and the pages upon which they were to be found. The pianist, therefore, who was playing the film, might note the approach of the fire wagon. He would immediately glance at his marginal index, see where to find the "Ride of the Valkyries" or some equally thrilling number, and turn abruptly to it. Modulations were practically unknown.

All this led in time to specially prepared music scores which were sent out with the film to be played by local theater orchestra or musician. One of the first of these was the music for *The Thief of Bagdad*, which was written on the movie lot by Mortimer Wilson.

It would be a long, though entertaining story, to relate all the episodes in the development of present-day movie music, when the music and film have become a complete whole. There are three special purposes in the writing of modern movie music; first, to intensify the emotional stress of the scene; second, to create an atmosphere during the extremely brief overture which precedes the direct action on the film and to create the illusion of continuity. The third and very important purpose is in the creation of a neutral background—that the music shall be conveying mood and incident to the hearer who does not really listen to it. This is considered by many composers to be a

very difficult feat—to write purposeful music which shall not intrude upon the consciousness of the movie goer. Prominent composers in the movie field include Max Steiner, Aaron Copeland, George Antheil, Eric Korngold, and any number of prominent musicians who visit Hollywood for some special feature only.

There are two ways in which movie music is prepared. The usual one is that the film shall be completed first, after which each episode is measured as to duration by machines especially prepared for this work. The composer then writes music according to these measurements. In the case of the animated cartoon such as *Mickey Mouse* films, the order of procedure is reversed. The music is written or selected first and the mechanical drawings prepared to fit its measure. For example, if Mickey is to do a little dance to the first phrase from Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," it is first noted that there are eleven separate little beats to this little phrase. Hum this tune and count for yourself. This means that Mickey can take just eleven steps during the duration of the phrase, and maybe do a little stunt besides, pull his dog's tail, or annoy Minnie Mouse during one of the longer beats. He has just a fraction of time on his hands there, and will probably use it.

RAGTIME RHYTHM

MANY people think that Irving Berlin was the originator of Jazz music. He may have been one of the first American composers to have his jazz music become "common property." That is, to have it played by bands as was his *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, a 1911 composition recently revived as the basis for a moving picture.

However, ragtime and jazz music were known long ago. Rhythms and syncopations which were natural to the Negroes as they sang, began to be imitated by the white musicians. Heard first, possibly, in New Orleans, or wherever there was a Negro dance orchestra, jazz became quickly a fashion both in America and abroad.

At first a feature of this music was the constant use of noisy instruments—hats, buckets, cowbells—anything with which the performer could make a grotesque, rhythmic sound.

The earlier ragtime rhythm was shortly lost sight of in the new quality of the music itself; and the orchestration, the instruments used, and the manner of their use, became the most outstanding idea.

At first jazz was simply dance music. Soon it appeared in the concert hall. One of the first men to give a series of jazz concerts was Paul Whiteman, son of a Denver school musician. At last it began to be taken seriously by a number of composers. Some of the old music was made more "lively" by being treated with a dose of the new rhythmic and instrumental ideas. Among themes so treated were the old English *Beggar's Opera*; and Gilbert & Sullivan's *Mikado*.

Outstanding examples of skillful use of the novel qualities of

jazz (novel when contrasted to the conventional manner of earlier and more formal music) are George Gershwin's delightful *American in Paris*, his *Rhapsody in Blue*, and his colorful folk-opera *Porgy and Bess*; the opera *Emperor Jones* by Louis Gruenberg; and John Alden Carpenter's *Krazy Kat* ballet (after a colored comic strip in the newspaper) and his brilliant *Skyscrapers*.



Photo by Nushin

GEORGE GERSHWIN

George Gershwin, composer of the orchestral work known as *American in Paris*, one of the best known of the modern American composers, was born in New York City in 1898. By the time he was sixteen he was a city "song-plugger," which is a term used to describe a musician who creates and promotes, through his frequent playing of it in public places, the popularity of his employer's musical compositions.

Meanwhile, the lad had been studying music very carefully under the direction of fine teachers. Soon he came to write his own songs and play them, and into each of them he wove that individual combination of rhythms and personal harmonies for which he was famous in his later, larger compositions.

In his *Rhapsody in Blue*, his first important symphonic composition, he displayed the disturbing rhythms of popular "blues," using this musical feature to describe the sometimes erratic speed of American life.

A short time later, in 1925, Gershwin received an invitation from Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony to write a modern composition for them to play; and in reply he wrote *Jazz Concerto in F*, a work of great brilliance.

Next, in 1928, he wrote the descriptive *American in Paris*, (a symphonic poem for orchestra), which is supposed to be the travel narrative of a Yankee tourist in France. The tourist is suggested and introduced by means of a gay *First Walking Theme*; next we hear the gay toots of Paris taxi horns—for which Gershwin boldly wrote a part in his manuscript—and we join the American in laughing at them. He next visits a French café and enjoys the colorful dance music; goes to church; meets a stranger; and finally ends his tour whistling a “back home” Charleston blues.

Porgy and Bess by Gershwin is truly a folk opera. It is a story of a group of Negroes who lived on a back street in the city of Charleston. Porgy, the hero, is a newsboy, a cripple who has lost both his legs. Bess is his sweetheart. The text of the opera is from a play of the same name written by Dorothy and Du-Bose Heyward and contains only Negro characters. To acquaint himself with Negro song and life in its home environment, Gershwin lived for some months on an island off the Carolina coast. The opera employs much music of spontaneous and sincerely spiritual quality, as well as many jolly and gay tunes.

Gershwin died suddenly in 1937 after going to Hollywood to write for the movies.

Emperor Jones, by Louis Gruenberg, is built on a play of the same name, by Eugene O'Neill. It is what is called a “one-man” opera, in that it has but one principal character. The plot is not the usual one of circumstance and episode. It is rather a story of what happens to a man who is first a great boaster, then, at last, is so horribly frightened by something which does not

really exist, that he takes his own life. Throughout the latter part of the action he imagines himself pursued. He has been told that the silver bullet he carries with him, as his talisman, will protect him. Throughout the rather extended work the music might be said to be "incidental," really a background for the display and interpretation of *Emperor Jones's* emotions. There is but one "set aria," and that is the main character's song, an old Negro spiritual, *Standin' in de Need of Prayer*.

Another piece of entertaining American jazz is *Krazy Kat*, a ballet by John Alden Carpenter in which the composer draws his inspiration from a popular comic strip in the newspaper. In this music, Carpenter has created a cartoon as surely as did the artist who drew the funny pictures; and throughout, the work displays rare skill and technique. *Skyscrapers*¹ by the same composer, is a modern ballet, and was especially written for performances at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. In it the composer has tried to embody the bustle and racket of American life and to express these in modern jazz music. In the music are heard many familiar rhythms and the whole piece is intended to show the typical American's tendency to either play violently or to drop play and to work violently. The music is developed in a series of short sketches. The first one shows traffic signals at work. Next comes the skyscraper itself upon which are men hammering and pounding. One of the scenes suggests *Coney Island*. Into the music Carpenter has interwoven gay versions of such familiar American melodies as *Yankee Doodle* and *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground*.

Adventures in a Perambulator, a jazz suite by Carpenter, written in 1914, is one of the gayest pieces of music imaginable. The story which the composer himself gave out at the time of the first performance introduced several prominent characters.

¹ First performance, Metropolitan Opera House, February 19, 1926.

There was "Myself," "My Nurse," "My Perambulator," and the "Policeman." The story goes on to tell how "My Nurse" takes "Myself" out riding, how she stops with "My Perambulator" to talk to "Policeman." "Myself" has a wonderful time. "Myself" has nothing to say about it, for "My Nurse" is very powerful. "Myself" feels the appeal of the "Policeman." "My Nurse" does, too, and while they talk, and as we ride around, "Myself" hears the hurdy-gurdy and comes upon Dogs!

All this nonsense is cleverly told by Mr. Carpenter. In the fifth movement of the Suite, *Dogs* he has built a brisk little composition about the hilarious tune of *Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?* The Suite ends in quiet mood, *Dreams* being the title of the sixth movement.

* * *

"The best thing any person can do to further his own enjoyment of song—whether he considers himself a singer or not—is to sing many of the finest songs. If he really cannot sing the song he can still sing *at it* and thus help himself to become an appreciative listener as well as to build up for himself a mental library of song. Get the music, become acquainted with it, finger out the melody on the piano if you can do no more; say, learn, sing the words. Hum the tune. Learn the title in both languages if the song be written in a foreign tongue. Buy a record of it. Go to concerts where it is to be sung. Tune in on good radio concerts of song. All this will open up new vistas of delight."

—Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

ETHELBERT NEVIN

ETHELBERT NEVIN (1862-1901) born in the same vicinity as Stephen Foster, has often been likened to him. The two composers had much in common, both writing in miniature and both being possessed of great gifts for melody. Nevin's piano compositions were a distinct advance upon those of his predecessor, Gottschalk, and were among the first to call the attention of European musicians and critics to the gifts of the native American composer. Nevin's most popular works are a large number of singable songs; and such representative piano pieces as the *Water Scenes*, of which the ever fragrant *Narcissus* was one.

CARREÑO AND MACDOWELL

THE first performance of MacDowell music anywhere in the world came about through an old friendship.

In 1886, there was born in Venezuela a girl named Teresa Carreño, who became, during her long lifetime, one of the world's most celebrated pianists. Teresa Carreño's father was a government official, and when she was about eight years old she accompanied her father and mother to the United States, where her father became a representative of his nation.

Teresa was already a marvelous player, and that winter, in New York City, she astonished everyone by making her concert debut. She could not yet reach an octave, but she had, herself, "made up" tricks of rolling the larger chords and covering the break by skillful pedaling, so that she was able to play the most difficult compositions so brilliantly that everyone who heard her was amazed. In the short period of two months, she gave eight or ten recitals, all to huge audiences.

Soon after these successful concerts her parents took her to Paris, and there she studied and practiced faithfully for ten years, playing, at various times, for such famous artists as Franz Liszt, Gounod, Berlioz, Saint-Saens, and Anton Rubinstein.

Returning to America, the Carreños took up residence in a New York City apartment. In the same house lived the MacDowell family, with the two sons, Edward and Walter. Teresa, now a great beauty as well as a fine pianist, was one of Edward MacDowell's first music teachers. Mother MacDowell was secretary at the National Conservatory where Antonin Dvorak was presently to teach, and where Harry Thacker Burleigh, then a clever small boy, won a chance to see him for the first time by tending the door at a public reception. The MacDowell and Carreño families were great friends, and so Teresa ran back and forth between the two apartments, supervising the home work of her young student, and threatening to kiss him if he did not practice well.

Carreño once related the story of MacDowell's early career:

"At the age of fourteen, Edward MacDowell, accompanied by his mother, went to Europe for further study. At the age of seventeen he sent me, then in America, a roll of manuscript, accompanied by a letter in which he said: 'You know I have always had absolute confidence in your judgment. Look these over, if you will. If there is anything there any good, I will try

some more, but if you think they are of no value, throw them in the paper basket and tell me, and I'll never write another line.'



EDWARD MACDOWELL

"So I sat down and played them. There were, in that bundle, *The First Suite*, *The Witches' Dance* (*Hexentanz*), *Erzählen*, *Barcarolle*, an *Etude de Concert*. I wrote to MacDowell: 'Throw no more into the paper basket, but keep on!'

"Sometime after this, I was to play a recital in Chicago, so I

learned the *First Suite* and played it at my Chicago concert. And that was the first MacDowell music played in public in the world.

"The *Suite* was heard with great appreciation. Up came Professor W. S. B. Matthews, whom many children will know from having had to practice his piano studies.

"'Who is that fellow MacDowell? Seems quite a talented fellow, that man!'

"'You wait,' I said. 'You will hear more of MacDowell. His name will be on all lips long after we are but dust.'

"So I went on playing MacDowell wherever I went, all over the world. When he wrote his *Concerto in D Minor* (which he dedicated to me) I gave it its first hearing in Stockholm. Everyone praised it. But MacDowell remained modest and retiring.

"Every once in a while I would ask him: 'Have you written anything new?'

"'Oh, some trifles,' he would answer.

"Then I would demand to see the 'trifles.'

"One such composition was the *Keltic Sonata*. . . . I loved and played them all."

* * *

"Harmony gives atmosphere to the melody; it is the tone background for melody; it enforces the melodic trend, but *the main trend is the melodic trend*."

—Edward MacDowell

PILOT ON THE GLORY ROAD

MRS. EDWARD MACDOWELL, widow of America's great composer, is a lovely, eager little woman. She has never composed a song or painted a picture, yet, a few years ago, a jury of 21 distinguished men and women awarded her a prize of \$5000 for the "most distinctive achievement through individual effort in the field of art, industry, literature, music, drama, education, science or sociology."

Mrs. MacDowell's great achievement has been to furnish talented but not very prosperous artists a quiet and inspiring place to work at less than cost. It is more difficult to do than you'd think, and more important. Many a composition and book never would have been born had it not been for Mrs. MacDowell and the colony at Peterborough, N. H., that bears her husband's name.

She herself has contributed more than \$100,000 toward its upkeep, most of it earned by her own talented fingers in more than a thousand piano recitals in which she played MacDowell's music. It was on their woodland farm at Peterborough that MacDowell's best-known compositions—*To a Wild Rose*, *To a Water Lily*, and other sketches were composed, inspired by his own woods. To give him isolation, Mrs. MacDowell had a cabin built for him in the forest. It meant so much to him that, before his death in 1908, he planned with Mrs. MacDowell a forest colony where creative artists could work in studios like his.

Now there are twenty-four studios on 500 acres at Peterborough, built far enough apart that a pianist playing in one cannot be heard by a writer in another.

Back in the early '80's, when Marian Nevins first met Ed-



A MACDOWELL LOG CABIN, PETERBOROUGH, N. H.

ward MacDowell, she was a talented pianist who had gone to Germany to study with the Great Europeans, and she was pretty mad when her teacher turned out to be Edward MacDowell, an unknown American of 20. She agreed reluctantly to try him and studied with him for three years. Then she married him.

She has spent her whole life helping somebody else become famous. Of her money that had been left by her mother for her studies, \$5000 remained. When MacDowell asked her to marry him she said: "I will marry you if you will give up teaching

and, with this money, devote five years to establishing yourself as a composer."

MacDowell refused, but you can't often say *No* to Mrs. MacDowell. Almost before he knew it they were married, living in a tiny room in London, later in Frankfort, and Edward MacDowell, composer, was on his way.

Mrs. MacDowell's parents had been well-to-do, she had never known drudgery, but now she cheerfully scrubbed floors, cooked, made her clothes and her husband's shirts, and encouraged him when he needed it. After four years, musicians from America were visiting Frankfort to see him. Liszt had complimented his work. His music was being played in Europe and America. When he was 27 the MacDowells left Europe and settled in Boston, and there he discovered that he was on the road to fame.

MacDowell seldom was satisfied with his work and threw away 99 compositions for every one he published. Usually he threw them at the fireplace. Often he missed the fire, and when he had finished work, Mrs. MacDowell carefully picked up all the crumpled sheets that hadn't burned. She would look at the music, hum the melody, and, if she liked it, tell him so. Once a crumpled ball of paper missed the fire; Mrs. MacDowell found it and persuaded him to complete the composition. That sheet bore the strains that became *To a Wild Rose*.

—Jerome Beatty—"Baltimore Sunday Sun."

BEGINNINGS OF A MUSICAL LIFE

(FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WALTER DAMROSCH)¹

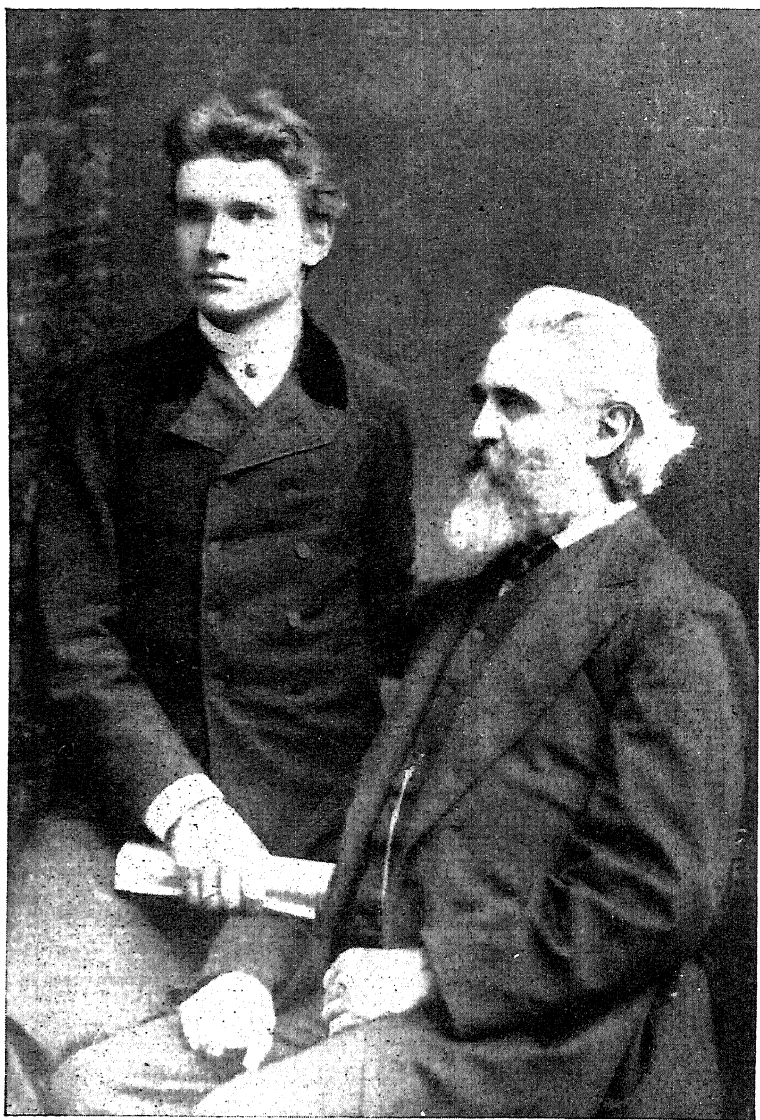
I AM an American musician and have lived in this country since my ninth year. I was born in Breslau, Silesia, on January 30, 1862.

In 1871 my father received an invitation through Edward Schubert, the music publisher of New York, to come to America as conductor of the Arion Society, and while this opening was small enough, it seemed to offer him an opportunity through which better and bigger things might develop and under conditions more free than were possible in Germany at that time. He therefore determined, at forty years of age, to take the plunge and to precede his family to America in order to find out whether a living and a new career might be made possible in the New World. The Arion Society occupied an honorable position in the social and musical life of the Germans living in New York.

I can well remember his farewell concert in Breslau, at which he performed Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. There were laurel wreaths, and chorus ladies in white, and there was a general atmosphere of enthusiasm and of many tears. It was all good fun to us, but the anguish of parting from the country in which they had grown up and lived for so many years, and the dread of the unknown in a strange land, must have been terrible for my father and mother.

Finally came an enthusiastic letter from my father bidding

¹ Dr. Damrosch has been familiar to all radio listeners through the weekly Damrosch Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Damrosch has been prominent in American music life for over 60 years.



WALTER DAMROSCH, AT THE AGE OF 18, WITH HIS FATHER,
DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH

us to follow him to New York; we accordingly set sail August, 1871, in a little ship of the North German Lloyd, the *Hermann* from Bremen, my mother, Tante Marie, Frank, myself, and two younger sisters. When we arrived in New York we found my father anxiously pacing the wharf where he had been waiting for eight hours, since early morning, to take us in a carriage from Hoboken to a house in East 35th Street which he had rented and furnished completely from top to bottom as a surprise for my mother. The hot and cold water on every floor, with gas and the carpets were a revelation to us, as these modern conveniences were hardly known in Breslau at that time.

My brother and I were immediately put into the primary department of Public School No. 40 in East 23rd Street, and as we did not know a word of English we were entered in the lowest class, although I had already been in the Sexta of the Gymnasium (High School) and my brother in the Quarta, and I had studied Latin and he both Latin and Greek. But we dutifully spelled out CAT, DOG, etc., until after a few weeks of this we were promoted, and so these promotions went on with lightning rapidity until we had acquired English and could enter a class more appropriate to our years.

My first appearance in an orchestra was, I am sorry to say, a rank failure. I was only a boy of fourteen years and my father had prepared a charming operetta of Schubert's for a *Summer Night's Festival* of the Arion Society. In this occurs a delightful *March of the Crusaders* with one loud clash of the cymbals at the climax. It did not seem worth while to engage a musician at "full union rates" for this clash and I was, therefore, intrusted with it. At rehearsals I counted my bar rests and watched for my cue with such perfection that the cymbals resounded with great success at the proper time and in the proper manner, but

at the performance, alas, a great nervousness fell upon me and as the *March* proceeded and came nearer and nearer the crucial moment, my hands seemed paralyzed, and when my father's flashing eye indicated to me that the moment had come, I simply could not seem to lift the cymbals which suddenly weighed like a hundred tons. The *March* went on but I felt that the entire evening had been ruined by me and that everyone in the audience must know that I had "funked it." As soon as I could I slipped out of the orchestra pit underneath the stage and into the dark night, feeling that life had no joy left for me. I could not bear to hear the rest of the opera or to meet my father's reproachful eye.

In 1873 Anton Rubinstein, greatest of Russian pianists, accompanied by the violinist Wieniawski, came to America by invitation of Steinway and Sons. He dined at our house and expressed wonder that my father had not yet been able to achieve a position in New York commensurate with his reputation and capacity. My father explained to him how difficult the situation was and that the entire orchestral field was monopolized by Theodore Thomas.¹

Rubinstein said to my father: "Why don't you begin by founding an Oratorio Society, and that will lead to other things?"

My father consulted a few devoted friends, and the Oratorio Society of New York was accordingly founded in 1873 and began rehearsals in the Trinity Chapel with a chorus of about eighteen singers, my mother's glorious voice leading the sopranos and my very humble self among the altos. The first performance took place in the ware rooms of the Knabe Piano

¹ Theodore Thomas (died 1905) is celebrated as one of the pioneer orchestral musicians of America. Among other things, he organized in 1891 the Chicago Orchestra, later known as the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and now known as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Company the following winter, at which time the chorus had increased to sixty singers. The programme was a remarkable one for that period, containing a Capella Chorus and accompanied choruses by Bach, Mozart, Handel, Palestrina, and Mendelssohn.

From this small beginning the Society developed until it became the foremost representative of choral music in New York, performing, with a chorus of three hundred and fifty voices, under my father's direction, the older oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn and such novelties as the first part of *Christus* by Liszt, the Berlioz *Requiem* and *Damnation of Faust*, the Brahms's *Requiem*, Cowen's *Saint Ursula*, the Choral Finale from the First Act of *Parsifal*, and the Third Act of *Die Meistersinger*.

Indirectly, but logically, the founding of the Oratorio Society, led to the founding of the Symphony Society of New York in 1877, which at last gave my father an orchestra with which he could demonstrate his abilities as a symphonic conductor.

Orchestral conditions were bad compared with today. There was no such thing as a "permanent orchestra." The musicians of the Symphony Society, for instance, played in six symphony concerts during the winter, each preceded by a public rehearsal. They also officiated at four concerts of the Oratorio Society, and this was almost the extent of their efforts in that direction. The rest of the time they made their living by teaching, playing in theatres, at dances, and some of them even at political or military processions and mass meetings. If a better "job" came along than the Symphony concert they would simply send my father a substitute. Small wonder that occasionally their lips gave out and the first horn or trumpet would break on an important note during a Symphony concert. I played in all these performances at the last stand of the second violins, as my father considered

it of the utmost value to me as a future conductor to be able to follow the conductor's beat as one of the orchestra.

During the summer of 1880 my father conceived the idea of giving a monster music festival in May, 1881, which was to last a week and for which a chorus of one thousand two hundred, of which the Oratorio Society should be the nucleus, was to be trained in sections during the entire winter. He conferred with some of his friends, outlined his project to them, and to a Music Festival Association composed of the directors of his Symphony and Oratorio Societies. Other prominent New York citizens were added and the guarantee fund was provided, ample to protect the project financially.

Although I was only 18, my father deemed me sufficiently advanced to intrust the drilling of a great portion of this chorus to me, a confidence of which I was very proud. My father intrusted to me Section B of the New York Festival Chorus, numbering two hundred voices, and the Newark Harmonic Society of Newark, New Jersey, numbering three hundred. He, himself, drilled the chorus of the Oratorio Society of four hundred at which I always played the piano accompaniments. And Mr. Cortada, an old pupil of my father's, trained a section in Brooklyn and another in Nyack, New York. I hurled myself at my task with such vehemence and enthusiasm that by the time the Festival came along my choruses were letter-perfect, but I had become voiceless. My vocal chords had quite gone back on me in justifiable anger at my abuse of them.

For me, the immediate result of the Festival was my election, at 18 years of age, as permanent conductor of the Newark Harmonic Society.

—Walter Damrosch

Abridged, by permission, from "My Musical Life."

“DANNY DEEVER”

NO FINER American art song, and no more popular one, can be mentioned than Doctor Walter Damosch's very appropriate setting of Kipling's stirring tale of *Danny Deever*. Danny was a British soldier stationed in India, "the regiment's disgrace," says Kipling in his description of him. It is a gruesome and realistic story, the hero of which is about to be hanged because he "shot a comrade sleeping." The story is told by the Color Sergeant and Files, the sentry, one asking the questions and the other giving the answers.

As a true art song is one in which the musical setting truly reflects the atmosphere and the message of the text, this may be considered a true art song. Throughout the composer has faithfully followed the sentiment and the episodes of the *Barrack Room Ballad*. Toward the climax, Files asks "What's that so black against the sky?" to which, "It's Danny, fightin' hard for life," the Color Sergeant said. "For they're hangin' Danny Deever." The sinister atmosphere is increased, rather than lessened, by the gay lilting music of the quick-step played by the military band as the soldiers return to the camp after fulfillment of their ghastly errand.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA SPEAKS

SOMEONE once said that my true name was Philipso—here's the historical record. I was born on the sixth of November, 1854, on G Street, S. E., near Old Christ Church, Washington, D. C. My parents were Antonio and Elizabeth Sousa. I was christened John Philip at Dr. Finkel's Church on Twenty-second Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., and my last name is *Sousa*!

David might still be called the first bandmaster in history. In Biblical lore we find music an important part of religious service and festive occasion. The old time pilgrims to Jerusalem enlivened their way with strains of melody, and David, one of the earliest of musicians, had a band of two hundred and eighty-eight players and singers. From that day, player and the singer have had their place in the world.

The influence of the band in the art development of the world is perhaps greater than that of any other musical force, and it is not difficult to analyze that proposition. The band, from time immemorial, has been a component part and a necessary part of the military establishment; and as all countries foster the military, the people at large have been able to hear, without cost and through this channel, both native and foreign compositions.

Next to being born, the most important event of my life was when I began the study of music. From my earliest recollection I wanted to be a musician, and I have no recollection of ever wanting to be anything else.

The first to induct me into the mysteries of the art was a Spanish friend of my father's; this friend and his wife were constant visitors at our house, and when, one evening, I was particularly



© Etude Magazine

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

active in rolling a baseball around the room, to the evident discomfiture of our visitors, my father's friend suggested that it would be a good plan to give me lessons in *solfeggio*. My father thought I was too young to begin the study of music, but I pleaded so hard he finally consented.

My start was not very encouraging. The old Spaniard was a retired orchestra player and had a voice that would not excite the envy of either Caruso or Bonci. I believe he had the worst voice I have ever heard. All the musical intervals were sounded alike by him. When he was calm he squawked; when excited, he squeaked. At the first lesson he bade me repeat the syllables of the scale after him.

"Do," he squawked.

"Do," I squawked in imitation.

"No, no," he cried, "sing *do*," and he squeaked the note.

"Do," I squeaked, in a vain effort to correspond with his crow-like vocalization.

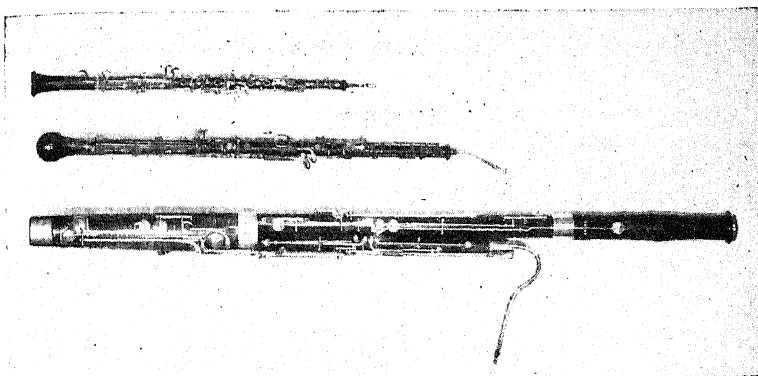
He grew very angry, stormed and abused me. His mental ear was alert and true, but the articulated sounds of his voice conveyed nothing but a grating noise to my child mind. For an hour he squeaked and squawked, and I hopelessly floundered after him.

At last the lesson was over, and I was almost a nervous wreck. While I remained a pupil of the old gentleman, the sound of his toneless voice hung over me like a pall and filled my soul with horror and despair. . . .

When you hear a military band playing, question yourself as to your knowledge of its instruments. Can you name them all? There will be the wind instruments—a piccolo, an oboe, some clarinets, and some saxophones; (maybe a bassoon if this band is giving a concert in a hall).

Then there will be the brass instruments—the trumpets, coronets, trombones, tubas, and all the rest of the horns.

And then that most delightful section where the drums are! Can you name all the drums—the big drum, the smaller sized drums and the snares? You will also see the clangers and the various kinds of triangles.

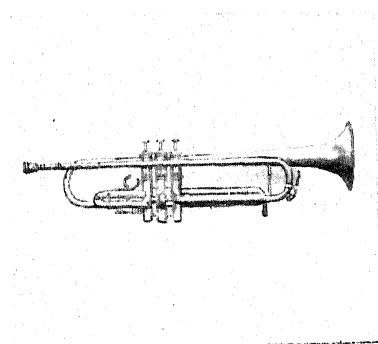


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OBOE, ENGLISH HORN, BASSOON

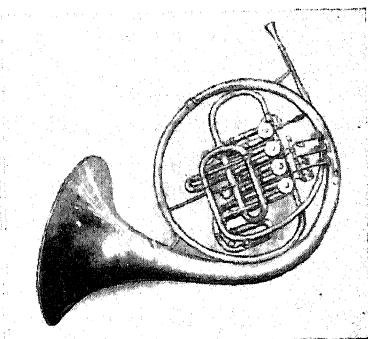
Maybe you can make a chance to talk to some of the bandmen, have them tell you about their instruments, get them to play a few notes by themselves so that you will know exactly how the instrument sounds when playing by itself. You might even ask him to tell you the story of his instrument.

—*John Philip Sousa.*



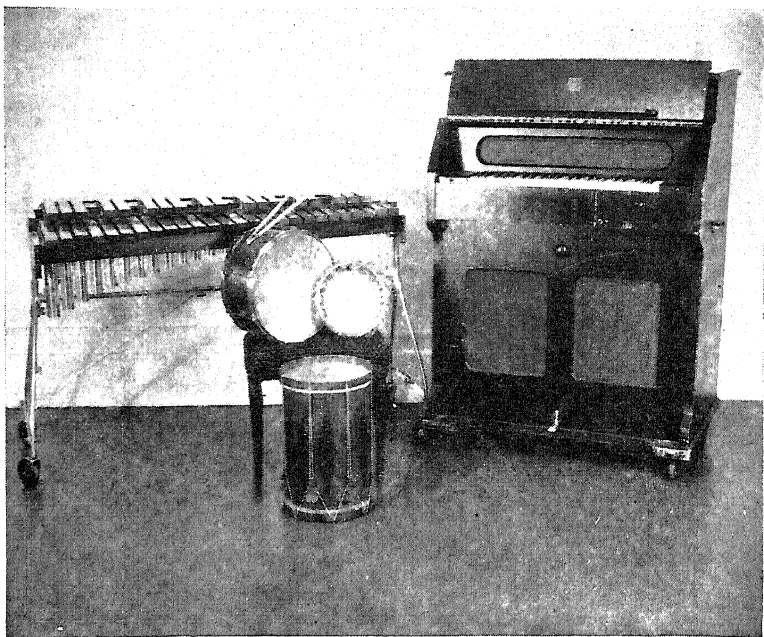
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TRUMPET



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FRENCH HORN



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XYLOPHONE, SNAREDRUM, TAMBOURINE AND CELESTA

* * *

"The word *orchestra* comes from the Greek, in which it meant the open stage in the great outdoor theaters between the seats of the audience and the stage. It was a curved enclosure set apart for the chorus. Later, in Roman theaters, seats for the use of Roman senators were placed in this space, but the name remained, and now "the orchestra" is always the section of a theater in which the audience sits on a level with, or slightly below, the stage. In *a strictly musical sense*, the word now means a body of instrumental players and their instruments, and also implies that the players are, in the main, seated."

A FAMOUS BAND AND ITS LEADER

THE so-called “first opera” and “first band” or “string-band” gave their famous first performance in the city of Florence, Italy, in 1600 in the combined effort of Peri and Caccini—a setting of the old story of *Euridici*—at the marriage festivities of Henry IV of France and Maria de Medici. The novelty of the entire form of presentation brought instant renown to the composers. Not less was the attention which was drawn to the work of the “*string band*” as the accompanying orchestra (harpsichord, lutes, and large viols) was then called.



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VIOLIN AND VIOLA



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CELLO AND DOUBLE BASS

The story of the band, as it grew up through the ages, is a long and fascinating one. There are many kinds of bands, even when the definition is narrowed so as to take in only ensembles

of wind and percussion instruments, and makes no mention of that large variety of that so-called dance band group which is really an orchestra. The average band, by which is usually meant "a brass band" of some twenty-five players is familiar to almost every community.



EDWIN FRANKO GOLDMAN

No artist, upon any musical instrument, can ever surpass in fame, John Philip Sousa. It is interesting to know of the interweaving of the life stories of Sousa, and of his younger colleague, Edwin Franko Goldman, well known to radio and concert audiences.

Through his mother, Selma Franko (born in New Orleans), Edwin Franko Goldman is related to the famous Franko family, who, in the late '60's of the past century, toured Europe and America as child prodigies. Selma Franko played both violin and piano and made a number of appearances with Adelina Patti, one of the most celebrated coloratura sopranos of all time. Other musical celebrities in the family include Nahan Franko and Sam Franko, uncles of Edwin Franko Goldman; and Jeanne Franko, an aunt. All three were internationally known as violinists and as contributors to the art of music in various other ways.

Many years later, at the beginning of the friendship between Doctor Goldman and John Philip Sousa, the latter said, "I've always wanted to tell you that I am greatly indebted to your mother's family for much of my success. The first time that I heard really fine music was when the Franko family of five wonderfully talented children came to Washington for a concert. It was the first time I had heard real music and it inspired me with a zeal to do better."

Here was the great Sousa, inspired as a boy by the famous Franko children, and Edwin Franko Goldman, who inherited the musical tradition of his family and as a boy became inspired by Sousa. In later years the two bandmasters met frequently and became close friends. A strange coincidence indeed!

Born in 1878, in Louisville, Kentucky, Edwin Franko Goldman found early the pathway which should lead him to a career in music. Moving to New York City at the age of eight, he

there took up the study of the cornet. As a lad of 17, Goldman was already a solo cornetist at the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. He was also a student of composition, with Antonin Dvorak, when the latter was a guest teacher at the National Conservatory of Music in New York City.

Thousands of music lovers listen to the Goldman Band annually, are acquainted with the stimulating melodies and rhythms of his many popular compositions for band.

Like many other successful men, Mr. Goldman has a hobby. He collects souvenirs and autographs of famous musicians.

Upon the death of his uncle, Nahan Franko, in 1930, Mr. Goldman fell heir to the larger part of his uncle's celebrated collection of autographed letters and pictures of famous musicians of the past. The collection is housed at Mount Tremper, New York, in one of the buildings on Doctor Goldman's country place. The building itself has an interesting story. It was constructed as an ice-house, of extremely generous proportions. When it was no longer needed for its original purpose, Doctor Goldman decided to remodel it inside and out, and to convert it into a small concert room adapted to serve for informal musical gatherings and to house the valuable collection of autographs.

Among the high lights of the collection are letters of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Gluck, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Wagner and Brahms—an important letter of Haydn to his publisher, an interesting letter from Meyerbeer to Moscheles, a title-page inscribed to Hans von Bulow by Edouard Lalo, a letter of Berlioz in which he discusses Wieniawski, a rare visiting card of Paganini on which he announces himself as a "Chevalier of Several Orders," and several pages of witty caricatures by Caruso. These are but a few of the hundreds of interesting items. The collection also contains many drawings, gala

programs of command performances, old handbills and similar musical miscellany.

There is also a collection of batons of celebrated conductors. Among these are batons used by Hans von Bulow, Hans Richter, and of course, a baton of John Philip Sousa which was presented to Doctor Goldman by Mrs. Sousa.

—*A True Story.*

* * *

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame:
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy:
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

CADMAN MUSIC

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN, born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1881, is celebrated for the artistic use he has made of Indian themes and subjects. His most popular and familiar compositions include such songs as *Land of the Sky-Blue Water*, *Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute*, and *At Dawning*, the first two, idealizations of songs of Nebraska Indians.

Mr. Cadman was the first composer to write a brief but complete opera especially planned to be given in its entirety within a half-hour radio broadcast. This was *The Willow Tree* which had its first performance from the National Broadcasting Studios, October 3, 1932. The performance time was twenty-three minutes.

In *The Thunderbird Suite* Mr. Cadman has again made use of Indian legend and tribal music. The music was first written as incidental numbers to accompany a drama of the same name by Norman B. Geddes. Following its use in this manner Mr. Cadman collected into a suite, five of the twelve which he had written, which he considered best suited for concert performance. The legends and customs presented in the play were from the Blackfoot Tribe of Indians, and Blackfoot themes are a basis for this highly descriptive music. The titles of the several movements of the *Suite*, and the stories which each part is intended to relate, are:

1. *Before the Sunrise*, which suggests the calm of dawn as it appears from an Indian camp out on the wide prairie. This music is extremely delicate, has an open out-of-doors atmosphere, and has been lightly scored by the composer.



CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

2. *Nuwana's Love Song*, an idealization of an old Indian love song.

3. *The Dance*, a piece of descriptive music depicting the scene in camp when preparations are being made for war. There is the war song, the rhythms of the dance, and the sound of the little bells as they tinkle from the ankles of the Indian dancers.

4. *Night Song*, a light and delicate entr'acte which follows a native Indian air, note for note.

5. *The Passing of Nuwana*. This concluding number of the suite follows the progress of the drama in which, at the last, the figure of the Indian lad is seen waiting for the Great Spirit from the top of the mountain, after a sorrowful leave-taking of his dear one.

Cadman was one of the first American composers to write an opera for performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. Its title was *Shanewis*, or the *Robin Woman*, and the name is taken from a song which Shanewis, the young Indian heroine, sings about springtime, during the opening scene. *Shanewis* is not an Indian opera, as so many people believe, but the principal character is the young Indian girl, Shanewis, who, because of her marvelous voice, has attracted the attention of a wealthy American woman, Mrs. Everton. Later, Shanewis falls in love with the son of her benefactress, who is engaged to an American girl.

The second scene takes place in Oklahoma on an Indian reservation. The third act brings the opera to a dramatic conclusion. An Indian suitor, when he learns that his rival has made love to Shanewis without telling her of his betrothal, shoots the gay deceiver and brings an end both to the youth and to the opera.

The libretto is by Nelle Richmond Eberhardt, who has written the lyrics for so many of Cadman's songs. Mrs. Eberhardt is well versed in Indian lore, having spent her girlhood near an

Indian reservation on the banks of the Niobrara River in northern Nebraska. The plot of *Shanewis* is that of an aboriginal legend but only occasionally has Cadman made use of Indian melodies. The opera is given in two parts which are separated by a brief intermezzo. The introduction was unprecedented at the time of its first performance in 1918, as here the composer used the ukulele and a jazz band.

* * *

"I do not have the least hesitation about assuring everyone who asks my advice that the tunes of both folk songs and folk dances will fully repay any amount of study. I have put to the test the old rule and have proved to more than satisfaction that in their case familiarity does not breed contempt but leads to deeper admiration and keener delight. As I have been studying these tunes, I have also studied with growing reverence Beethoven's development of melody through years of thought as revealed in his notebook. The wonders of that master's achievement has only served to increase my astonishment at the so-called simple folk melodies."

—John Powell

“THE VICTORY BALL”

ONE of the finest pieces of descriptive, or program music, written in America by an American composer, is *The Victory Ball* written by Ernest Schelling in 1922.

Mr. Schelling (late concert pianist and conductor of the Children's Orchestra Concerts of New York City) had been a soldier in the World War. He, as well as other soldiers, observed the tremendous happiness displayed by citizens of many countries after the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918. Following a ball held in London soon after the Armistice, Alfred Noyes, a brilliant young British poet, Oxford graduate and ex-soldier, wrote a poem in which he expressed the fancied resentment of the soldiers of all nations, many of whom had died on the field of battle or in the trenches, and who must now, the poem suggested, be regarding as heartless and forgetful the thoughtless dancing. This poem is called *The Victory Ball*.

During the verses the “shadows of dead men” who are watching the dancers discuss the seeming heartlessness. One says:

“Do not reproach, because they know,
If they're forgotten, it's better so.”

Some of the soldiers become very angry, others think the gayety very reasonable.

“Pish,” said a statesman standing near,
“I am glad they can busy their thoughts elsewhere.
We mustn't reproach 'em. They're young, you see.”
“Ah!” said the dead men, “So were we.”

So on the story goes, until at last

“Shadows of dead men . . . grin by the wall,
Watching the fun of The Victory Ball.”

It was upon this stirring poem that Ernest Schelling based his symphonic poem of the same name. He says:

"I have used two army calls—the *Call to Arms* and *Charge*—which ominously usher in the War Vision; and at the very end I have used *Taps*. I had occasion, during the war, to hear the Scotch Pipers, and to observe the extraordinary effect their music had on the troops. I have tried to make the whole orchestra a huge bagpipe, perhaps the most pagan and primitive form of music."

* * *

"THE LONG, LONG TRAIL"

"There's a Long, Long Trail"—no one song was more closely associated with the marching troops of the World War than this. The tune was written by an American college boy, Alonzo Elliott, of Yale University.

One day, while a student at Yale, young Elliott sat down to "pick out" a tune at the piano, thinking of his history lesson—the story of Napoleon's celebrated retreat from Moscow in 1812.

This took place a year before the World War broke out. Urged by his friends to submit his spirited "masterpiece" to a publisher, Elliott did so, but found no one willing to take it.

Months passed. Then, in 1914, Elliott went on to Cambridge University in England. He went down to the city one day to shop for a piano. He tested out each piano by playing "The Long, Long Trail."

The instrument dealer was enchanted by the rhythmic air and introduced Elliott to a friend who was one of Great Britain's recognized music publishers. The song was soon ready for distribution, and during World War days sold over four million copies. It was played by the military bands that met the ships bringing troops from overseas. It was played in France, England, and America.

—*A True Tale*

“CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY”

IT WAS in 1875 that a young Negro minstrel showman named James A. Bland penned these words, wrote a tune to go with them, and so created one of the most popular of all American ballads. The song was easy to learn and pleasant to sing, but it was not until sixty-three years after it was written that it became popular. This was when the Virginia Conservation Commission decided that it should be made Virginia's official State anthem. The composer and author of this alluring melody and song had been long dead and was buried in an unmarked pauper's grave. He had sold his song outright, and when the search for the composer began no one seemed to know who James A. Bland really was.

Going at length to Howard University in Washington, D. C., Dr. James Francis Cooke, President of the Presser Foundation of Philadelphia, found an old-time teacher who remembered Bland and his two sisters. Through them the lost grave was located, and due honor paid it, at last.

James A. Bland was born in Flushing, Long Island, the son of one of the earliest Negro college graduates in the country. He wrote over seven hundred songs, few of which were ever copyrighted, and many of them unidentified with his name. Almost everyone knows some of them, such as, *Oh, Dem Golden Slippers*, and *In the Evening by the Moonlight*.

Listen to de Lambs, a well-known setting of the original Negro Spiritual of the same name, is by Nathaniel Dett, for many years associated with Hampton Institute as Director of Music. Mr. Dett's piano suite, *In the Bottoms*, is familiar as a series of musical portrayals of scenes peculiar to Negro life in the river

bottoms of the Old South. A popular number is *Juba Dance*, so named from the old-time Negro's custom of "dancing Juba." The music is in two-four meter, and when the old dance was done by the Negroes, about a third of the gathering would provide the accompaniment by stamping at the first beat and clapping the hands twice with the second. The music may, at such times, be furnished either by a lone fiddler, probably seated upon a convenient box or tree trunk; or by humming of dancers and watchers.

* * *

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
 There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go,
 There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
 Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
 Than old Virginny the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn, and 'tatoes grow,
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
 There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

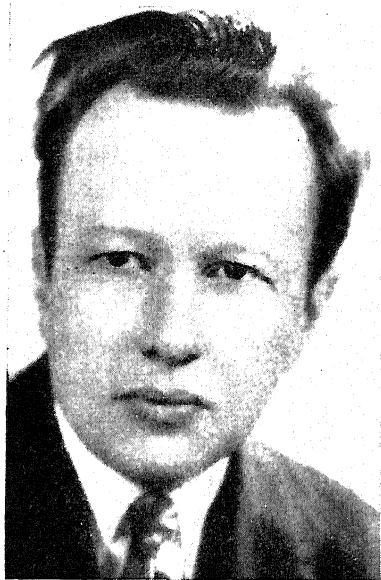
—James A. Bland.

STATION WGZBX

STATION WGZBX, a brief and modern orchestral suite written in descriptive style, is the composition of Philip James, an American musician well known to the public through his frequent appearances as conductor, orchestral and operatic; as organist; through his broadcasts; and because of his patriotic musical career at the time of the World War. Philip James was born in Jersey City in 1890. During the First World War he was made conductor and Commanding Officer of General Pershing's Headquarters Band, and with it toured the country in the interests of the Victory Loan.

In 1932 the National Broadcasting Company offered a prize of \$5000 for the best and most typically American orchestral composition suitable for broadcasting and not to exceed twelve minutes in time of performance. Mr. James won this prize with *Station WGZBX* over 572 other contestants.

The work is in four short movements, and it portrays the sights and sounds of a great broadcasting station. Part One, *In the Lobby*, opens, after a few introductory measures, with a pert,



PHILIP JAMES

short theme, suggestive of radio itself. Then are heard many of the sounds peculiar to such a station—the bustle of the crowds in the halls, swirls of sound from an audition rounds as a door is opened. Fragments of voice trials mingled with station announcements and the rhythms of a jazz band.

Part Two, *Interference*, a playful scherzo, recalls the distressing sounds—such as static, badly tuned receiving sets, amateur sending—which were more frequent in early days of radio than they now are.

In Part Three, *Slumber Hour*, Mr. James has written a quiet and dignified movement, the beauty of which is enhanced by the chiming of a bell, and solo passages for violin and 'cello. The final movement, *Mikestruck*, is a stridently cheerful *tempo di jazz*, in which a "mikestruck" amateur makes his debut before the microphone.

Mr. James has also composed other works familiar to the American concert goer, including many songs, and his orchestral work, with male chorus, *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven*,¹ the text being by the Illinois poet, Vachel Lindsay.

¹ See a setting of the same text by Charles Ives.

“BALLAD FOR AMERICANS”

NO MODERN choral work in American music has created greater spontaneous or more tremendous interest than the *Ballad for Americans*, poem by John Latouche, and music by Earl Robinson.

Robinson, born July 2, 1910, in Seattle, Washington, a graduate of the Seattle public schools and of the University of Washington, had gone east to New York City, about 1934, in the hope of becoming a student at some of the finer schools of music there and, probably, of sometime creating a great symphony or standard work of large and imposing proportions. He was thrown, soon after his advent into the city, into connection with the “Theatre of Action,” where, for some time following, he was constantly busy acting, singing, directing choral groups, writing spontaneous incidental music for whatever performance needed it at the moment; all the while acquainting himself with the literature, folk music, and feelings of the American people. Everything which he wrote during these days was composed for an immediate audience and so was infused with a great vitality and sense of reality.

Noting that the great composers of each age had reflected their own environments with accompanying customs, political situations, and songs and temper of the times, Robinson set himself to becoming acquainted with American backgrounds. The folk songs of Scotch-Irish settlers of the early colonies and working songs of the Negro found in him a ready and sympathetic interpreter. Songs of labor from remote times and from the present were woven into his musical vocabulary. Sometime before, while still a student at Washington, he had been one of the

group of boys who played their way to the Orient and back in one of the scores of boats which ply between the two shores of the Pacific. While in China he bought a guitar which he saw lying on a counter, paying two dollars for it. This he has ever since carried with him on his song tours; and used it in his composition, feeling that it gives a more folk flavor and atmosphere to folk song performance than any other available instrument.

From studying and singing folk songs, Robinson came to composing them, each new song being inspired by some historic event, whether past or present.

While working on songs intended for interpolation into music reviews, he wrote *Abe Lincoln*, using for the text of his chorus selected sentences from Lincoln's first *Inaugural Address*. Here again Robinson followed his chosen style of combining the sung and the spoken word, thus achieving a truly dramatic effect.

It was not a far step from *Abe Lincoln* to his setting, in the Summer and Fall of 1938, of the Latouche poem then entitled *Ballad for Uncle Sam*, the composition being undertaken for inclusion in a musical review at the Federal Theatre, New York City. The review ran for five weeks, each performance of this stirring Robinson work winning more friends for its young and modest composer. Shortly the Federal Theatre was closed; then it was that a radio hour—"Pursuit of Happiness" looking about for a suitable song vehicle for the Negro artist, Paul Robeson, took over the *Ballad*, changed its name to *Ballad for Americans* and on November 5, 1939, gave it a performance which stirred 600 present in the studio to a high pitch of shouting enthusiasm, and which for the next half hour jammed the CBS switchboard with incoming calls.

In this music, Mr. Robinson has only infrequently used exact

folk tune quotation, the most significant being the song *Go Down, Moses*, sung in the Negro episode. A significant feature of the music is the composer's employment of vocal effects, natural little remarks, almost spoken, thrown in at the end of a musical phrase, often giving agreement or emphasis to statements already made. These are indicated on the composer's score without exact pitch. He also employs a simple melody, as in folk music, and from the beginning until the end of the work there is a steady increase of volume and emotional tension.

* * *

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

One of the cleverest pieces of choral music for the use of children and young people written by an American composer is Edgar Stillman-Kelley's setting of Lewis Carroll's fascinating fantasy of "Alice in Wonderland." The work is written with orchestral accompaniment; and an orchestral suite, complete within itself, is also arranged by the composer under the same general title. Bits of story from the sequel ("Through the Looking Glass") are also suggested. The six sections of the music are entitled: "Alice on Her Way to Wonderland;" "The White Rabbit;" "The Cheshire Cat;" "The Caucus Race;" "Forest of Forgetfulness;" and "The Red Queen's Banquet."

OTHER TWENTIETH CENTURY COMPOSERS

PERCY GRAINGER, though not born in America, is a naturalized citizen, and has long identified himself with American music. He is best known for a long series of tuneful and brilliant settings (for piano and orchestra) of Old World folk airs. These include *Molly on the Shore*, *Irish Tune from County Derry*, *Country Gardens*, *Spoon River*, and others. Mr. Grainger, though contemporary, is more classic than modern in the style of his writing.

Deems Taylor, widely known as a musical commentator, is also celebrated as the composer of the operas (Metropolitan Opera House) *The King's Henchman* and *Peter Ibbetson*; and his delightful suite for orchestra on *Through the Looking Glass*.



Photo by Grady

CARL PAIGE WOOD



Photo by Chidnoff

FRANK LA FORGE

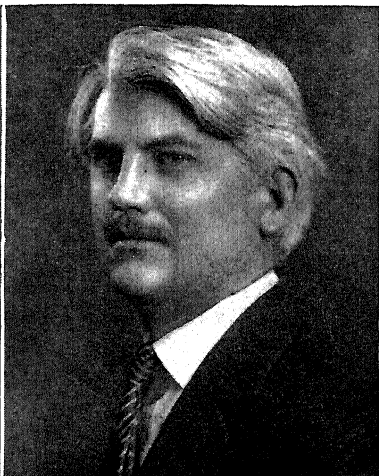
Carl Paige Wood, Director of Music, University of Washington, has written strong and unusual works in many forms. There is a graceful *Serenade* for piano; and *Winter Winds*, a very clever composition for women's voices, with a piano duet accompaniment. A brilliant work of classic atmosphere is the *Suite for Strings* (*Prelude, Minuet, Sarabande, Gavotte*). *Let It Be April, Elfin Song, and Evening Hymn*, all for women's voices, are strikingly beautiful. *Three Miniatures*—a set of brief atmospheric sketches for string quartet—are alert to mood and imagery. Songs include the spiritedly lilting *Shout in de Wilde'ness, O Western Wing, Ostinata, Reveille, Nocturne, and Love and Death*.

Frank La Forge, noted accompanist, and vocal coach for such prominent artists as Richard Crooks, Lily Pons, and Lawrence Tibbett, is known as well for his gift of writing charming and singable songs, which include *Before the Crucifix, Hills, Pastorate, Little Star, In the Forest*.



Photo by Toppo

A. WALTER KRAMER



LOUIS EDGAR JOHNS

A. Walter Kramer, New York editor and composer, is known for an unusually long list of successful and highly artistic songs. These include the ever popular *Last Hour*, *At the Evening's End*, *The Faltering Dusk*; and many orchestral compositions and transcriptions.

Louis Edgar Johns, a Humperdinck student, won attention by his *Lyrics from the Germans*; *The Witch*, and effective work for four part mixed chorus; and a well-written *Medieval Suite* for string orchestra.

Edgar Stillman-Kelley has long been known as one of the most scholarly of American composers. Important works are his *New England* symphony; his *Aladdin Suite*; *Alice in Wonderland*—a charming musical fantasy for orchestra, or for chorus and orchestra; and the stirring *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Douglas Stuart Moore, Director of Music, Columbia University, displays, in much of his music, a truly American spirit and sense of humor. His best known orchestral works are *Pageant of P. T. Barnum*, *Moby Dick*, *Overture on an American Tune*, and *Symphony of Autumn*. His folk opera, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, with libretto by Stephen Vincent Benét, was produced by the American Lyric Theatre in 1939. He won the Pulitzer Traveling Prize in Music with his *Four Museum Pieces*.

Harl McDonald, of the University of Pennsylvania Music Department (born 1899 on a cattle ranch near Boulder, Colorado) has been heard to advantage in a number of important orchestral and choral works: *Festival of the Workers* (1933-34), Symphony No. 1—*The Santa Fe Trail* (1934), *Rhumba—Reflections on an Era of Turmoil* (1935), Symphony No. 3—*Choral* (1936).

Charles T. Griffes (1884-1920), a native of Elmira, New York, was a pupil of Humperdinck (the composer of *Hansel*



EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY



DOUGLAS MOORE

and Gretel). After teaching for a time in Berlin, he returned to America, where he was, until his death, a teacher at the Hackley School for Boys at Tarrytown, New York. He became interested in tribal music of the American Indian, and wrote a suite for strings in which he utilized Indian thematic material. He also wrote many distinguished works for orchestra, smaller instrumental groups, for the voice, and for the piano. *The White Peacock*, *The Fountain of the Acqua Paola*, *Barcarolle*, and *Notturmo* are well-known works.

Leo Sowerby (1895-) born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, graduated from the American Conservatory of Chicago, where he now teaches theory and composition. He studied with d'Indy and Percy Grainger, and won the Fellowship of the American Academy in Rome, and the Eastman School Publication Award. Mr. Sowerby is also known as an organist. *Comes Autumn Time*, *Madrigal*, *Prairie* (suggested by Carl Sandburg's *Prairie*) are representative works.

Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason, grandson of Lowell Mason (see story of the Mason Family), nephew of Dr. William Mason,



DANIEL GREGORY MASON

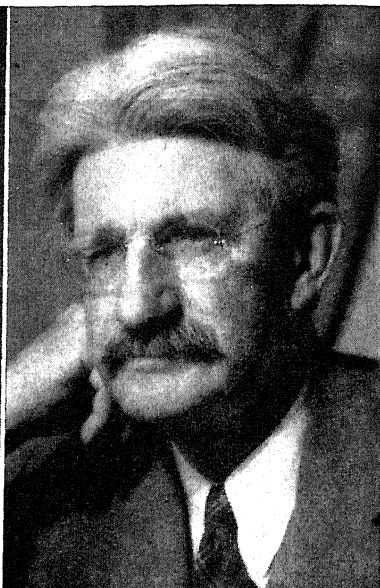
and son of Henry Mason who was a founder of the Mason & Hamlin Company, is a Harvard graduate; was a student of Nevin, Chadwick, Whiting and D'Indy. Dr. Mason has long been connected with the music department at Columbia University holding the MacDowell Professorship; and has been showered with almost every kind of musical honor. He is well known as an author and lecturer, and his music is played (or sung) by the most famous concert organizations. Important compositions are *Chanticleer Overture*, *Country Pictures*, *Divertimento* for two pianos, four hands; *Russians* (a song cycle); *String Quartet on Negro Themes*; and two Symphonies.

Sidney Homer, born in Boston in 1864, is widely known as a writer of beautiful song. A student of George Chadwick in Boston, and with Rheinberger in Munich, he has also been a teacher of many younger composers. His wife is the



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HOWARD HANSON



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SIDNEY HOMER

celebrated contralto, Louise Homer. Among his most familiar works are the ever-popular *Bandanna Ballads* (including the *Banjo Song*); the dramatic *Song of the Shirt*; *Songs from Mother Goose*; the gruesome *Pauper's Drive*; *Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone*, *Uncle Rome*, and *How's My Boy?*

Howard Hanson, born in Wahoo (Nebraska) in 1896, is well and favorably known not only for his composed works, but for the annual *American Composers' Concerts* which he has established and continued at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y. (where Mr. Hanson is Director of Music); and for his constant promotion of all phases of music in and of America. Mr. Hanson's early teaching was by his mother. Later study was done at the Swedish Lutheran Academy at Wahoo;

at the University School of Music (Lincoln, Nebr.); at Northwestern University; and with Persy Goetschius at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City. At the age of 19, Hanson was appointed Professor of Theory and Composition at the College of the Pacific (San Jose, Calif.), and two years later was made Dean. A year later he went to Rome, a winner of the coveted Prix de Rome. Among his larger works are the opera *Merry-mountain*, two *Symphonies*, *Lament of Beowulf* (mixed chorus with orchestra), *Symphonic Rhapsody*, and *California Forest Play*.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, born Amy Marcy Cheney, at Henniker, New Hampshire, in 1867, is known as one of the world's greatest composers. Following the death of her husband, Dr. H. H. A. Beach of Boston, Mrs. Beach spent some time in Europe, where she was heard, as concert pianist and composer with the continent's most important musical organizations. Her numerous compositions include the ever-popular *Year's at the Spring*; *Gaelic Symphony*; *Mass in E-Flat*; *Christ in the Universe*; *Sonata in A Minor*; *Summer Dreams*; and many beautiful songs.

Rossetter Gleason Cole, eighth in direct descent from *Mayflower* Pilgrims, was a student of Max Bruch in composition; of Gustav Kogel in conducting; and Wilhelm Middelschulte in organ. His works of major proportions are numerous and are frequently heard on important programs. They include, besides *The Maypole Lovers* (opera and orchestral suite), *King Robert of Sicily*, *Heroic Piece*, *Hiawatha's Wooing*, *Ballade for Violoncello and Orchestra*, *Pioneer Overture*, and *Legend. Rock of Liberty*, a Pilgrim Ode for Chorus and Orchestra, was given its first performances in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary.

MUSIC UNDER THE STARS

THESE summer evenings, stadiums and natural amphitheaters from Back Bay to the Golden Gate have been filled with thousands of people sitting utterly quiet, listening to the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, and the operatic scores of Verdi and Gounod. It requires weeks of ballyhoo to attract a crowd once or twice a year to a prize fight. But with a minimum of advertisement, the summer symphonies and operas, granted favorable weather, play to huge audiences night after night for periods as long as eight or ten weeks.

Only two decades ago the musical life of the nation went soundly asleep from May to October. There were no summer operas, orchestras or solo recitals, and no radio. Desperate music lovers could only make music themselves, play their phonographs, or go to Europe for the festivals.

In the summer of 1918 Arnold Volpe started an experiment in New York. Together with a group of musicians drawn from the city's various orchestras, a chorus and several soloists, he gave a series of concerts in the Lewisohn stadium, the football field of the College of the City of New York. Instead of failure, as was freely predicted, the series was an immense success. The first two-week season had to be extended to seven; subsequent seasons have been fixed at eight weeks. The programs were not gay waltzes or stirring marches, but masterpieces.

Other cities watched the New York experiment. Philadelphia feared, however, that the nightly programs would languish if devoted solely to Beethoven and Tschaikowsky and Mozart, and set aside Sunday night for light music. The first Sunday night 2000 tickets were sold, aside from season subscriptions; the

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RUDOLPH GANZ

next Sunday, 1500; the third Sunday, less than 1000. Whereupon the Sabbath program was graced with the masterworks, and the receipts jumped from \$1500 to \$3000.

In most places seats sell from 25 cents to \$1, which puts them within the reach of almost everyone. Attire is informal. All kinds of people attend—it's not much different from a crowd at a ball game, except that there are more women.

Famous *chefs-d'orchestre* vie with unknowns who often receive their first opportunity at leading a major symphony. Illustrious soloists who trekked off to European meccas in the past contribute to the excitement, artists such as Lily Pons, John Charles Thomas, Albert Spalding, Tito Schipa and Mischa Elman, to name but a handful.

Summer audiences are open-minded, and always willing to try something different once. In New York several years ago 20,000 packed the stadium and the streets around it to hear George Gershwin and his music exclusively, it was the first time Gershwin had had a full program by a major symphony orchestra. A similar reception was accorded Paul Whiteman's band playing modern music, and the first appearance of the Fokine Ballet.

How a good idea travels in these United States! The pioneer Lewisohn Stadium series has achieved the repute of a national institution. And what a picture its companions would make if we could see them all at once, add to the 10,000 at the Lewisohn Stadium as many more in the Hollywood Bowl, the throng in Boston on the Charles River Esplanade, thousands in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park in Robin Hood Dell, the 10,000 listening to operetta in the St. Louis Municipal Stadium, and another thousand perched in a hillside amphitheater hearing the St. Louis Little Symphony. There are crowds on the lake shore in Cleveland, in the Cincinnati

Zoo, in the beautiful natural amphitheater in San Mateo, California; in Milwaukee, in Chicago, Newark, Atlantic City, Portland, and Texas. Each year new cities toe the starting line, and virtually no series, once launched, has failed for lack of public support.

Listening to music under the stars has become a national pastime. A peculiarly American institution is waxing large, and with a simplicity and naturalness that would do credit to countries whose artistic history goes back dozens of centuries.

—*H. Howard Taubman*—"Today."

* * *

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

The bread that giveth life I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty drink and live:
I want to help the fainting day by day
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give away,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master sayeth,
I want to live aright from day to day,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

—*Selected.*

SUGGESTED MUSIC (to be played, sung, or heard in connection with the study of *Music in Later Years*):

John Alden Carpenter

“Adventures in a Perambulator”

“Krazy Kat”

“Skyscrapers”

John Powell

“Negro Rhapsody”

Overture, “In Ole Virginia”

Deems Taylor

“Through the Looking Glass”

Howard Hanson

“Lament of Beowulf”

“Merrymount”

“Nordic Symphony”

“Romantic Symphony”

Philip James

“Station WGZBX”

“General William Booth Enters Into Heaven” (See also Charles Ives’ setting of the same text.)

James A. Bland

“Carry Me Back to Old Virginny”

Percy Grainger

“Blithe Bells”

“Country Gardens”

“English Dance”

“Green Bushes”

“Handel in the Strand”

“Hill Songs” No. 1 and 2

“Irish Tune from County Derry”

“Jutish Medley”

“Lord Peter’s Stable Boy”

“Marching Song of Democracy”

“Molly on the Shore”

“Scotch Strathspey and Reel”

“Shepherd’s Hey”

“Spoon River”

“To a Nordic Princess”

“Tribute to Foster”

Leo Sowerby

“Comes Autumn Time” (a Program Overture)

“Money Musk”

George Gershwin
"Rhapsody in Blue"
"Jazz Concerto in F"
"American in Paris"
"Porgy and Bess"

. Louis Gruenberg
"Emperor Jones"

Ethelbert Nevin
"Water Scenes"
"The Rosary"

Edward MacDowell
"The First Suite"
"Woodland Sketches"
"Indian Suite" (for orchestra)
"The Witches' Dance"
"Erzählen"
"Barcarolle"
"Etude de Concert"
"Virtuoso Studies"

Walter Damrosch
"Danny Deever"
Incidental music to:
"Medea" of Euripides; "Electra" of Euripides; "Electra" of Sophocles;
"The Canterbury Pilgrims"
"Cyrano" (an Opera)
"Manila Te Deum"
"The Dove of Peace" (Comic Opera)

John Philip Sousa
"Stars and Stripes Forever"
"El Capitan"
"Hands Across the Sea"
"Washington Post"

Edwin Franko Goldman
"On the Campus"
"On the Go"
"On the Mall"
"Golden Gate"

Charles Wakefield Cadman
"Land of the Sky-Blue Water"
"Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute"
"At Dawning"

"The Willow Tree" (radio opera)

"The Thunderbird Suite"

"Shanewis"

Ernest Schelling

"Victory Ball"

Nathaniel Dett

"Listen to de Lambs"

"Juba Dance"

Earl Robinson

"Ballad for Americans"

Frank LaForge

"Before the Crucifix"

"Hills"

"Pastorale"

"Little Star"

"In the Forest"

Carl Paige Wood

"Suite for Strings"

"Serenade" (Piano)

"Three Miniatures" (String Quartet)

"Winter Winds" (Women's Voices)

"Let It Be April" (Women's Voices)

"Elfin Song" (Women's Voices)

"Evening Hymn" (Women's Voices)

"Shout in de Wilde'ness"

"O Western Wing"

"Ostinata"

"Reveille"

"Nocturne"

"Love and Death"

Louis Edgar Johns

"The Witch"

"Medieval Suite"

Edgar Stillman-Kelley

"New England Symphony"

"Aladdin's Suite"

"Alice in Wonderland"

"Pilgrim's Progress"

Walter Kramer

"Last Hour"

"At the Evening's End"

"The Faltering Dusk"

Harl McDonald

“Rhumba”

“Festival of the Workers”

“Choral”

“Concerto for 2 Pianos”

“Lament”

Douglas Stuart Moore

“P. T. Barnum”

Daniel Gregory Mason

“Chanticleer Overture”

“Country Pictures”

“Divertimento” (two pianos, four hands)

“Russians” (a song cycle)

“String Quartet on Negro Themes”

Symphonies 1 and 2

Rossetter Gleason Cole

“The Maypole Lovers” (Orchestral Suite)

Charles T. Griffes

“The White Peacock”

“The Fountain of the Acqua Paola”

“Barcarolle”

“Notturmo”

Randall Thompson

“Symphony”

Roy Harris

“Piano Sonata”

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

“Years at the Spring”

“Gaelic Symphony”

“Mass in E-Flat”

“Christ in the Universe”

“Sonata in A Minor”

SUGGESTED READINGS:

“Twentieth Century Music,” Marion Bauer

“Our American Music,” John Tasker Howard



Courtesy United Air Lines

WAIKIKI BEACH, HAWAII

SECTION VII

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

HAWAII'S EIGHT ISLANDS

THE first inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands were the Polynesians, men sometimes called the "Vikings of the Pacific."

Tradition says that a colony of these stalwart, fearless navigators came to the Islands at some time during the fourth or fifth century. The exact date of their arrival is unknown. But it is certain that they had left their original homes in southeastern Asia or New Zealand, traveling in primitive ocean-going canoes and charting their course across the remote stretches of the Pacific by means of the fixed stars until they came, at length, to the "fire-born" (volcanic) islands which we now know as the Hawaiians. Other migrations followed well into the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The oldest written records of the Islands are a set of ancient Spanish charts drawn by Juan Gaetano, a Spaniard who navigated the waters in this vicinity in the year 1555. Gaetano's name for the archipelago was "Los Monjes." Other sailors called them, simply, "The Mountains." This was an appropriate name, for each of the Islands is the peak of a lofty volcanic mountain built up by countless undersea eruptions until its summit rises above the surface of the surrounding ocean. The chain or archipelago thus formed includes eight main islands and many small uninhabited islets of sand, lava rock, or coral.

Of the eight principal islands, Hawaii, the largest, is known

familiarly to the natives as "Big Island" and here may be seen cocoanut groves, coffee plantations, tropical jungles, fern-tree forests, and black-sand (pulverized lava) beaches. Here, too, is one of the celebrated Hawaiian National Parks. Hilo, the principal town of the island, is easily reached from Honolulu (on Oahu) by inter-island air service in less than half an hour.

Kanai, the "Garden Island," hundreds of miles distant from Hawaii at the other end of the chain, is famous for its immense sugar-cane fields and pineapple plantations, its rice paddies, and its wild game hunting. It is said to be "the wettest place on earth," having an annual rainfall of 433 inches of water.

Nearby, across a narrow strip of water, lies Niihau, smallest of the eight Islands. It is, in reality, a huge private estate, being the property of the Robinson family, descendants of early English traders. It is on Niihau, more than on any other of the Islands, that native Hawaiians live as did their ancestors; for the Robinsons do not encourage visitors, nor permit the introduction of automobiles, movies, telephones, or radios on their land.

Maui (the "Valley Island"), Molokai (on which is a leper colony), Lanai (seat of the Dole Pineapple plantation), and Kahoolawe lie between Hawaii and Oahu. Kahoolawe, formerly a grazing island, is worn by erosion. Its volcanic soil is often whipped into floating red dust clouds visible for miles at sea. It is no longer fertile, and it was therefore selected as a bombing range by the U. S. Army and Navy pilots and bombardiers during World War II.

The seat of government for the whole group is at Honolulu, on Oahu, most heavily populated of the Islands. Here also is the center of all U. S. Army, Navy, and aviation strength in the Pacific. Within a radius of eight miles from Honolulu are located Pearl Harbor, Schofield Barracks, Hickam and Wheeler Fields, the Navy's huge air base (Kanoche), and Rodgers Field.

AN OUTLINE OF HAWAIIAN HISTORY

1778. *January 18.* The Hawaiian Islands were discovered by Captain James Cook, a celebrated English surveyor, explorer and navigator, who was at that time on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean with two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, in search of the mysterious Northwest Passage. On January 19 he anchored briefly off Kanai.

Cook had already won fame for his seamanship. As navigator for Major General James Wolfe, he had brought an English fleet safely down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec in 1759, and he had otherwise aided in the British capture of that ancient French stronghold. Now he hoped to win an award of £20,000—roughly, a half million dollars—which had been offered early in 1776 by the English Admiralty to the man who should discover the Northwest Passage.

1788. In November Captain Cook again sailed to the Islands, having in the meantime explored the northwest coast of America, sailed the Inland Passage (between the island now known as Vancouver and western Canada) and had visited Bering Strait and the Arctic. At this time Maui was his first landfall. On January 17, 1779 he anchored off the west shore of Hawaii. Capt. Cook was at first worshipped by the natives as a god. Misunderstandings later arose between his men and the hitherto friendly islanders, and on February 14 (1779) Cook was killed by angry natives.

Capt. Cook gave the name of "Sandwich Islands" to

the archipelago, thus honoring Lord Sandwich, his British friend and patron.

1792. The Islands were visited by Capt. George Vancouver, English explorer; and by fur traders of several nations. For the next forty years, sandalwood was a leading article of trade.
1820. During this Spring there arrived a party of American missionaries from New England in the brig *Thaddeus*, following a six months voyage around Cape Horn from Boston. Eight adults and five children made up the party. Warmly welcomed by the hospitable Hawaiians, the newcomers soon made themselves at home on Oahu in thatched houses loaned them by the natives. They later brought timber from the hills for use as framework for their own grass houses; and in 1821 shipped in lumber from New England for frame houses.
- 1822, *January 7*. The Mission Press was established, the printing press having been given to the Islands by Park Street Church of Boston. This first printing was limited to a small number of easy spellers and readers. Native Hawaiians were taught to set type and to work in the bindery and by 1830 they had turned out nearly 400,000 copies of 28 different "lesson books" and pamphlets, which included even "juvenile songs." (See the story of later use of Mission Press in Oregon Territory, p. 307.)
- 1832, *December 19*. The independence of the Hawaiian kingdom was recognized by the United States of America; Kamehameha, the "Great King," had united all island factions under one friendly government.
1836. The first English-language newspaper west of the Rocky Mountains—the *Honolulu Gazette*—began publication in Honolulu.

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1862. Christmas was for the first time publicly celebrated on the Islands; offices were closed for the day by order of the Hawaiian King.
1876. The Reciprocity Treaty was signed by Hawaii and the United States.
- 1894, *July 4*. The Islands became the Republic of Hawaii.
- 1898, *July 7*. The Republic of Hawaii was annexed to the United States of America as the Territory of Hawaii, the United States taking over the Islands' indebtedness.
- 1902, *December 28*. The Pacific cable linked the Islands with American mainland.
1907. The inter-island wireless station was set up with central offices on Oahu.
1908. Pearl Harbor Naval Station was begun.
- 1935, *November 23*. The first air-mail was flown to the mainland, aboard the Pan-American China Clipper.
1936. Regular passenger air service from the mainland to the Orient *via* Honolulu was begun.
1940. Hawaiians voted their desire for statehood.
- 1941, *December 7*. Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese air and submarine forces.
- 1941, *December 8*. The Congress of the United States declared that a state of war existed between Japan and the United States.
- 1945, *August 14*. The end of the war with Japan restored Hawaii to peace time conditions.
- 1947-1948. Hawaiian Statehood is discussed in the Congress.

FLAGS OVER HAWAII

THE first flag flown over Hawaii, the old Russian national banner, was raised in 1815 over a blockhouse erected by a party of Russian fur traders who had been sent to Honolulu the preceding year by Alexander Baranof, at that time the Russian Governor of Alaska.

In 1816 a newly created Hawaiian flag replaced the Russian banner. The Hawaiian flag (described in detail in a letter by Mark Twain, p. 529) showed alternating red, white and blue stripes, symbolic of the eight principal islands of the archipelago.

By 1843, the British Government was in power in the Islands, and early that year their flag supplanted the Hawaiian banner. By July (1843), however, the Hawaiian monarchy had been restored, and the natives' flag was again unfurled.

On July 7, 1898, Hawaii was officially annexed to the United States, and on August 12 of that year the Stars and Stripes was first raised above the Islands' Government Buildings.

Hawaii is now governed as a territory of the United States; that is, it has exactly the same kind of government many of our present states had before they gained sufficient population to qualify them for statehood.

The majority of the people of Hawaii would like to have the territory admitted as a state and have asked for this admission. When they do gain admission, the flag of the United States will carry a new star, representing the new state of Hawaii.

MARK TWAIN VISITS THE ISLANDS

ONE of the earliest descriptions of a journey to the Islands by steamer is that written by the celebrated humorist, Samuel Clemens, better known by his pen-name *Mark Twain*. During the summer of 1862 the youthful Clemens went west from Missouri, and for the next three and a half years was employed from time to time by various pioneer newspapers of Nevada and California as a reporter.

In 1866 the Pacific Mail Steamship Company inaugurated the first regular passenger service between San Francisco and the Sandwich (now Hawaiian) Islands. Their new steamer was the *Ajax*, constructed originally for use in the Civil War, but now advertised as "one of the strongest built vessels afloat" with "excellent cabin accommodations for 60 passengers." It made its first sailing from San Francisco early that year. When the *Ajax* departed from the same port on its second regular voyage, on March 7, Mark Twain was a passenger. He had se-



Courtesy United Air Lines

A LAND OF SUNSHINE AND PALM TREES—HAWAII

cured the necessary funds for the journey by promising to write "twenty to thirty" letters from "the unknown romantic islands of the Pacific" for the *Sacramento Weekly Union*. He did, in fact, write twenty-five letters, and received twenty dollars for each of them. Selections from some of the others, given here, present a lively account of the author's voyage from San Francisco, and picture the Islands as he saw them. (For the sake of ease in reading, omission marks are left out.

"On Board Steamer *Ajax*. March 18, 1866.

"We arrived here today at noon, and while I spent an hour or so talking, the other passengers exhausted all the lodging accommodations of Honolulu. So I must remain on board the ship tonight. It is very warm in the stateroom; no air enters the ports. Therefore, I have dressed in a way which seems best calculated to suit the exigencies of the case.

"I will 'bunch' the first four or five days of my 'log' of this voyage and make up a few paragraphs therefrom.

"We backed out from San Francisco at 4 P.M., all full—some full of tender regrets for severed connections, others full of buoyant anticipations of a pleasant voyage and a revivifying change of scene, and yet others full of schemes for extending their business relations and making larger profits.

"Leaving all care and trouble and business behind in the city, now swinging gently around the hills and passing house by house and street by street out of view, we swept down through the Golden Gate and stretched away toward the shoreless horizon. It was a pleasant, breezy afternoon, and the strange new sense of entire and perfect emancipation from labor and responsibility coming strong upon me, I went up on the hurricane deck so that I could have room to enjoy it. Captain Godfrey was 'making sail' and he was moving the men around briskly. He made short work of the job, and his orders were marked by a felicity of language which challenged my admiration. Said he:

"'Let go the main hatch. *Belay!*¹ Haul away on your tops'l jib!

¹ *Belay* is an old nautical term meaning "*Quit! That's enough!*"

Belay! Clew up your top-gallants'l spanker-boom halliards! *Belay!* Port your gaff-tops'l sky-scrapers! *Belay!* Mr. Baxter, it's coming on to blow at about four bells in the dog-watch; have everything taut and trim for it. *Belay!*

"The ship was rolling fearfully. At this point I got up and started over to ask the Captain if it wouldn't be a good idea to belay a little for a change, but I fell down. I then resumed my former seat. For twenty minutes after this I took careful note of how the Captain leaned his body hard to port when the ship lurched to starboard, and hard to larboard when she lurched to port, and then got up to practice a little. I only met with moderate success, though, and after a few extraordinary evolutions, fetched up against the mainmast. The concussion did not injure the mast perceptibly, but if it had been a brick house the case might have been very different. I proceeded below, rather discouraged. . . .

"The sea was very rough for several days and nights, and the vessel rolled and pitched heavily. All but six or eight of us took their meals in bed constantly, and remained shut up in the staterooms day and night. But gradually the sea-sick unfortunates convalesced until our dinner complement was augmented to fifteen or twenty. There were frames or 'racks' on the tables to keep the dishes in their places, but they did not always succeed in doing it. No rack would answer for soup. The soup plate had to be held in the hand and nicely tilted from side to side to accommodate the fluid to the pitching of the ship. The chairs were not fastened to the floor, and it was fun to see a procession of gentlemen go sliding backwards to the bulkhead, holding their soup plates on a level with their breasts, and giving their whole attention to preventing the contents from splashing out. They would come back with the flow-tide and sail away again on the ebb. . . .

"Heaving my 'log,' I find the following entries on my tablets:

"Wednesday, 7th—Left San Francisco at 4 P.M., rough night.

"Thursday—Weather still rough. Passengers nearly all sick; only half a dozen at breakfast out of thirty.

"Friday—Strong gale all night; heavy sea on this evening; black overhead.

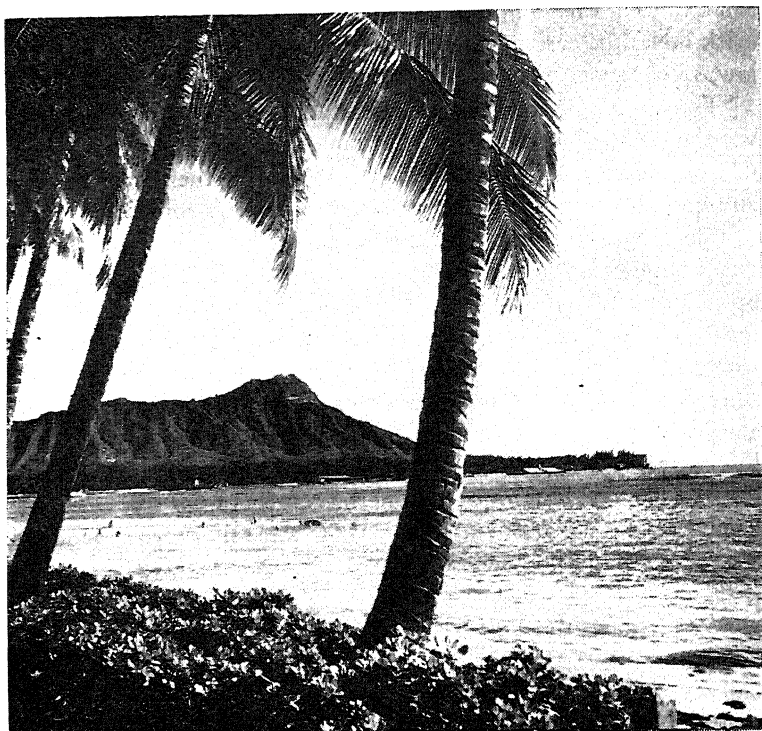
"Saturday—Weather same, or more so.

"You can take that four-days dose of your infamous 'Pacific,' Mr. Balboa,¹ and digest it; and you may consider it well for your reputation in California that we had pretty fair weather the balance of the voyage."

—*From Letters by Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain).*

(This letter appeared in the *Sacramento Weekly Union* on April 21, 1866)

¹ Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a daring Spanish explorer and adventurer, who first saw the Pacific Ocean in September of 1513. Calling it "the South Sea," he claimed it for Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.



Courtesy United Air Lines

DIAMOND HEAD, SEEN FROM WAIKIKI

HONOLULU AND THE HARBOR

IN A second letter, which appeared in the *Union* at the same date, *Mark Twain* continued his description. Although the buildings of Honolulu are very different today from those which stood there in 1866, the alluring natural beauty of the city remains much the same.

"We came in sight of two of this group of islands, Oahu and Molokai (pronounced O-waw-hoo and Mollo-*ki*) on the morning of the 18th, and soon exchanged the dark blue waters of the deep sea for the brilliant light blue of 'soundings.' The fat, ugly birds (said to be a species of albatross) which had skimmed after us on tireless wings clear across the ocean, left us, and an occasional flying-fish went skimming over the water in their stead. Oahu loomed high, rugged, treeless, barren, black and dreary, out of the sea, and in the distance Molokai lay like a homely sway-back whale on the water.

"As we rounded the promontory of Diamond Head (bringing into view a grove of cocoanut trees, first ocular proof that we were in the tropics), we ran up the Stars and Stripes at the main-spencer-gaff, and the Hawaiian flag at the fore. The latter is suggestive of the prominent political element of the Islands. It is part French, part English, part American, and is Hawaiian in general. The union is the English cross; the remainder of the flag (horizontal stripes) looks American, but has a blue French stripe in addition to our red and white ones. The flag was gotten up by the foreign legations in council with the Hawaiian Government. The eight stripes refer to the eight islands which are inhabited; the other four are barren rocks incapable of supporting a population.

"As we came in sight we fired a gun, and a good part of Honolulu turned out to welcome the steamer. It was Sunday morning, and about church time, and we steamed through the narrow channel to the music of six different church bells, which sent their mellow tones far and wide, over hills and valleys which were peopled by

naked, savage, thundering barbarians only fifty years ago! Six Christian churches within five miles of the ruins of a pagan temple, where human sacrifices were daily offered up to hideous idols in the last century! We were within pistol shot of one of a group of islands where ferocious inhabitants closed in upon the doomed and helpless Captain Cook and murdered him, eighty-seven years ago: and lo! their descendants were at church! Behold what the missionaries have wrought!

"By the time we had worked our slow way up to the wharf, a mixed crowd of four or five hundred people had assembled.

"The town of Honolulu (said to contain between 12,000 and 15,000 inhabitants) ¹ is spread over a dead level; it has streets from twenty to thirty feet wide, solid and level as a floor, most of them straight as a line and a few as crooked as a corkscrew. The houses are one and two stories high, built of wood, straw, 'dobies and dull cream-colored pebble-and-shell-conglomerated coral cut into oblong square blocks and laid in cement, but there are no brick houses. There are great yards, more like plazas, about a large number of the dwelling houses, and these are carpeted with bright green grass, into which your foot sinks out of sight. They are ornamented by a hundred species of beautiful flowers and blossoming shrubs, and shaded by noble tamarind trees and the 'Pride of India' with its fragrant flower, and by the 'Umbrella Tree,' and many more.

"I saw luxurious banks and thickets of flowers, fresh as a meadow after a rain, and glowing with the richest dyes. . . . I breathed the balmy fragrance of jessamine, oleander, and the Pride of India. In place of the hurry and bustle and noisy confusion of San Francisco, I moved in the midst of Summer, calm and tranquil as dawn in the Garden of Eden. In place of our familiar skirting sand hills and the placid bay, I saw on the one side a framework of tall, precipitous mountains close at hand, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool, charm-like valleys. And in front was the grand sweep of the ocean, a brilliant, transparent green near the shore, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy spray dashing against the reef. Further out lay the dead, blue water of the deep sea, flecked with 'white caps,' and in the far horizon a single lonely sail."

¹ In 1946 the population was officially estimated at 219,503.

HAWAIIAN DRUMMERS

MARK TWAIN witnessed many curious ceremonies during the weeks of his stay on the Islands. Following one of these—a native funeral—he wrote a picturesque description of native drums and the manner in which they were played:

“Twenty Kanakas in striped knit shirts now filed through the dense crowd and sat down in a double row on the ground. Each bore an immense gourd, more than two feet long, with a neck near one end and a head to it. The outer, or largest end, was a foot in diameter; these things were dry and hollow, and are the native tom-toms or drums.

“Each man set his gourd on end, and supported it with a hand on each side; at a given signal every drummer launched into a dismal chant and slapped his drum twice in quick succession with his open hands; then three times; then twice again; then—well, I cannot describe it; they slapped the drums in every conceivable way, and the sound produced was as dull and dry as if the drums had been solid stone. Then they held them above their heads a few moments or over their shoulders, or in front of their faces; or behind their necks, and then brought them simultaneously to the ground with a dead, hollow thump and then went on slapping them as before.

“They kept up this most dreary and unexciting performance for twenty minutes or more, and the great concourse of natives watched every motion with rapt and eager admiration, and loudly applauded the musicians.”

SUNDAY LAND

TO THE close of his life *Mark Twain* recalled the enchantment of the Islands. After his return to the mainland he gave frequent public lectures about them, arousing tremendous interest, for, at that time, this Pacific "paradise" was practically unknown to thousands of Americans. Concluding a talk which he gave in New York City in 1877, he said:

"The land that I have tried to tell you about lies out there in the midst of the watery wilderness, in the very heart of the limitless solitudes of the Pacific. It is a dreamy, beautiful, charming land. I wish I could make you comprehend how beautiful it is. It is a land that seems ever so vague and fairy-like when one reads about it in books. It is Sunday land, the land of indolence and dreams, where the air is drowsy and lulls the spirit to repose and peace, and to forgetfulness of the labor and turmoil and anxiety of life."

—*Mark Twain.*



Courtesy United Air Lines

KUALOA BEACH, OAHU ISLAND

POINTS OF GENERAL INTEREST

THE highest mountain peak on any of the Hawaiian Islands is Mauna Kea (on Hawaii, or "Big Island"), which soars 13,784 feet above sea level.

Aloha Tower, erected on the Honolulu water-front in 1926, is a landmark of great architectural beauty. A clock-face is built into each side of the Tower, and a flashing beacon tops it.

The red hibiscus, a year-round bloom on the Islands, is the official flower of the Territory of Hawaii.

Ancient charts of the Pacific area indicate that Polynesia (literally "*poly*" or "many," and "*nesos*" or "islands")—the "many-islands" inhabited by the Polynesians, included not only the Hawaiians, but the Society, Cook, Tonga and Samoan groups and many other South Sea Islands.

Honolulu is more than 2000 nautical miles distant from all ports on the North American mainland. It is 2395 miles distant from Sitka, Alaska; 2409 miles from Seattle, Washington; 2226 miles from Los Angeles and 2100 miles from San Francisco, California. A journey from San Francisco which once consumed from twenty-five to thirty days when made by sailing vessel, and eleven days by the speediest of the earlier steamers, can now be flown in a routine passenger flight of about ten hours.

There is a two-hour difference in time between the West Coast and Hawaii. For example, when it is noon in California, Oregon, or Washington State, it is only ten o'clock in the forenoon in Honolulu.



Courtesy United Air Lines

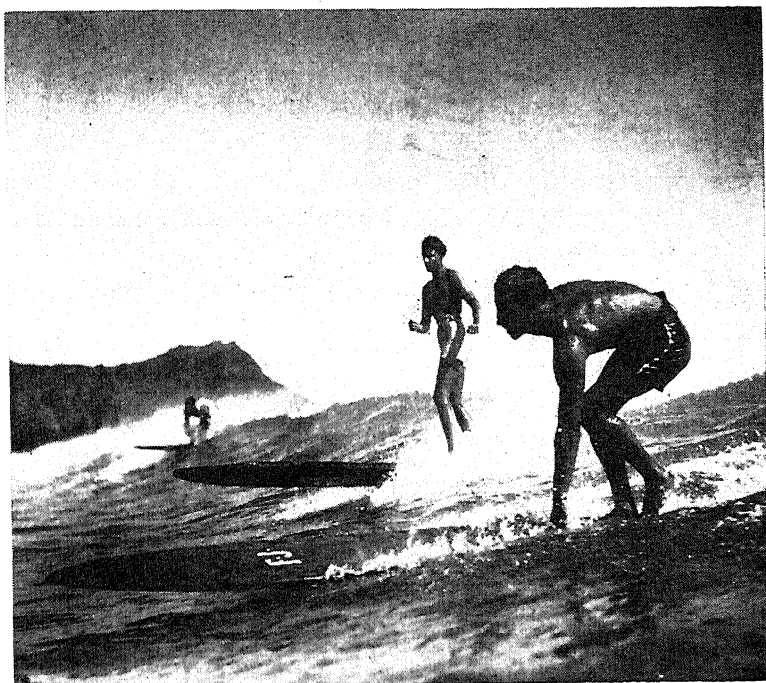
OUTRIGGER CANOES

The type of canoe used most extensively by the native Hawaiians is pencil-slim, and is usually equipped with an outrigger, or balancing device. These canoes are hand-made, usually from the koa tree, which grows on the mountain slopes of the Islands. Once felled, the log is rough-hewn on the spot, then carried to the beach where it is hollowed out and shaped.

The first exhibition of flying—now so definitely a part of life in Hawaii—was done in a balloon, in 1888. Unfortunately the balloonist was caught in a gusty trade-wind and blown far out to sea and lost.

INDUSTRIES OF THE ISLANDS

LEADING industries of the Islands include the raising and shipping of pineapple and various other fruits, coffee, rice, and sugar; the merchandising of flowers, tons of which are flown to the mainland each year; use of rare native woods in manufacture of art objects; the entertainment of tourists; and the dispensing of organized recreation.



Courtesy United Air Lines

SURF BOARD RIDING, A SPORT AT WHICH HAWAIIANS EXCEL

Hawaii's climate may be said to be sub-tropical, for ocean currents and the ever-present trade winds temper the tropical heat and give the Islands a much cooler climate than would be expected. The moisture promotes a lush growth of vegetation on the Islands. Hawaiians have learned efficiency through necessity and are considered world leaders in scientific agriculture.

The first cattle were brought to Hawaii in 1793. There are now many large cattle ranches on the Island, among which is the great Parker Ranch, one of the largest in the whole United States.

The Hawaiian pineapple fields are the largest of their kind on earth. According to old records, the wild pineapple—a plant bearing inedible fruit—was brought into the Islands in 1813 by Don Francisco de Paula y Marin, a Spanish horticulturist who also introduced the avocado. Cultivated carefully to its present state, the Hawaiian pineapple has been canned and marketed commercially since 1903.

Hawaiian sugar plantations have the largest annual yield per acre of any cane land in the world.

In early times whaling was an important Island industry. Fishing has now replaced it.

The opening to Hawaiians of the fishing areas near the Marshall, Caroline, and Marianna Islands, which were controlled by Japan before World War II, has made a great extension of the industry possible to the Islanders. The principal fish sought in these waters is tuna, locally known as *aku*. The tuna, either frozen or canned, is sold extensively both in Hawaii and in the continental United States.

EDUCATION IN HAWAII

SINCE the advent of the American missionaries on the Islands, the Hawaiians have been celebrated for their excellent schools.

The first important private school west of the Rocky Mountains was Punahou School, established in 1841 by the missionaries on land donated for the purpose by the Hawaiian king. Following the "Gold Rush Days" of 1849-1852, many newly-rich Californians sent their boys and girls by sailing boat to Hawaii to attend Punahou School.

In 1831 and 1834 two unusual schools were founded in Hawaii. They were schools to train teachers and, at the same time, they were largely manual and industrial arts schools. General Samuel Armstrong, who was the son of a missionary to Hawaii and who was thoroughly familiar with these schools, founded Hampton Institute in Virginia on this pattern. This type of school has proved extremely useful and many such institutes have been established in many parts of the world.

Present-day public schools in the Islands are modern in every detail. English is the official language in all classes, although Hawaiian is still spoken in many native homes. Music—including instrumental classes, organized choral groups, band and orchestra—is featured in these public schools.

An Agricultural College which was established in 1907 was reorganized in 1919 as the University of Hawaii. It included a flourishing Music Department, which is a center of the cultural life of the Islands.

A MUSICAL LANGUAGE

THE native Hawaiian language is extremely musical. Its alphabet possesses but twelve letters, the vowels *a, e, i, o* and *u*, and the consonants *h, k, l, m, n, p* and *w*.

It is noticeable that every Hawaiian word ends in a vowel; and that when two consonants are used, they are always separated by vowels. All letters included in a word are sounded when speaking.

Because of this frequent use of vowels, Hawaiian words are said to "sing." Typical examples are the words *Hawaii, aloha, Honolulu*, and *ukulele*.

Until after the arrival of the missionaries in the Islands, in 1820, the Hawaiians had no written language. Before this time the history of the Islands had been preserved in *meles* or chants which were carefully handed down orally from one generation to another.

STREET-CRIES IN HONOLULU

STREET-CRIES, sung in the musical voices of the native venders, are a feature of life on Honolulu's thoroughfares. Each vender has a typical cry, by which his arrival is announced. There is the soft cry of the molasses candy man; and another, quite different, of the flower salesman. The islander who sells thimble-sized cones of ice cream accompanies his cry with the ringing of a tiny bell. The shouts of the newsboys suggest the English words "paper" and "latest edition" when they cry: "*Pape! Pape! Lasedishun!*"

HAWAIIAN MUSIC AND THEATRE

THE NATIVE HAWAIIAN BARD

DURING early centuries, before the advent of British and American learning, it was the custom of each Hawaiian king to employ a retinue of professional singers and story-tellers. These men not only furnished entertainment for the royal household but chanted sacred poetry or original "history songs" on the occasion of any native gathering.

The duties of the musicians were similar to those of ancient Scottish bards. In their "orations," songs, and dirges they preserved and taught the cherished legends of ancient Polynesia and the tales of brave deeds accomplished by later Hawaiian heroes.

THE ANCIENT *HULA*

THE ancient *hula* was a deeply religious dance performed by large groups of carefully trained native women for the purpose of accompanying and emphasizing the lessons contained in devout songs of worship. In a time when the Hawaiians had a written history, the *hula* also sought to interpret, through pantomime, the folk lore of the Polynesian race or the actual incidents of its migrations.

Because of the serious purposes of the *hula*, in early days the dance was always performed with great precision and exactness. Its rhythmic accompaniment, done by a group of native

musicians, might include the tapping of bamboo sticks, the shaking of handfuls of pebbles, or the beating of gourd drums.

ANCIENT MUSIC IN HAWAII

The Hawaiian music we have learned to know in the United States, with its haunting melodies and plaintive refrains, is not original with the Hawaiians. It is an adaptation of the hymns the missionaries taught; the old tunes are made over in time and key and given new words to fit Hawaiian needs.

The true Hawaiian music is almost lost. Indeed it might now be forgotten, since it was not written down and existed only as the singers remembered songs they had learned as children. In the late 1920's two men, Mr. King and Mr. Kamakau, decided to try to record the ancient songs while men yet lived who could sing them. Some members of the royal family of Hawaii had been active in reviving the old chants or *meles* and with their help, the King-Kamakau collection was made.

The *meles* were very simple, descriptive in character, and for many years employed only two notes in their singing. Later chants sometimes used three notes. These *meles* were composed by the bards in honor of a great chief on special occasions, such as a wedding, a funeral, or a birthday celebration. They were chanted in unison to the accompaniment of drums, gourd rattles, and *puili*. The last-named are instruments made of a bamboo stick split into pieces at the top, so they look like a hand with fingers outspread. They make a swishing, whispering sound.

The gourd rattles, or uliu-li, were made of long-necked gourds with elaborate feather trimming at the end. Canna seeds were put inside the hollowed gourd and a player could produce a sound like a drum-roll by shaking the instrument.

A HAWAIIAN HORN AND THE UKULELE

A HORN much used by primitive Islanders, both as a war trumpet and as a means of communication, was made from a shell, preferably the giant conch shell. The shell was first carefully selected both for size and shape; then the tip was ground off. In the hands of a skilful performer the resonant tone of the horn was audible for a great distance.

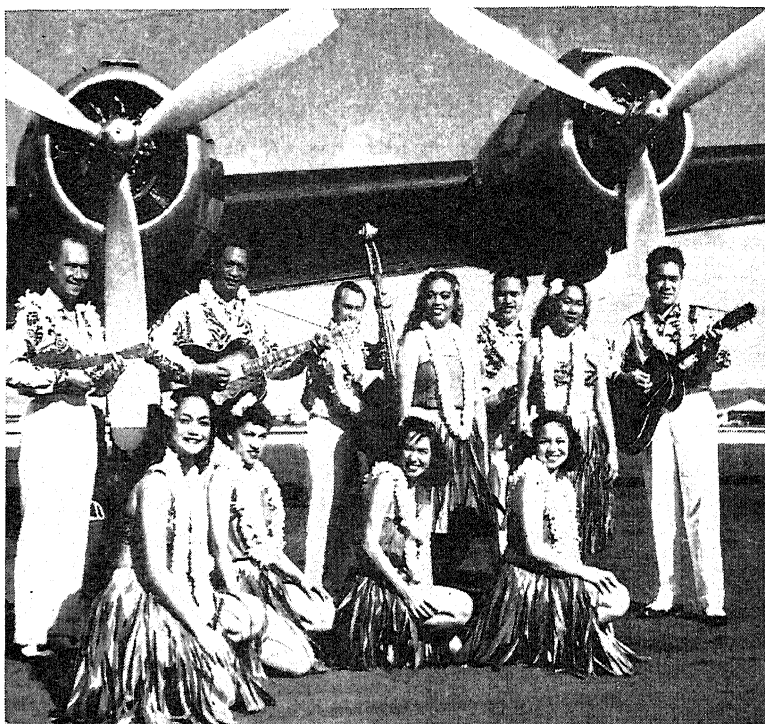
The soft-toned ukulele so frequently associated with later-day popular music of the Islands is not a native instrument. It is a Hawaiian adaptation of a small four-stringed guitar which was brought to the Islands early in the nineteenth century by Portuguese sailors, when it was known as a *cavacao*.

The ukulele's four gut strings are tuned to *G* above Middle *C*, Middle *C*, *E*, and *A*, the fourth string being higher in pitch than the first. The Hawaiian name comes from the verb *uke*, which means "to strike."

After its introduction into the Islands the instrument became so great a favorite, both because of its sweet, appealing tone and its convenient size, that native workers carried it with them into their *taro* patches, hence its local nickname of "taro patch fiddle."

There are also the native flute and the *ukeke*. The flute is usually a home-made instrument whittled from native wood. The performer breathes into it through one nostril, rather than through his lips. The *ukeke*, long a favorite in the Islands, is a long, flat, narrow strip of wood which carries three gut strings. The player holds the instrument between his teeth as he plucks the strings. The manner of performance and the resulting tone both suggest the ancient jews-harp.

The "Hawaiian" or "steel" guitar is supplied with five wire strings, tuned respectively to *G* below Middle *C*, Middle *C*, and *F*, *A*, and *D* above it. As the performer plucks the strings, with his right hand, he alters their pitch from time to time by pressing down upon them with a small metal bar which he draws up and down the finger board, the principle being that the shorter the vibrating section of a string, the higher its pitch; the longer the string, the lower its pitch.



Courtesy United Air Lines

HAWAIIAN ORCHESTRA AND DANCING GIRLS. THE GIRLS WEAR SKIRTS OF
TI LEAVES. ALL WEAR FLOWER leis

THE HONOLULU SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, nearly a half a century old in 1948, is an amateur organization. This means that they are a group of musicians who play because they love to do so. The membership of about 75 includes lawyers, doctors, military personnel, teachers, mechanics, and housewives. The Symphony's programs include some modern and contemporary music as well as many of the classic compositions for orchestra. Fritz Hart, the conductor of the Symphony in 1948, received extensive musical training in England. He was a choir boy at Westminster Abbey when he was young, and later became a Fellow at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

ALOHA OE

THE Hawaiian song which most Americans on the North American continent know best is *Aloha Oe*. This song was written by the Hawaiian Queen, Liliuokalani; it is said that the lovely melody was inspired by one of her favorite hymns. This song is sung at many Hawaiian festivals and gatherings. It was popularized in the United States by its use in connection with the very successful play, *The Bird of Paradise*.

THE FIRST THEATRE IN THE HAWAIIANS

THE first theatrical performance ever presented in the Hawaiian Islands took place in May, 1810. The story of this unusual event was described at the time by a member of the audience, Archibald Campbell, an English traveler engaged in circumnavigating the world.

It would have been interesting if Mr. Campbell had written more about the "after piece," which, he says, "greatly delighted" the natives. It had long been the custom, both in England and the Atlantic States, to present as a single evening's entertainment, a drama, an exhibition of stage dancing, and the performance of miscellaneous short pieces of vocal and instrumental music. This dancing and music made up the "after-piece." Mr. Campbell wrote:

"A theatre was erected under the direction of James Beattie, the King's blockmaker,¹ who had at one time been on the stage in England. The scenes representing a castle or a forest were constructed of different colored pieces of taper² cloth, cut out and pasted together.

"I was present on one occasion at the performance of *Oscar and Malvina*. This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by Beattie. The part of *Malvina* was performed by the Hawaiian wife of Isaac Davis. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending only to the words *yes* and *no*, her speeches were confined to these monosyllables. She however, acted her part with great applause. The Fingalian heroes

¹ The Hawaiian rulers frequently employed British craftsmen to teach his subjects sail making, tool making, and similar trades.

² Taper or Tapa cloth was made from tree bark fibre and was often colored with berry juice laid on with a piece of turtle shell.

were represented by natives clothed in Highland garb, also made out of taper cloth, and armed with muskets.

"The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the after-piece."

Archibald Campbell (1810).

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN BAND

ONE day in 1869 an Austrian frigate, the *Donau* (the *Danube*) anchored in the harbor of Honolulu for the purpose of making repairs, following hard weeks at sea.

The *Donau* had on board a fine band, and at the invitation of the reigning monarch, King Kamehameha, the musicians went ashore and played several concerts on the palace grounds. In due time the *Donau* departed. By now the King had formed a taste for good band music. Thus early in the next year (1870) he sent abroad to the mainland for twelve musicians who were presently organized into a "Royal Hawaiian Band."

In June, 1872, Captain Henry Berger, an able German band-master, was brought to the Islands as director of the Royal Hawaiian Band, a post which he retained with honor for over forty years.

The band was at first a "department" of the monarchy. Still known as the "Royal Hawaiian Band," it was enlarged and continued both after Hawaii became a Republic and when the Republic became a territory of the United States.

The Band's official duties are now regulated by the Mayor of Honolulu. It plays frequent public concerts of great merit, and turns out as an official representative of the municipality to serenade nearly all passenger ships entering the harbor or departing from Honolulu.

ALOHA IS A FRIENDLY WORD

ALOHA is a very friendly word.

Suppose you had just arrived in the Hawaiian Islands from the American mainland. The great ship which has carried you safely across the miles of turbulent ocean is now steaming slowly up to the piers before the city of Honolulu.

You stand upon the open deck while the ship is being worked into position alongside the pier, watching the native boys dive for coins thrown them by the passengers and listening to the spirited music of the Royal Hawaiian Band, which has assembled on the wharf to serenade you. Suddenly you notice that many of the natives who line the pier seem to be calling to you.

"Aloha! Aloha!"

They repeat the strange word over and over, and you realize that those friendly people, although still strangers to you, have come to bid you welcome to their Islands.

The gangplank is now in place, and as you make your way carefully down its cleated boards, several of these same natives run toward you, still calling *aloha* softly as they cast necklaces of fragrant flowers, known as leis (pronounced *lays*), about your neck.

This gracious floral greeting is a century-old tradition among the Polynesians, who have always lived where there are flowers in profusion.

As you glance about, you realize that the natives must have prepared hundreds of the lovely garlands. By this time everyone is wearing at least one *lei*. Some of the passengers, met by friends and relatives, each one of whom presents a *lei*, are

wearing so many that their shoulders are entirely covered, and their heads are almost hidden by the banks of flowers.

You learn later that scores of native women and girls were busy all day yesterday and all last night preparing the *leis* with which they now welcome you. First they gathered armsful of fresh wild orchids, carnations, gardenias, ginger lilies, roses and other favorites. They then plucked the petals of each flower from its stem, strung the petals like beads, and arranged them into garlands. Some of the *leis* are very small and delicate. Others are unbelievably gorgeous. All are extremely beautiful. When each vender has made as many *leis* as she can carry, she hurries with them to the piers near Aloha Tower, there to await the arrival of the incoming steamer.

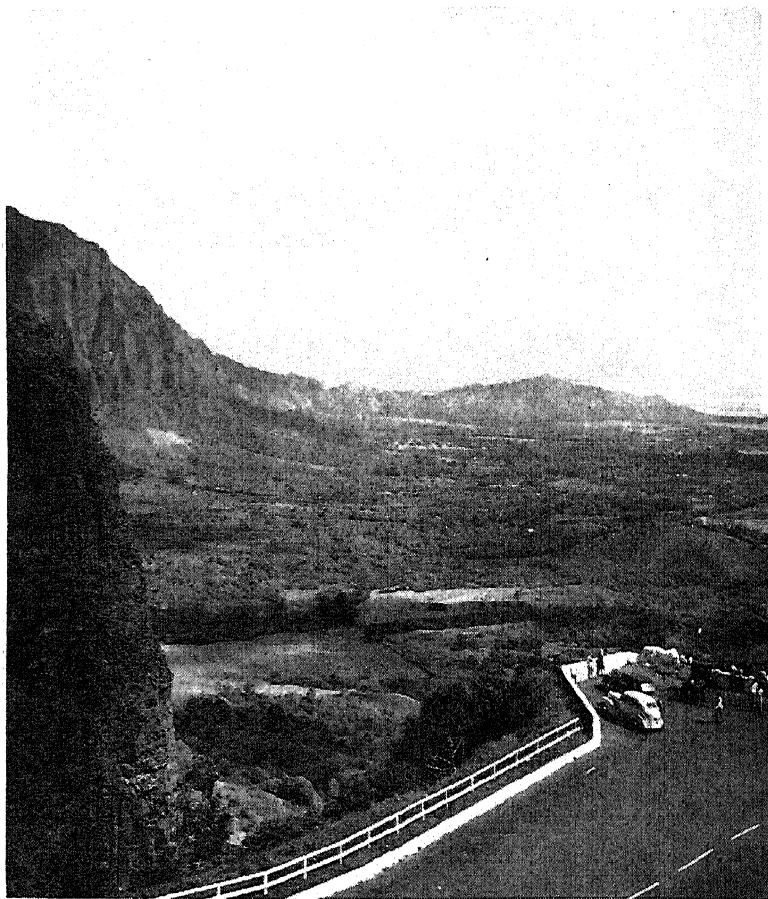
* * *

Your vacation in Hawaii—this “Paradise of the Pacific”—seems to pass all too quickly, and soon the “steamer day” approaches upon which you must again take ship, this time to return to your home on the mainland.

As the hour for sailing draws near, the Royal Hawaiian Band again congregates on the wharf to play a final concert in your honor. You are again showered with *leis* by your friends, who now offer them as tokens of farewell. As your steamer moves slowly from the shore it is followed by affectionate cries of *aloha*. The word now means “Goodbye, come again!” and it is repeated many times to assure you of the good wishes of all those you leave behind.

You have doubtless been told that it is considered “good manners” to wear your *leis* until the vessel has rounded the point of Diamond Head. Then you join your fellow passengers in casting at least one garland overboard into the surging water, at the same time hoping that it will be carried shore-

ward by the racing tides. For before you left someone had told you of the ancient Polynesian saying that "should any of your flowers again touch land, it is certain sign that you will some day return to Hawaii."



Courtesy United Air Lines

PALI PASS ON OAHU ISLAND. KANEOHE VALLEY AND KOOLAU MOUNTAINS

THE BISHOP'S LETTER

A CELEBRATED English clergyman who visited Hawaii many years ago was so charmed by the friendliness of the Islanders that he wrote to a friend:

“No one can touch there (Honolulu) even for ten hours without experiencing the wonderful spirit of love and tolerance. The very cry of “Aloha,” which greets you on arrival, and the garlands hung around your neck indicate the spirit of the place.”

—*The Bishop of London.*

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